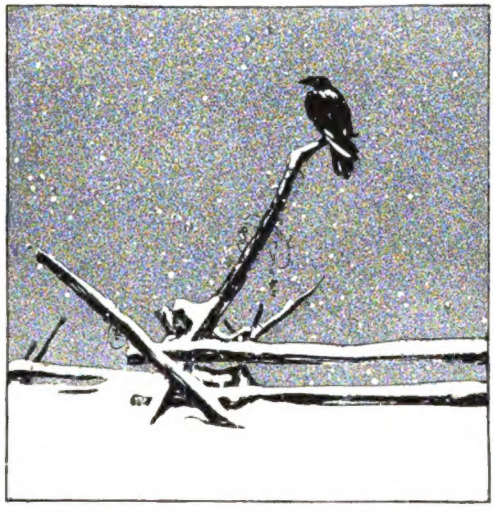


FEBRUARY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1907, by Wm. Balfour Ker.

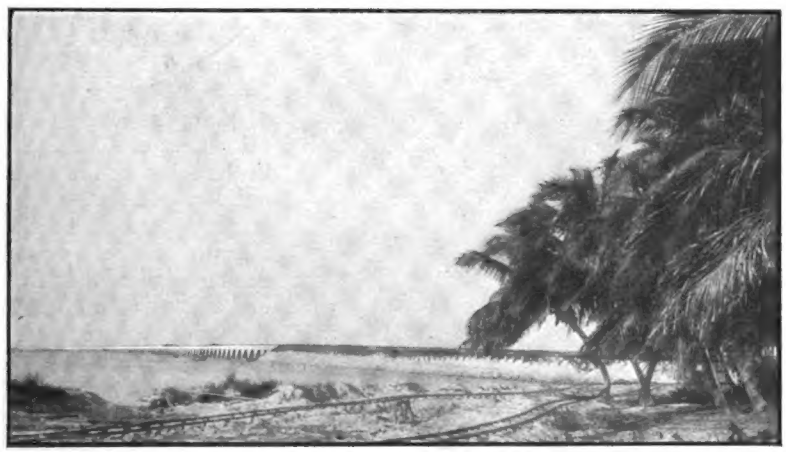
THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN HOME.

V. THE FIRST SCARE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII. FEBRUARY, 1908. No. 2.



Over the Florida Keys by Rail

By RALPH D. PAINE

Author of "The Praying Skipper," "The Greater America," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Key West, the point of the tail of the American Continent, is attached to the Florida mainland by loose vertebræ called "keys," separated from one another by miles of water. Across these, south from Miami, a railroad is being built. It is the greatest engineering feat of the day. Thirteen miles of the Atlantic, and nineteen more of submerged swamp have already been bridged; and when this veritable railway in the sea is complete, it will mean a forty-eight hour schedule from New York into Havana.

A SPECK of reef set far out in a tropical sea, much nearer to the coast of Cuba than to any port of its own country, Key West has long been the most remote and incongruous city claimed by an American state. In days gone by its spongers, wreckers, and Spanish-speaking cigar-makers no more dreamed of being linked with the mainland by rail than do the people of Honolulu. Until ten years ago their nearest home port was Tampa, 250 miles up the Gulf of Mexico. Then the Flagler railroad, which had been advancing down the strip of wilderness along the Atlantic seaboard, brought Key West within reach of Miami, 157 miles away, by steamers which skirted the far-flung chain of the Florida keys.

This chain of islets swings off from the Everglades of the mainland to stretch down into the Atlantic and the Gulf as far as Key West. Worthless, chaotic fragments of coral reef, limestone, and mangrove swamp, most of them are submerged by high tides and have been aptly called the sweepings

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1908, by The Ridgway Company. All rights

WILSON'S KEY CHANNEL.

and débris which the Creator hurled out to sea after He had finished shaping the Florida peninsula. No part of the western frontier or desert is so primitive and unpeopled as was this swarm of seagirt islets until a man with a dream of creative achievement, and millions of money to make it come true, resolved to build a railroad to Key West. It was to be a railroad which, in a distance of 130 miles from mainland to terminus, should bridge no less than thirty miles of open sea, and cross at least thirty miles more of submerged keys and lagoons.

A railroad to be pushed, with stupendous difficulties and at an expense of $15,000,000, through the Atlantic to a remote reef. What is the reason for so monumental an undertaking?

The answer lies in Henry M. Flagler's belief that the island of Cuba will some day strike its destined gait of prosperity and growth. For Cuba is the true objective of the railroad to Key West. When the work is finished, huge ferries will carry solid trains to and from Havana; and a through-rail route from New York to Cuba will be completed.

Henry M. Flagler's purpose to stake his fortune on Cuba was the direct result of his visit to the island in company with Sir William Van Horne. Here he learned the scope of the plans for the railroad development of Cuba which seethed in the mind of the great Canadian builder. The man who had constructed more than five thousand miles of wilderness road with 50,000 men in less than five years, who had shoved the Canadian Pacific through to the coast, was sanguine of doing great things in Cuba. Mr. Flagler grasped the fact that his Key West road would be an important transportation link in the far-sighted plans of Sir William Van Horne. He found that the Ann Arbor Railroad was conveying trains of twenty-six freight cars on ferries over one hundred and twelve miles of water on the Great Lakes. It was therefore feasible to carry solid trains between the United States and Cuba. And every inland sugar planter, who had to ship his crop by rail to tide-water before finding steamer transportation, could be offered a competitive rate, for handling and freightage, over the all-rail route via Key West.

A railroad to Key West would serve other purposes as well. As the quickest route for mail and passengers between the United States and the Panama Canal, as a long stride nearer the commerce of South America, as a military and naval base of immense strategic importance for coming generations, a terminus "farthest south" appealed to Mr. Flagler's imagination. Moreover, the idea of a seagoing railroad was, in the last analysis, regardless of the immediate impetus, the logical climax of his prodigal investments along the east coast from Jacksonville to Miami. Here

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

J. R. PARROTT,
In general charge, and director of the entire work.

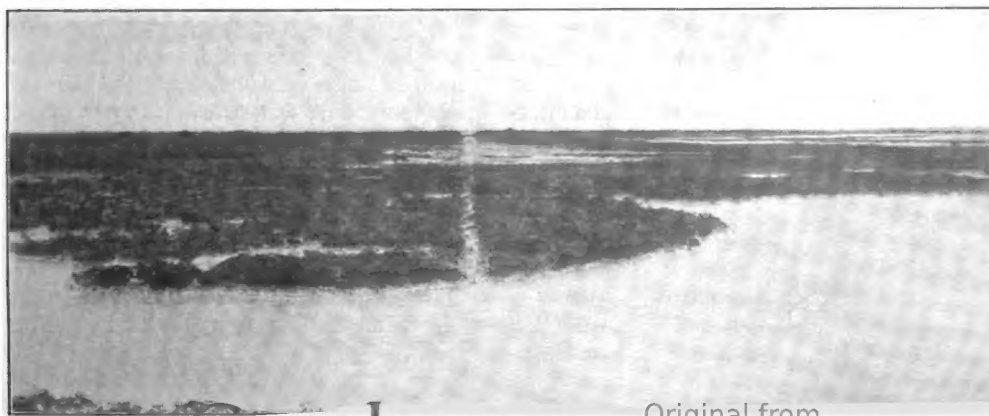
he had already spent $30,000,000 in twenty years extending his chain of magnificent winter resorts farther and farther south and binding them together with his railroad. To make of it a through system he had inevitably to push it on toward the Gulf.

When the Key West extension of his railroad was begun, three years ago, the odds were all against Mr. Flagler's living to see it operated, for he is an old man, seventy-eight years of age. It has been a race against one man's life, and what would ordinarily have required five years to build has been done in three in order that the builder might see his dream come true.

This race against time has been the more dramatic in that the problems were new and of most unusual difficulty. Between some of the keys the tracks must be carried on concrete viaducts so long that from a car window a passenger would be out of sight of land, the horizon closing down to the ocean rim to east and west. The work would have to withstand storms and high seas for mile after mile where there was no barrier to check the assaults of the Atlantic. The construction plant must be put afloat, thousands of men quartered in boats instead of camps, the work inspected in tugs and launches, and a huge fleet maintained for building a railroad. As one engineer summed it up, "It was bound to be a web-footed proposition from start to finish."

J. C. MEREDITH,
The construction engineer in charge of the work.

Yet, even as the railroad stands today, it is an immense undertaking successfully wrought out and in operation. Within three years this highway of steel has been finished for train service for a distance of 110 miles below Miami, or to within forty-seven miles of Key West. On the remaining stretch eighty per cent. of the construction work has been done. The United States has been given a new railroad terminus far out in the open sea as her southernmost port. From the present terminus at Knight's Key, steamers will run this winter to Havana, 122 miles away, reducing the journey from New York to Cuba to two days—a service as fast as the regular train ferries that will later operate between Key West and Havana, a distance of 90 miles.

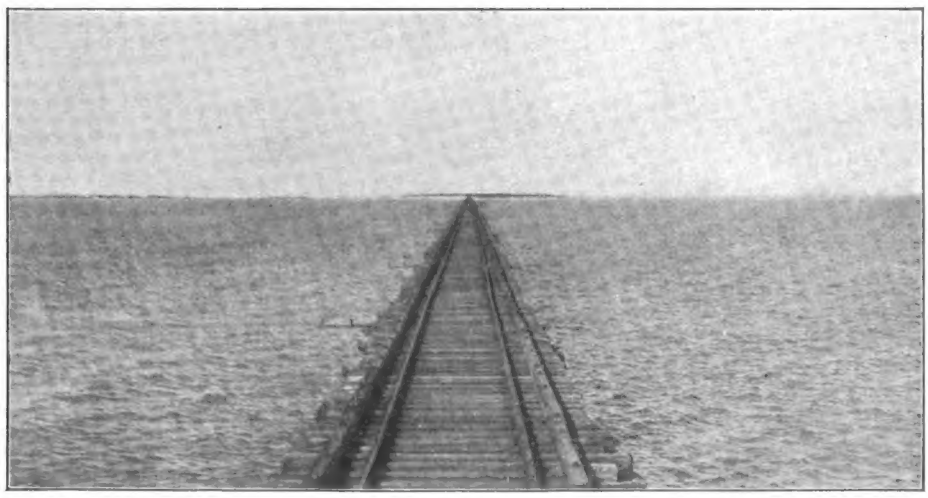


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The story of this railroad building is quite like a tale from the "Arabian Nights." The viceroy chosen for the work was Joseph R. Parrott, a broad-shouldered, square-jawed man in his forties, who was already carrying enough responsibility to bury several ordinary men. He was a Yale athlete of such ability that he had rowed on five university crews and had been substitute on a sixth. Coming to Florida fresh from the Yale Law School in 1885 to take a berth with the legal department of one of the first railroads in the State, he was induced to join Mr. Flagler's interests twenty years ago. He became the one-man power in direct management of property interests which expanded year by year until they had reached vast proportions. He had to create the East Coast Railroad system, and to equip himself to handle the greatest hotel interests in the world, on top of which tasks he was requested to put a railroad into Key West and was made wholly responsible for the undertaking. Fourteen thousand people have been on his pay rolls at one time in Florida. And the enterprises controlled by him have involved from thirty to forty millions of capital.

CARRYING SUPPLIES.

The first plan for extending the railroad south of Miami attempted to find a way across the Everglades to Cape Sable, the southernmost tip of the Florida Peninsula, eighty miles from dry land. Engineering parties spent months at a time in this, the most hostile and inaccessible wilderness left in the United States. They suffered such hardships and torments as have been endured elsewhere only in the heart of Africa. One outfit had to be rescued by a relief expedition and was found on the edge of starvation. The survey was carried through to Cape Sable, the land was found impracticable for railroad building, and the field of action was therefore shifted to the route across the keys. Locating this erratic line was an Alice-in-Wonderland task of itself. The surveying party had to do most of its work afloat, and some of its men were lost among the hundreds of keys for days at a time. They wished to utilize as many of the keys as possible, and finally selected forty-one across which to run the road. There were gaps between them so wide, however, that towers had to be built for sighting the instruments. In other words, these distances which must be bridged were so great that the curvature of the earth hid the rodman on the key from the man with the transit.



GOING TO SEA BY RAIL—A FOUR-MILE STRETCH OF TRESTLE AND EMBANKMENT.

The next step was to find the right construction engineer, for upon this official's ability the enterprise must hang to the final issue.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WORKMEN AT LONG KEY VIADUCT RETURNING TO WORK AFTER DINNER.

Down at Tampico, a fragile-looking, sunburned man of middle age was putting three and a half million dollars belonging to the Mexican Government into a pier half a mile long. He was a taciturn, almost diffident person, this quiet little engineer, J. C. Meredith by name. But he knew all about reenforced concrete; he had built bridges all over the face of the map, and his hard-working brother engineers considered him a man of much courage and resourcefulness. After he had finished with his tremendous Tampico pier, he was summoned to confer with the viceroy, J. R. Parrott. The latter expected the engineer to demand a month to look over the ground and another month or so to make up his mind, but to his questions Mr. Meredith replied:

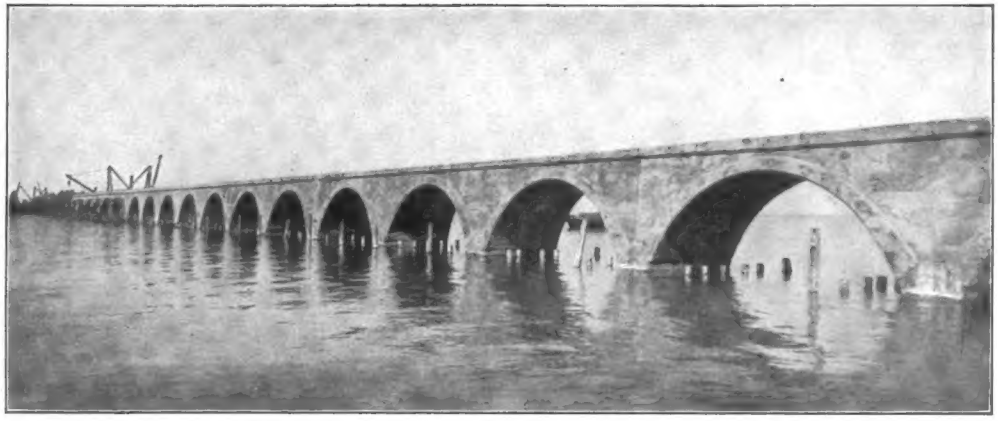
"I'm ready to begin work this afternoon, but I'd like a few days to go home to Kansas City and pack some things and see my family, as I'll have to be on this job for several years."

As soon as the engineer reported for duty, he began to study the surveys of this extraordinary railroad proposition. It had many novel aspects. He had to determine, beyond guesswork, the effects of hurricane winds and tides, to provide the greatest possible wave resistance along every foot of the way, to study and tabulate the data recorded of every West Indian hurricane that has swept the keys since records have been kept, and to lift his work wholly out of the field of experiment. Having satisfied himself that his work would stand the test, he made the plans for his mighty viaducts, and the foremost engineering authorities of this country looked them over and said they were flawless.

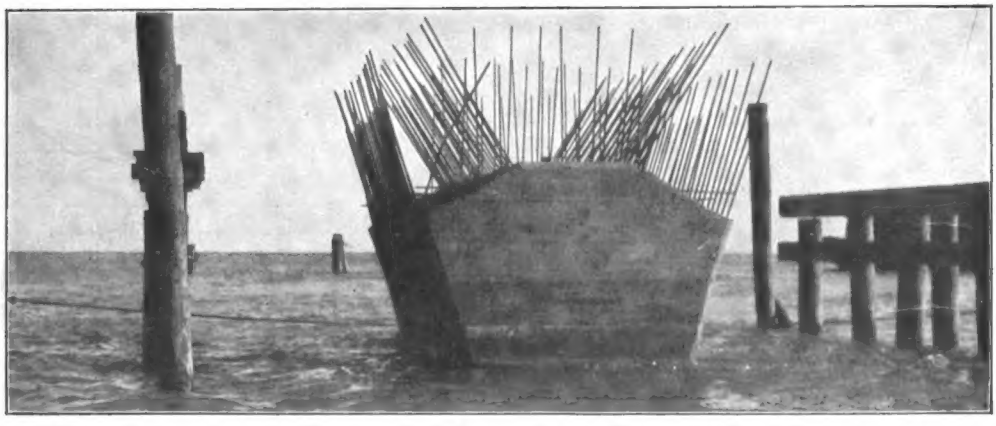
Then Mr. Meredith began to build his railroad by the upside-down process of digging more than thirty miles of navigable canals through the Everglades, which barred his progress from the mainland to the keys. These canals were dug by powerful dredges, which were built in holes in the ground. Then water was let in to float them and they began to eat their way toward the sea, throwing up the mud between them to make a railway embankment and leaving two canals in their wake. The grading of the first seventeen miles was accomplished in this fashion. The bed rock was so near the surface that the dredges sometimes stranded and could no longer dig their own way. But presently Engineer Meredith evolved a system of locks by which the stranded dredges were floated over the barriers of rock.

Meanwhile, Mr. Parrott was assembling men and material for the invasion of the keys. At one time he had under charter every available freight steamer flying the American flag on the Atlantic coast, and, still being short of vessels, he had to import cement from Germany to get bottoms to carry it. The crushed rock ordered for the via-

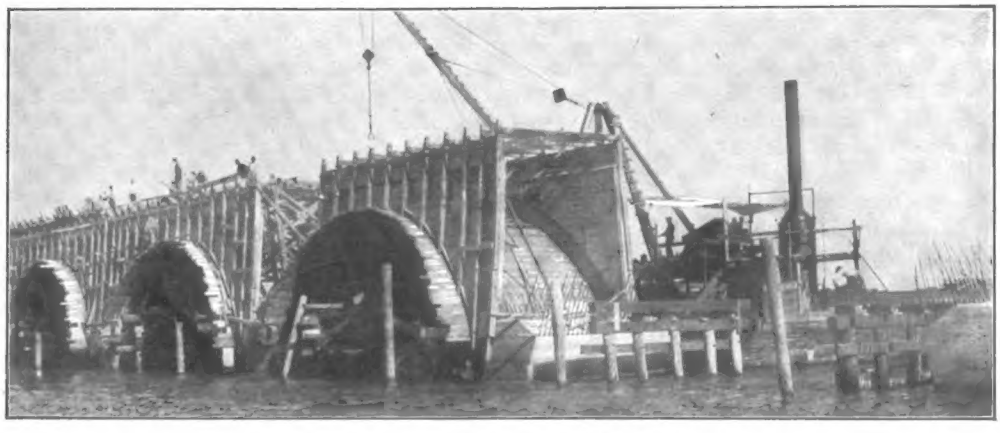
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE LONG KEY VIADUCT, WHICH STRETCHES ACROSS TWO MILES OF OPEN SEA.



THE BEGINNING OF A VIADUCT PIER, SHOWING THE STEEL REENFORCEMENT.



BUILDING THE CONCRETE ARCHES OF THE LONG KEY VIADUCT.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

duct construction filled eighty tramp steamers, 200,000 tons of coal freighted another imposing fleet, and the cargoes of steel, lumber, and supplies bannered the sapphire sea with the smoke streamers of deep-laden tramps. Camps and a transportation system had to be arranged to care for 5,000 men far from the mainland, along a hundred-mile fringe of keys with no more than two deep-water harbors in this distance.

Efficient labor was in demand the country over, and good men did not want to fight mosquitoes in the isolation of the Florida keys. Thousands of good-for-nothings, the dregs of sodden and broken humanity, had to be shipped from Northern cities out of sheer necessity. Negro labor could not be obtained in such prosperous times, and the law forbade the importation of blacks from Nassau and Jamaica, or Spaniards from Cuba and their own country. The sources of labor supply depended on for digging the Panama Canal were closed to this American enterprise. Hordes of "hobos," as they were classed, were sent out of the camps as worthless, or because they refused to work at all, scorning even to earn the $12 advanced them for transportation. Although the average number of men employed was about four thousand, the pay-rolls show that 20,000 men were carried to the keys in three years.

In addition to heat and mosquitoes and loneliness, the company's edict against whisky in the camps proved a discouragement to laborers. And the company was able to enforce this mandate because the rum-shops of Key West and Miami could not be reached on foot. To supply the crying demand a fleet of outlaw "booze boats" skulked among the key channels as old-time buccaneers did in these same waters. The engineers waged war against these pirates because they were beyond the law, and the "booze runners" took chances of being peppered with rifle fire or of diving overboard just ahead of a stick of dynamite.

The process of weeding out laborers was costly and disheartening. When the working force had been hammered into something like efficient shape, a hurricane swooped down on the keys in October of 1906 and not only tested to the utmost the work of the engineers, but made havoc in the ranks of the laborers. The construction had been well advanced, however, and embankment, trestle, and viaduct stood the trial without serious damage. The soundness of Mr. Meredith's plans could have had no finer vindication, but the hurricane cost the lives of 130 men, blew the camps to tatters, and swept vessel after vessel of the costly floating equipment out to sea.

Many of the laborers were living in huge barges, or "quarter boats," with two-story superstructures. These craft were towed from key to key as the work advanced. One of them, "Number Four," was torn from its moorings at Long Key before the 145 men aboard could try to get ashore. Shortly before daylight it drove out across the Hawk Channel in a smother of sea and a roaring wind, and was smashed on the back of the Florida Reef. The great barge was pounded to pieces in a twinkling. But there were men in her who showed heroic stuff even in this terrible situation. Bert A. Parlin, one of the resident engineers and the ranking man aboard, might have saved himself, but he went below to try to put heart into his men, and was killed by a flying beam when the superstructure collapsed. The men who had the grit and courage to use their wits crowded out on the balcony to windward to escape this falling wreckage and swore that they would pull through. Those who had the *will* to live were saved under almost incredible circumstances, while the cowards who had crowded into the hold perished to a man.

As the "quarter boat" floundered toward the reef, with the seas breaking clean over her, with death for all on board apparently certain, a barge whirled past her in a fog of spray. Two mechanics, Kelly and Kennedy, stood side by side on the deck of the "quarter boat."

"That barge looks good to me," said Kelly.

"I'll go you," replied Kennedy.

Kelly jumped for the barge as it sped past, and Kennedy was at his heels. A gray sea rose and swallowed them, and their comrades counted them as lost. Almost a week later, the barge was picked up with Kelly and Kennedy aboard, crazed and almost dead for want of food and water. They recovered and returned to the keys. As many as eighty-seven of these "quarter boat" men were picked up out of the sea alive. With remarkable strength and with courage truly indomitable, they had ridden out the hurricane clinging to bits of wreckage, to tables, and to trunks. The Italian steamer Jenny passed them late in the afternoon of the day of the wreck, found forty-four of them, and took them into Key West. Her boats risked the dangerous seas all night long, and it is tragic

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to record that they heard the voices of others in the darkness, but were unable to locate the calls for help. The British steamer Alton picked up twenty-six more and landed them at Savannah. For days and weeks news of other castaways came from distant ports, Mobile, Galveston, New York, London, Liverpool, and even from Buenos Ayres, whither they had been taken by ships. Without boats or life-preservers, knowing nothing of the sea, undisciplined for such a crisis, these hardy toilers battled for life with a success which makes their story remarkable in the annals of shipwreck.

Of forty-nine men who went out to sea in two house-boats, only one, John Russell, was saved. He floated on a couple of planks for three days, was blinded by salt water, and heard ships pass him in the night before he was seen and picked up and taken into New York.

There was something fine about the finish of one Mullin, left in charge of a cement-mixing plant on board a barge. He was alone when she went out to sea, but there was an electric-light plant on board his craft, and as long as those ashore could see her in the gray dawn, Mullin's lights were blazing like a Coney Island steamboat. He was stoking his boiler and sticking to his job until the moment when the sea swallowed him up. Another lone hero on one of these cement barges found himself blown out into the wild Atlantic. Instead of giving up the game as hopeless, he set to work with his wrench to loosen the bolts which held the cypress box of a water-tank to the deck. Stowing himself in the tank, he stayed there until the barge sank under him; the big box floated off and he drifted in it right side up for several days until he fetched the coast of Nassau.

As swiftly as possible, after the hurricane, the working force was reorganized, and from the clusters of tents and house-boats the working gangs swarmed by night and by day to carry the white trail of the grade southward. Across most of the northern keys they found a bed of coral and limestone; this was blasted and heaped in embankments by hand labor as in ordinary railroad construction. Many of the open-water stretches were crossed by means of ramparts thrown up by suction dredges, which trailed their long lines of pipe across the channels like huge serpents. These crossings were riprapped with rock to buttress them against the wash of the sea. Behind the graders came the track-laying gangs, coupling up one key after another to the mainland, while the camps ahead of them were shifted farther south to invade the islets that swam in wonderful opalescent lagoons. From the top of a derrick frame the finished grade stretched across the green keys like a straight white ribbon.

The line came at length to a bay four miles in width between Lower and Upper Metacumbe Keys. The land is so low that the farther shore almost dipped below the horizon. Across this body of water the railroad pushed its way on trestlework and rock embankment, all of which will be filled in solid before the work is finished. Then the builders brought up at Long Key, where the first great viaduct was constructed.

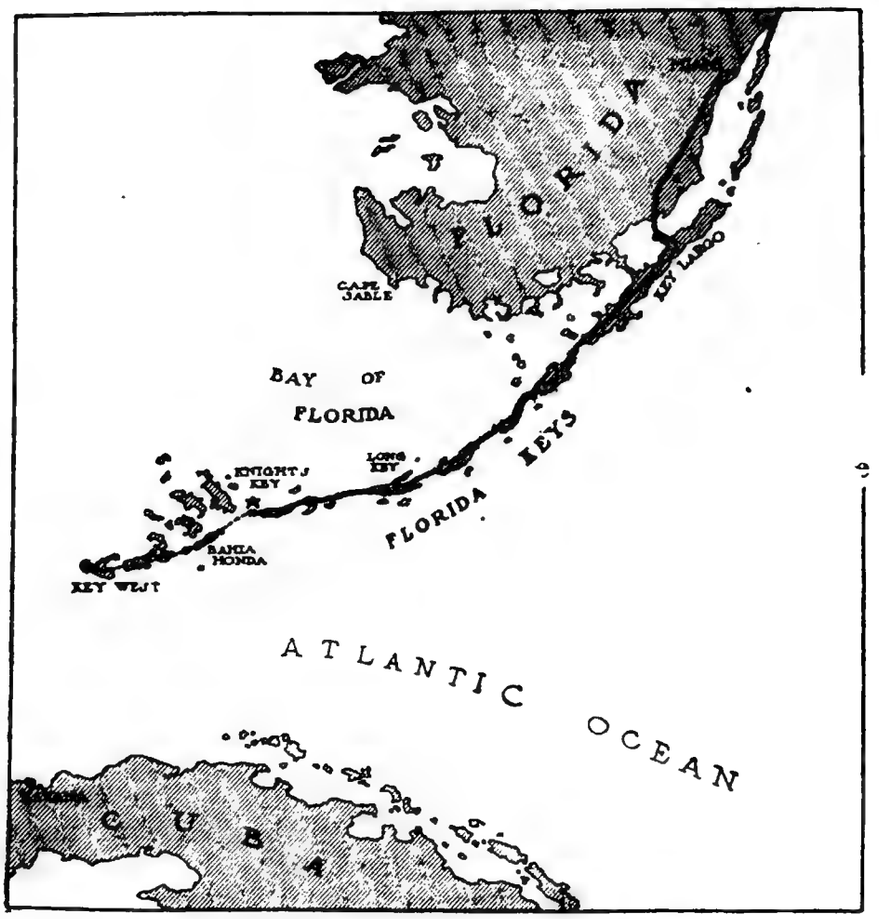
For two miles across the green sea this structure towers as a wall of masonry carried on noble arches—180 of them, built of concrete reenforced with steel. It has the aspect of a Roman aqueduct built of solid stone, and its colossal strength and dignity of outline are framed in a setting altogether lovely. Seen from the shore of Long Key, its arches march across the water, away, away, until they seem to run sheer into the horizon with nothing to mar their splendid isolation. Save for the low keys at either hand, there is no land in sight anywhere, nothing but ocean shifting from green to blue as it rolls to the Gulf Stream on the one hand, and melts into the western sky on the other. A passenger on a train crossing the Long Key viaduct may be lucky enough to see a school of flying fish skitter past and a porpoise or two hurtling in chase of them. The cost of this one link between the keys was a million and a half dollars for two miles of construction, but unless a ferry is operated so that the traveler may see it from a distance, he will miss any adequate view of this noble and impressive structure.

Only one more stretch of open water comparable with this remains to be bridged. It extends from Knight's Key, the present terminus, to Bahia Honda. Even after seeing the Long Key viaduct, the observer cannot view this great expanse of sea below Knight's Key without a sense of wonder and incredulity at the thought that it is to be bridged. Before him shimmer seven miles of ocean to the farther key, seven miles without a square foot on which a man may walk dry-shod. In fact, Bahia Honda Key is so far distant that it dips below the horizon and is invisible from the water's edge. So far as can be seen, it is a matter of launching a rail-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

road straight at the blank horizon of the Atlantic.

Of this seven miles of sea, three miles will be bridged by two concrete viaducts of equal length, leaving four miles of solid rock embankment to be raised. Omitting this unfinished work, the completed road to Knight's Key has wrought itself over thirteen miles of open water and nineteen miles of submerged swamp in ninety-two miles of track. It is a railroad built of rock and concrete for so much of its length that it is virtually a sea-wall. The Government at Washington became uneasy at the notion of a solid wall stretching from the mainland to Key West, fearing that it might shut off the tidal flow and so disturb the aquatic equilibrium of the Bay of Florida. Thereupon the railroad builders were respectfully informed that they must leave a certain number of bridges by way of openings in their embankments, in order that the immemorial habits of the tide should not be hampered.



TRAINS NOW RUN TO KNIGHT'S KEY, CONNECTING THERE WITH STEAMERS FOR HAVANA. THE BALANCE OF THE ROAD CAN BE COMPLETED IN ONE YEAR.

While the prevailing shallowness of the water has made it possible to throw up mile after mile of embankment, it has made the problem of transportation immensely difficult. It was found impossible to approach, even in light-draft launches, many of the keys, on which hundreds of men must be camped and fed. A flotilla of stern-wheel steamboats from the Indian River and the Mississippi, reputed to be able to navigate in a heavy dew, was imported to operate on these lagoons, but they ran hard aground miles from the places they sought to reach. "Not quite enough water for swimming and too d—— much for farming," was the way one disgusted skipper voiced his opinion of the Florida keys.

In the forty miles from Bahia Honda south to Key West the island formation differs as radically from the keys to the northward as if they belonged to another geological period. The coral rock disappears and what land there is, is of solid limestone. The keys are so low that many of them are mere swamps densely covered with mangrove. Throwing up embankments across them has been largely a matter of dredging. And for this particular kind of dredging Mr. Meredith designed a new species of amphibious monster. All known methods of railroad building had to be discarded. To feed any of the usual types of dredge with coal and fresh water was impossible because supplies could not be transported over the shoal lagoons and landed within reach. Therefore Mr. Meredith evolved a startling innovation by using a gasoline engine as his dredging power. Six of these gasoline dredges were built on barges. Where there was enough water to float them, they waddled across the key, indefatigably heaping up embankments. When they came to a dry bit of going they were yanked ashore, mounted on wheels, slid on to a steel track, and so progressed as effectively as ever.

As the construction camps floated in among these southern keys, they invaded the haunts of scattered and solitary dwellers in their fastnesses, here a pure-blooded Conch, or native of the keys, whose forefathers had drifted over from the Bahamas, dropping

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

their "h's" en route; there a renegade from some civilization which had cast him out. Or it might be such a picturesque figure as the withered Montenegrin, Nicholas Mackovitch, who has set spring guns around his cabin for some thirty years and who refuses to discuss his past. Such denizens as these sculled their skiffs across the lagoons to wonder at this infernal invasion of their private rights by the railroad grade that rose as if by magic in the flooded swamps. Tiny clearings were brought to light in which the sguardiente smugglers from Cuba have made their rendezvous for generations. Every Cuban revolution for a century past has sent swift vessels to flit among these keys and pick up hidden stores of arms and swarthy leaders waiting to return from exile. The old-time wreckers of the Florida Reef have sailed through these labyrinths to land and to divide their spoil after arranging a wreck beforehand, for many a shipmaster has lost his vessel in these waters for a price.

While these serried keys were dotted with camps and their waters swarmed with the fleet of the builders, Key West itself awakened to such feverish activity as it had not known since the Spanish War. Then the crooked old streets were filled with war correspondents, real and alleged, and with groups of men and officers from the gray cruisers and battle-ships of Sampson's fleet. Now the host that flocked in to arouse the town from its tropical calm was made up of dredging crews and laborers commanded by tanned young engineers. They mobilized their digging machines along the water-front, streaked the island with a railroad grade from end to end, and boosted the prices of real estate by leaps and bounds.

When J. R. Parrott reported to H. M. Flagler that there was no room for deep-water terminals along the harbor front, he was told to go ahead and make enough dry land to serve his purpose. This in itself was a princely undertaking, for it meant filling nearly two hundred acres of salt water, a good-sized town site, with material dredged from the bottom. Suction dredges pushed their tentacles far out to find mud enough to feed their hungry maws, and an army of men built a sea-wall of rock to contain this filling. Already almost a hundred acres have been made terra firma, and the outline map of Key West has been considerably altered. The Federal Government appears to have been afraid that the energy of these railroad makers was likely to play hob with the geography of Florida, for, as the work progressed, again there were signs of uneasiness at Washington. The Navy Department protested that it might some day wish to make a torpedo station of one of the near-by keys, and would need some mud for filling it. At the rate they were working, these railroad dredges would soon scour Key West harbor clean.

Mr. Parrott thereupon agreed to replace all the mud exactly where he had found it, in the event of the Government's needing it. This very courteous offer was accepted, and the incident closed with no mud-slinging by either party.

The tourist journeying south to Knight's Key will find maps and time-tables of little help in getting his bearings. When the road runs through to Key West, however, he will be able to chart his course by the string of lighthouses along the Florida Reef, ten miles out to sea. These spider-legged skeleton towers of steel rise from the open sea, one after the other, visible from the railroad by day, flashing their several beacons by night. Sombrero Reef, Alligator Reef, and American Shoal Lights will serve the traveler in place of mileposts and stations, which is just as it should be on this seagoing railroad. Besides, as he is carried over salt water through long hours of sunshine, with the wind sweeping sweet and cool through the open window, he may watch the stately procession of south-bound ocean steamers which pass close along the Florida Reef in the great tide of traffic to the West Indies, to Central American and South American ports. Nor is it at all fanciful to suppose that if he is wise enough to carry a fishing-line and bait, he may find lively sport from the car platform should the train happen to halt on the Long Key or on the Bahia Honda viaduct.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Wild Way of Love

By WILLIAM BULFIN

Author of "Tales of the Pampas," "El Reservao," "La Quemazón," etc.

Illustrations by Gustavus C. Widney

SHE sat her mule manlike and wore the short jacket, chiripá, horse-skin boots, and heavy spurs affected by the desert riders of lower Cuyo and the valleys of the southern Andes. The lasso tied compactly behind her saddle, the leathern water-bag, the haft of a sheath-knife slanting from behind her right hip, the bell-shaped stirrups, weather-beaten and thorn-scarred, the bright-hued poncho and saddle-bags, home-made from the hair of the guanaco, were all manlike. The natural olive of her cheeks was darkened by the sun-tan to a boyish tinge of brown, and the dark eyes looked out on the world from under their long lashes with that alert and buoyant self-reliance which comes from facing the problems of existence as they arise in the trackless desert under the naked sky. A heavy plait of black hair coiled high above her neck and half hidden under a man's soft hat was the only feminine note in her appearance. Any stranger failing to observe this detail would have taken her for a lad of seventeen or eighteen summers.

MANUELA.

She rode all alone, and this was the reason: Cattle buyers from Chile had made a deal with the great señor who, by virtue of his political influence, held vast tracts of government lands south of the Atuel River; and orders had been given to collect the stock. Wherefore, lone herders had fared into the wilds from the scattered huts of wattle and bulrush hanging along the desert fringe by the streams under El Cerro Nevado. She was one of them, and she was riding her appointed section of a round-up circuit embracing several hundreds of square miles. From the time she had left home her days had been spent in tracking the wild cattle to the watering-places and hunting them northward. She had passed the nights stretched on her saddle blankets and rolled in her poncho, sleeping the sleep of health and guileless youth under the watching stars, her three shaggy dogs stretched by her side keeping guard over her rest.

She drew rein now on the crest of a lofty ridge to reconnoiter, and remained there for several minutes, in the brilliant sunshine, sharply outlined against the cloudless sky, shading her eyes with her hand and searching, with patient, far-flung gaze, the mighty distances of southern Mendoza. But not a sign could be seen of that for which she sought—not a wisp of smoke from a distant fire, not a patch of dust cloud on the horizon to mark the trail of a herd scurrying out of the south before the questing horsemen.

She was turning away when a sudden growling of her dogs caused her to swing round in swift inquiry. The sound of hoofs upon loose gravel came crunching up the slope through the pulsating silence of the burning noontide, followed by the rustle of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stunted trees. Soon a horseman appeared in an open space between the scrub clumps at the foot of the ridge, making his way slowly toward her. His horse was evidently dead tired, and the rubble-strewn surface of the steep incline was too much for the animal's failing strength, for presently he stumbled, rose again, and stopped with drooping head and quivering flanks. The man dismounted and continued his way upward on foot, reeling as if drunk, and wearily lifting his awkward spur rowels over protruding roots. She silenced the angry challenge of her dogs, which had already swelled into a deafening chorus of barking, and, regarding him with pitying looks, commented to herself.

"A stranger, eh? An unknown. From far away he must be, by his looks. And worn out, too—*el pobre!*"

He was within speaking distance now, and, halting, he waved his hand and touched his hat. He was of the gaucho breed and he gave her in gaucho Spanish the time-honored salutation of his people.

"*Ave Maria.*"

"*Sin pecado concebida,*" came the time-honored response.

"For a favor," he pleaded, in a voice husky from exhaustion, "could you give me a mouthful of water?"

"Why, of course," she replied, in the hearty goodfellowship of the desert and, dismounting with the light-footed ease of a cat leaping off a wall, she unfastened the water-bag from her saddle and passed it to him with a good-natured smile.

"*Viva!*" he gasped as he seized it with greedy hands. It was full to plumpness, but he drank it limp; and in returning it to her he broke out into superlative expressions of gratitude which taxed even the opulence of the Spanish language.

"It is nothing," she said deprecatingly, "nothing at all."

"Nothing, comrade? Oh, yes, it is. Why, it is worth a man's life, see? That is what it is." He seated himself on a boulder and, scraping the streaming perspiration from his brows with a bent forefinger, hung his head. A gray pallor showed through the swarthy hue of his face. Dark rings were under his eyes, and the eyes themselves were heavy and clouded. His drooping mustache and stubble beard were coated with dust, and the mop of black hair that tumbled over his forehead from under his shapeless hat was matted from long neglect.

"Sick?" she asked kindly.

A wan smile played on his lips for a moment and flickered in the weary eyes.

"Well, not precisely sick, comrade," he replied. "Just a feeling of emptiness, as it were. Water is not very filling, after all."

"Is it hunger is amiss?"

"I confess to it."

"Here is something to eat, then," she said hospitably, and quickly produced from her saddle-bags a supply of cold meat and maize bread.

He attacked them with the whetted zest of famine and disposed of them to the last shred.

"*Gracias á Dios!*" he exclaimed fervently, as he whittled himself a toothpick from a twig. "Let me swear to Heaven and all the saints and to the whole world, how grand a thing it is to lay tooth on food after two days of hunger, riding a foundered horse from no place to no place, in the scorching heat."

"Lost your way, did you?"

"*Efectivamente, señor,* my way and all else that a man may lose in a corner of hell like this." And, sweeping out his right hand, he shook it at the broad leagues of gray-green scrub and tawny sand dunes.

Her eyes flashed and the hot blood mantled her cheek. Child of the desert that she was, she resented his drastic allusion to her homeland.

"It is no corner of hell, this, but a grand country, *sabe?*—grand, grand! That is what I say." And, as she said it, her glance swept proudly from the foot of El Cerro Nevado over the long chains of rugged hills into the splendid west, where the snow-capped peaks of the Andes, rising in vivid magnificence out of the dark purple of the lower slopes, gleamed and blazed in the sunlight, like masses of burnished silver against the limpid blue.

He opened his hands and shrugged his shoulders in apology and propitiation. "Pardon, comrade," he said. "I forgot that you might see it differently from me. Each neighbor's child shall speak of the feast as he finds it, no? That is fair. No doubt all this is a paradise to you, but to me—what would you? I find it big and wide, yes, but a good deal of the country is standing on its hind legs, is it not? And a good deal more of it is hidden away where a Christian may not readily find it. It is so different from my own country, you see. Ah! if you were only to know it—a country of God, eh? All level from sky to sky, and no pestiferous rocks, nor blinding sand, nor thorny scrub. And,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HE TOOK HIS PONCHO AND, WAVING IT OVER HIS HEAD, GAVE A RINGING *YA-HA-HA!!*

besides, rivers and wells to drink from; and houses here and there in a day's gallop, and fat flocks and herds, and strong, spirited horses to ride—what a country to live in, my soul! Figure it to yourself!"

"Why not live in it, then? Why leave it?"

"Do you know, comrade, you are not too slow or sleepy at all, to ask me that. And you have corralled me, too. Why did I leave, no? What can I tell you? Let us suppose there was a certain difficulty about staying—a legal difficulty—police and the like—understand?"

She understood, and her face cleared immediately. She did not press him for details. It was not considered polite by her people to show much curiosity regarding the personal antecedents of strangers hurriedly penetrating into that wild corner of the elder world, which the grim hills and the sandy wastes and the bridgeless rivers fenced off from the law.

He was an outlaw from the fat grass country of the east, and, had he chosen to tell it, the story of his trouble was simple enough. There had been a desperate quarrel on a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

shearing-floor between two sworn enemies, and when it was over one of them lay among the golden merino fleeces, never to rise again. The other had not enough influence to explain the incident away to the authorities, so he had taken his *tropilla* of saddle-horses and faced for the setting sun. That was three weeks ago, and the last of the horses was now a wreck. The others were all gone—strung out across the desert in heaps of whitening bone. They had dropped one by one, ridden to death, and the spotted bell mare had followed them.

"It must be sad to have to leave one's own place," she said gently. She felt kindly toward him again. He was a fugitive and was way-worn. And there was manhood written all over him. There was strength in every curve of his shapely limbs, and through the weariness that clouded his eyes came the gleam of a strong soul unconquered.

"It is sad, yes," he sighed—"sad—sad." But presently his mood changed. He threw up his head and laughed as if in derision of his woes, as he rose to his feet. "Yet after all, there be sadder things than leaving the old places and the old friends," and his eyes flashed. "It is sadder to rot in jail, comrade. It is sadder to rot in the cold earth. It is sadder to swallow an insult or tamely take a blow. And now for the road once more, wherever it is. But, true, the little horse is finished for the present, and as for that mule— You did not happen to see such an animal straying around, comrade— A pack mule—long black ears, and a heart possessed by the devil, and an ambition to kick the stars off the heavens?"

She shook her head.

"No?" he went on. "I thought so. She will never be seen again by the eye of man. They sold her to me in San Rafael, after telling me that I could not reach Neuquen without her. Yesterday morning, somewhere at the back of the world, my horse slipped into a gulch, and that mule went clean away with the restaurant and water-works. In trying to find her I lost my way. Then came the thirst and the visions of rivers and well-buckets that I could never reach. Ah, but yes! believe me, I say it without offense—a little water would do this fine country of yours no harm."

"But there is water. There is plenty of it here below, to go no farther."

"Would to God it were so—for then the little horse would be all right—I could save him. But no, you are only playing with me, are you not?"

"Come and see," she replied, and, turning from him, she placed her foot in the stirrup and swung herself lightly into the saddle.

He was swearing softly in the joy of being able to revive his horse with a drink and a washing down, when, for the first time, he saw the coil of plaited black hair nestling under her broad hat. He broke off suddenly, stared fixedly for a moment to assure himself that his eyes had not deceived him, and then gave utterance to his wonderment.

"Eh!" he exclaimed. "*Por Dios bendito!* How is this?"

"What is it now?" she asked, wheeling round and facing him.

"I say— Well, I mean," he stammered—"I mean, how is this?" and he noted the smooth cheeks, the downless upper lip, the slim shoulders, the small hands, the rounded, slender throat. "Is it so, eh? Were you born a—that is to say, are you— In fine," he asked, snatching at a new thought, "how is this you call yourself?"

"I call myself Manuela Suarez," she replied, with an arch smile, but looking him full in the face in the candor of her maidenhood, untroubled by the consciousness of sex. "And you?"

"Oh, I? I am Gavino Torres, at your service. But say, God of my soul! is it a girl you are?"

"Oh, and then?"

"You are, eh? Well, may I drop dead if it is not for to admire! *La gran siete!* Why, I thought you were a boy!"

"Oh, a boy, indeed!" and she shrugged her shoulders in withering contempt. "I am as good as any boy."

"And better a thousand times"—all traces of depression were gone now, and every fiber of him was tingling with freshened life—"only it is so strange!"

"What is strange?"

"Meeting a girl all alone so far away from every place, no? But perhaps it is the custom here. Do the other girls go about in like manner—in like dress and all that?"

"I do not know any girls."

"None but yourself in the district, eh? Women, then?"

"There is only mother."

"And she?"

"She is at home."

"Dressed like that?"

"No. She wears skirts. So do I when I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

am with her. But when I am out after the cattle, like now, I go like father and Pépe, and the other boys."

"Ah, like them, no? And Pépe, he is your brother, I suppose?"

"No—my brother was killed at the marking two years ago. Pépe and the others are boys from beyond the Atuel who stay with us when they come down for the ostrich-hunting or to round up the cattle. But are you coming to the water? I am going there to unsaddle and pass the *siesta*," and she faced her mule down the slope, closely followed by her dogs.

He went to his horse and led him after her toward the foot of the ridge. She stopped near an overhanging ledge of rock and, dismounting, rolled a few small boulders to one side. Then in the loose moist sand she scraped a hollow, in which there quickly gathered a little pool of water. It was the filtration from the ridge above, hidden in the porous soil, as are, for months at a time, many of the springs in the deserts of the southern Andes.

"Bravo!" he cried, as the cool trickle glistened in the sun. "It is a miracle."

"It is only in the country of God that one might expect a miracle."

"It is a miracle wrought by angel hands," he insisted, as he removed the bridle from his horse, which was whinnying with outstretched neck.

"It is the rain of the week before last," she said naively. She perched herself upon a boulder and talked to him, telling him of her work and her life, while he unsaddled, and tenderly washed the horse's galled withers and bathed his back and haunches before tethering him to browse among the tussocks near by. When he had finished, she turned her attention to her mule. But he came forward with a rakish smirk and offered his assistance. He had adopted the tone of gay society peculiar to shearing dances and harvest flirtations. She stared at him in some surprise and in cool curiosity. She was neither startled nor angry. She simply failed to understand him.

"It is not seemly for you to molest yourself unsaddling your mule while your servant is here," he explained, waving his hands and wagging his head with a leer of admiration. "So I shall do it for you, no? Permit me," and he came closer to her.

"Take care!" she cautioned, so sharply that he stopped short.

"The dogs are dangerous," she went on, reverting to her normal tone, "and the mule does not like strangers."

She was telling the obvious truth; for the three hounds were already growling savagely at him through stripped teeth; and the mule was quietly turning away with reefed ears, one eye wickedly vigilant over the head stall, measuring the distance, like a range-finder. But the main repellent force of the moment was in the maiden herself. He was awed by her inability to grasp the meaning of his advances and by the unruffled calm of her manner.

"Truly you are not like other girls!" he said, crossing his arms, and trying to laugh away his confusion.

"No? But why? Is it that the girls in your wonderful country of God cannot unsaddle a mule?"

"It is not that. They are—well, different, *sabe?*"

"How?"

"It is this: they know themselves, like."

"Know themselves?"

"Why, yes, my dear—know what their eyes and lips are for—know that they are women. They have found themselves, you see."

"Found themselves?"

"Truly—found out what they are in the world for, while you, if you will believe it, have not found yourself yet."

"As if I were ever lost, like—like *caballeros* from the country of God! And how could I get lost, with the mountains and the sun and the wind and moon and stars for guides? Foolishness!"

And, whisking off the saddle, she turned the sweat-soaked blankets upward to dry.

She watered her mule and, having tethered him to feed, lighted a fire and put her kettle on to boil. Gavino Torres indulged in the luxury of a wash and, seating himself restfully with his back to a rock, regarded her out of half-closed eyes. She was kneeling beside the fire, kneading dough upon the leather cover of her saddle blankets, unconscious of his scrutiny. His pulses quickened as he took in the play of her wrists and arms, the droop of her long lashes, the full lips red and parted, showing white, even teeth, and the lithe, unstudied grace of her every movement. He had dallied with many women, but never had he felt himself drawn toward any of them in the same way that he was now attracted by this daughter of the wilds.

"Do you know," he said at length, in his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

careless drawl, "I think this climate might be good for my health. A man might do worse than remain here, eh? And, besides, there is your big cattle drive coming off. Suppose I stay?"

"It would be too great a condescension," she remarked, with more than native meekness, and busied herself with her bread-making. She rolled the dough into balls and, having raked embers and hot ashes over them, left them to bake, while she cooked some goat's flesh and made a kind of gruel by pouring boiling water upon a handful of toasted wheat ground like coffee and mixed with sugar in her drinking-horn. When the meal was ready, she shared it with him, for he was still hungry. He sat cross-legged by the fire as he helped himself, beaming with contentment and paying her the gaudiest compliments.

"Your cooking is special," he said. "It is a gift which demonstrates that you were born for the happiness of a man. And, see, to be the happiness of man is the destiny of woman in this world."

She shrugged her shoulders, and bit into a slice of meat. It appeared to her that he was talking more of his nonsense.

"Believe it," he insisted, "I am saying what is true—comprehend?"

"No, I comprehend nothing you are saying."

"I am telling you that it is ordained for the woman to live mostly in the house and be the companion and comfort of the man, while he is at home, no?"

"What man?"

"Her own man, her husband. It is her destiny to love him, and be faithful to him, and rear the children."

"And the man—what does he do?"

"He has a destiny, too. He troops cattle and procures meat, and does the fighting. That is the destiny of the man."

"What I say is this: I like the days and nights under the skies, alone, or with others, hunting, trooping, rounding-up, tracking. That is destiny enough for me."

"Ah, yes, because you have not found yourself."

"Like the girls in your country?"

"Like the girls of the whole world. They have all the same destiny—to be the mates of men."

She tossed her head and laughed. "It is all foolish," she said, and stood up. The meal was finished, and she was tired of the conversation.

"And what then is to be your future?

THE STRANGER LOOKED AS IF HE HAD BEEN KICKED ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE EARTH.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

What will you do?" he asked, gazing up into her face with ever increasing admiration.

"Do? *Quien sabe?*" Then she pointed to a blue mountain far away to the westward, half-hidden in the silvery hazes which lay along the sky rim.

"I must be yonder before to-morrow evening, and I have all the country to search between here and there. It is a long ride, and I am going to sleep the *siesta.*" She took the sheepskin cover of her saddle, called her dogs to her, and went into the scrub, leaving him to bring forth below his breath a soft-footed procession of unprintable things expressive of his admiration.

"And may I be sold for a blind cow," he said in a whisper to himself as he lay down in the shade of the rocks, "if I do not stay around here and show her how to find herself." He contemplated this resolve for a while and found it entirely alluring. Then the drowsiness of the sultry noontime came upon him, and he slept.

"Are you there, little comrade?" he called, rolling over on his side some hours later, and blinking at the flood of evening gold that streamed into the hollow, between the clumps of stunted brush. He sat up and called again, but an empty silence closed around his words, and he felt that he was alone. Near the white ashes, where the girl had been cooking, lay a little bundle tied up in his neckerchief, which he had thrown on the ground beside him before falling asleep. He opened it and smiled softly at its contents—a little store of toasted wheat and sugar and jerked goat's flesh and a pinch of salt, which she had left him. She herself was gone.

He climbed the ridge and searched the country far and near; but not a trace of her, nor of any other human being met his eager eyes in all that silent vastness of crimson glory and deepening purple shadows. The sun was low and the first chills of the coming night were creeping out over the world from the distant snows, upon the breath of the western wind. His thoughts were full of her as he watched the sun go down behind the flaming peaks, and through the pale twilight there came to him pictures of her as he had seen her on her mule or beside the fire. Then he was angry with himself and tried to pull his thoughts free from her. He went back to the hollow, waking the echoes with a frivolous ditty in which he sang to the solitudes of a certain dark-eyed maid who was pining for him by the banks of the Paraná. But there was no heartiness in his strain, and as he silenced it he said: "This affair of the little one here is fate, and I will follow her until I find her, or until death stops me."

He rested his horse that night, but the gray dawn found him saddling to follow her toward the west. The mountain to which she had pointed as her destination soon loomed over the horizon in the gathering light, and thither he bent his way. He had only the scanty supply of provisions that she had left him and no means of carrying water.

"But, *demonio!* what does it matter?" he thought, as he started.

He would fain have swung into the long canter of his native plains, but there was no well-fed *tropilla* trotting before him now to furnish him with a change of horses, and the way across the desert plain was heavy with clinging sand. He found no water and saw no sign of living thing save the busy ants and the scuttling *cuises* and the circling desert eagles. He rested for an hour and then pushed on again. His temples throbbed from the heat, and the drag, drag of the horse's hoofs in the swishing sand told of failing strength. But he still rode on. The mountain had changed from blue to bluish gray and it was now a grayish green. It was only a few leagues off, and he hoped to reach it before the night, and perhaps find the girl encamped by some spring near its base. So fixed was his eager gaze upon its shelving slopes that he did not notice a yellowish cloud that rolled along the billowy line of sand dunes to his right, not more than half a mile away. It was only when his horse turned in that direction, feebly pulling at the reins, that his attention was called to his immediate surroundings. Then, above the drumming of the blood in his ears rose the louder drumming of hoofs, which swelled into rolling thunder as it came nearer. He judged it to mean a herd of cattle on the run; but, as he was new to the desert, he did not know the danger of finding himself in the line of a stampede. His life had been passed among relatively tame stock, accustomed to see horsemen day by day. He had yet to see the wild "alzada," or "risen" cattle, running in terror from the presence of man.

"As we are here," he thought, "let us see what kind of animals they can raise upon sand and sunshine," and, riding to one side, he stopped upon a large hillock to watch the herd go by. They came like a squall before a pampero, and soon the crackling and smashing of the branches burst upon the air as the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

leaders tore through the scrub, followed by a surging mass of heaving backs and tossing horns, in headlong flight. When he saw that they were bearing directly for his halting-place, he took his poncho, which lay across his knees, and, waving it over his head, gave a ringing *ya-ha-hai!* The cattle checked, and then stopped about two hundred yards away to stare in bloodshot indignation at the man on the hillock. An old brindled bull advanced a few paces from the ruck, and, driving his long horns into the sand, tore it up, shoveling it over his body with vicious scoopings of his fore feet, while, in deep vibrating lowing, like the thunder of some great cathedral organ, he mouthed back a challenge.

So far, Gavino Torres was interested merely as a connoisseur. "Plenty of hair and horn and bone and swiftness and endurance in this breed," he commented humorously, "but not too much meat. And—*ahi juna!* the boss appears to be in a bad humor." But when the bull ran toward him at a trot, followed by the herd, in short rushes, the humor of the situation vanished. There suddenly flashed into his memory things he had heard about the fighting cattle of the desert, and he looked around him for a more advantageous position. But retreat was impossible on a tired horse, for the bull was already at the foot of the hillock and the herd was scarcely twenty paces behind. Wild cattle will sometimes run two or three times from man, and then they may turn and give trouble. The herd now advancing upon the lone horseman had been in retreat before the closing circle of the round-up, but, for the moment, it was at bay and disposed to reverse the order of things. Fear was no part of the man's nature, and danger and he were old acquaintances, so when he saw that an attack was coming he spurred down the slope, shouting his loudest and whirling his poncho until its every fold was shaken out and thrashing in gaunt flappings above the eddying dust. The herd turned and ran, but the brindled champion remained, and made a furious charge. The gaucho dexterously wrenched his horse free from the lunging horn, and uncoiled his lasso. He made, unluckily, the long loop used by the horsemen of the treeless pampas, so that when he swung it for the throw it caught in a clump of thorny scrub, and he failed to jerk it away in time. In wheeling to get out of the way, his horse stumbled over a tangle of brush roots and fell, throwing him on his hands and knees. He was on his feet in an instant and managed to spring clear of the tapering horn. But it was a narrow escape. His right leg was scratched, and his boot-top was ripped open from knee to ankle.

"A close thing!" he cried, with a curse, and a laugh in which there was a desperate mirth. "The next turn will end the mazurka, no?" and, drawing his knife, he crouched ready to make a hamstring cut, if the horn should miss him.

But just then, and as the beast was turning to make another charge, there came, from behind, the beat of galloping hoofs and a shrill voice crying:

"To your horse! To your horse! Leave the fellow to me!"

He leaped aside as some one dashed past him at full speed upon a mule and rode straight at the charging bull, meeting him right between the horns.

"Bravo!" he cried, as he witnessed this daring feat of horsemanship, no longer known on the pampas, where the process of refinement of the stock has tamed the breed, but practised still by the riders of Cuyo, where the scrub cattle run as wild as ever.

It was Manuela who had done it, and when he recognized her he shouted "bravo" again. "It is worth coming all the way to see," he exclaimed, "and done to the moment, too—just in time—*viva!*"

"It is not finished yet," she said, leaping her mule over the questing horns, for the bull had gone down on his knees under the shock and was feeling for his new enemy. He leaped up, still bent on slaughter, but before he could shake himself together for another rush, and while the tension of his massive neck was relaxed, she flew at him again and hit him fair between the eyes. This time he went down as if shot through the brain, and the mule, delighted with the fray, leaped over him, his long ears pointed forward and his wicked eyes aflame.

"Splendid!" cried the gaucho, with a triumphant oath, springing at the fallen brute. "I could not have done it myself, but now that it has been done by you, my angel, I can show him that I can hold him down." With deft rapidity he passed the tail between the quarters, and, pulling backward upon it until it was sunk in the heaving flank, he held the bull fast a prisoner.

And then, in that unromantic attitude, beside the captive animal, with one boot

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

torn to shreds, hatless, travel-spent, dusty, presenting a general appearance of wreck and ruin, the amazing vagabond proceeded to make love.

"Ah, but is it out of heaven you come, fair comrade!" he cooed, with a melting smile.

"Oh, you picture!" she cried. "It is you again, no? And in trouble, too."

"Yes, my soul—in a misfortune that is fortunate, as we say, for observe that although I was near the end of my rope you came once more to my aid—with another miracle, is it not?—out of the sky—out of heaven——"

"No—out of the scrub. We were running the herd to the northward, and when I came from behind the sand hill there, I saw you."

"Why, it is a poem, this is, as well as a miracle!"

"It will be blood and murder soon if that assassin gets up. Take care!"

"No fear, my angel. This accursed parishioner will never stand upon his unholy feet again. But, oh, little comrade, say, you are magnificent!" and the amorous lilt in his voice was in itself a caress. "No wonder you have stolen my heart away."

"It is your brains that are gone," she said, with her clear laugh, which rang out mocking and amused. But for all that there was the suspicion of a flush on her cheek, and her lashes drooped.

"Cruel that you are! How could you leave me yesterday, as you did, without a word?"

"Cruel? Bah! There was a big smoke over here when I saddled up after the *siesta*, and it meant that some of the boys had found cattle and were calling for help. So I went."

"And not a whisper of good-by."

"You were sleeping like the dead."

"Ah! dreaming of you, my heart, dreaming of you. If you knew all I suffered when I found you were gone, you would wonder how I could be yet alive."

"The good God always takes special care of such as you—that is why you are alive. The crazies live long——"

"Is it because the angels are sent to protect us in our need? If so, you are my angel."

"It is the poor head that is wrong—a touch of sun."

"The head and the heart, my dear, and the touch is from the sun of love. That is the case, yes."

There was banter in his tone, but also something deeper than play. And there was passion in the laughing eyes. She pulled the reins nervously through her fingers, looking at him half-mockingly, yet half-fearfully. He had been in her thoughts all day, she knew not why, and now that he was in her presence she could not tell what strange power he held over her. She tried to laugh aside his wooing, but every jesting word she could think of died upon her lips and her color deepened under his compelling gaze. Silence fell between them and, before she could find anything to say, there were voices and hoof strokes to the right; and in a few moments three riders on dripping mules came trotting in. They were her companions, with whom she had fallen in early in the morning, having ridden most of the night in response to the call for help expressed in the smoke signal, and since breakfast they had all been busy with a herd of wild hill cattle, shoving it to the northward. She had told them of her encounter with the stranger, and a few words from her now sufficed to account for him. The gaucho turned a stony face to them and eyed them coldly. He resented their chatter and also the familiar "thee" and "thou" of intimacy with which they addressed the girl and with which she responded. One of them, whom they called Pépe, he regarded as a rival. All of them he regarded as intruders. They were young in years, and desert born, and, knowing but little about the human kind, they took him to be a sort of harmless lunatic, not mad enough to merit their forbearance, but just sufficiently deranged to be entertaining.

"Are you thinking of taking the little calf home with you, friend, and making a pet of him?" asked Pépe, a reddish yellow, broad-mouthed stripling. Ever since the ostrich-hunting of the winter, he had been the abject slave of Manuela, hanging about her continually.

Gavino Torres smiled sweetly at his jeering inquiry and put an additional strain upon the tail, which caused the captive to writhe and bellow and make desperate efforts to escape. Then he drew his knife and with one swift sure movement plunged it into the hairy throat.

"There!" he said, addressing Pépe, as the blood splashed out upon the sand. "That is the petting he deserves. He was impertinent, you see, and impertinence is a grave fault. Has your mother never rubbed that idea into you with a length of raw hide?"

The young man's smile widened and he sniggered and chuckled. But the brick red of his complexion deepened to crimson and his eyes flashed. He was no match for the other,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

however, in word-play or in aught else, and the only thing he could find to say was:

"*Caramba!* But what a heavy-handed woman you would give a fellow for a mother!"

"Better to have your mother's hand fall heavily upon you," returned Gavino Torres, as he strolled away a few paces to reclaim his horse, "than to have a stranger's knee upon your chest. For punishment, remember, is necessary in every life, and, as we say in the country I come from, it is by blows that men are made."

"Then," said one of the others, a hairy specimen who had ridden out after the cattle from one of the Andine defiles under the everlasting snows, "you must be quite a man by this time." He was alluding sarcastically to the disheveled appearance of the stranger, who looked indeed as if he had been kicked all the way across the earth from the regions of the sunrise.

"*Si, señor,*" came the retort courteous. "I am really grown up, and if you have any doubt about it, I am at your service with the proofs."

The girl's eyes were sparkling as she rode forward to intervene. She was glad, she knew not why, that he could hold his own so well against her comrades and that in his raggedness and misfortune he was so masterful and unsubdued. But for reasons beyond her ken, and as old as the ways of her sex, none of this gladness found its way into her speech, which was still mordant and saucy.

"There is a proverb in this part of the world," she said, "about the foolishness of the man who goes around wanting to straighten all the crooked eyes he meets. Maybe you have not heard of it?"

"That sweet tongue of yours is like a good knife," he replied; "it cuts deep and does not lose its edge. But take notice that it has scarred me sorely and that you must bind me up its wounds."

"If you are coming with us," she continued, ignoring his gallantry, "you must not think of fighting us all, and you cannot prevent us admiring your nice feast-day suit of clothes."

"Of course I am coming with you," he drawled, "but——"

"Then let us start," she interrupted.

"Certainly," he assented, stooping to effect temporary repairs upon his boot-top with a thong that he had cut from his horse's halter, "only before we start, I shall say a word to these gentlemen—just one little word to define positions, understand?"

But the little word was not spoken, for something happened that defined positions more clearly and effectively than they could have been defined by any possible efforts within the compass of human speech. There came suddenly from the thickets near them a loud crashing rustle at which the mules were frightened and which caused the dogs to whine with shrinking dread. Even the exhausted horse strained at the halter, trying to break loose. A mottled, swiftly moving thing glided through the thickets close by and came into full view for a fleeting instant on a patch of naked sand.

"A jaguar! A jaguar!" shouted the three desert-born men, giving rein and spur to their terrified mules.

"Save yourself, man! A jaguar! But do you not hear!" cried the girl warningly, as her mule dashed away after the others. She turned to repeat her warning as she fled, but a branch caught her full in the body and swept her out of the saddle. It was a heavy fall, and she lay prone upon the sand, motionless and half stunned. Gavino Torres, who had stood during the sudden commotion in blank surprise, ran to lift her up, but before he could reach her the jaguar was at her side. He was a long sinewy beast, one of the thinly scattered tribe that still ferociously holds the untrodden solitudes of the Andes. The smell of the running cattle had brought him out in hunting mood, and the scent of the flowing blood had reached him. The girl lay defenseless and terror-stricken under the naked claws, and the bristled muzzle was at her throat when the man leaped forward and shouted. The jaguar turned, crouching for a moment with snapping eyes and gleaming teeth. Then he sprang at the man.

The gaucho was not afraid. Like the generality of his class, he was recklessly brave, and in the present instance he had the added courage of ignorance. To him jaguars, pumas, and such fauna were mere predatory vermin—*bichos* that sucked eggs and killed sheep and lambs and sometimes attacked children and women — more ferocious, no doubt, than the ownerless dogs that stray around deserted homesteads in the pampa wheat regions, but hardly more dangerous.

"Now yes! thou son of sin," he cried, "thou shalt see the hair flying."

He put his hand behind his back for his knife, but his fingers failed to close on the haft, for the weapon was no longer there. He had left it on the ground where he had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"NOW YES! THOU SON OF SIN," HE CRIED, "THOU SHALT SEE THE HAIR FLYING."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

used it in making the thong to mend his boot. And before he had time to swear at his forgetfulness, the jaguar was upon him.

The impact of the quivering muscular body made him reel backward, but he kept his feet, and, with the quickness of eye and hand acquired by years of work in many cattle corrals, he gripped the thick fore legs above the paws and held them fast.

Of what followed they tell yet from San Rafael to Patagonia and will tell it for many a year. It was a fight between a man and a jaguar. It was naked hand against claw and fang—the supple enduring strength of a toughened rough-rider against the cushioned muscles that rippled and knotted and twisted under the glossy skin of the desert slayer. Eye to eye and breast to breast, tugging, leaping, straining, the fight began. The panting respiration of the human was charged with the fetid breath of the beast; savage growl and furious oath were blent together, and through them, at times, cut a cry of pain, as a gashing claw ripped a bloody furrow on chest or arm—to and fro over the yielding sand between the scattered clumps of scrub, in the yellow sun-glare, the desperate, epic, elemental struggle went on, and on.

The desert-born men halted upon a sand hill within view of the contest and looked on in silence, in horror and awe. They saw the girl lying where she had fallen and thought her dead, and in the dumb stupor of fear they expected to see the man's life gashed out of him at every moment. They were held there by a terrible fascination. The thought of flight had left them, but never for a moment did it occur to them to take part in the fray, for they had harbored dread of the jaguar ever since their infant wailings had been stilled by the threatened horror of his coming.

Fear, like courage, is sometimes rooted in tradition. The three men on the sand hill were afraid because they had inherited, in regard to the jaguar, a tradition of dread; and the man who had been born and bred outside of that tradition was tearing the beast to pieces before their eyes. But he was suffering terribly for his courage. His face was distorted. His lips were blue and drawn and covered with bloody spume. His breath came in labored gaspings. He had lost all consciousness of fatigue, all notion of time or place. Earth and sky swam and rocked, and thunder woke in his ears. His head sank lower, and all things grew dim. Nothing remained to him but the primordial instinct of self-preservation, and he clung to the straining limbs of the beast while the world went down from him into darkness.

The girl, after groping through the shadows that lie beyond consciousness, sat up and looked about her in the reawakened agony of terror. She saw the men on the sand hill, and her dogs, and then, for her back had been turned toward them at first, the man and the beast. It was the end of the fight; and the battle was drawn. The man relaxed his hold and pitched forward. The jaguar limped away, looking backward twice, as if in fear, and disappeared into the scrub. The man writhed as if in pain, and then lay still upon the sand, a blood-stained heap of wounds and rags. She sprang to her feet, trembling in every limb, but lion-hearted in the flood of a new consciousness strangely tender and yearning and sweet. She ran to him, knelt by him, bent over him, called him by name, and then, unafraid and unashamed, gathered him to her breast.

He woke to find the cool night winds playing upon his face. Her arms were around his neck. His head was pillowed on her breast. They were alone. After the fight was over, Pépe had come to her, but she had turned from him. She had seen him upon the hillock in his fear, and it was enough. She had washed her champion's wounds and dressed them with desert herbs and had stayed to tend him. A fire blazed and crackled under the stars, and her dogs lay in the circle of light looking unutterable things into the leaping flames. The crunch, crunch of the horse and mule was audible from beside a spring where they were tethered, grazing knee deep in sedgy grass.

"Mother of God!" he cried faintly, looking wistfully into her face, "it is you, dear comrade, is it not?"

"It is," she answered softly, and moved as if to lay him down. But he raised a bandaged arm and put it round her.

"Listen," he said. "You remember my telling you about the destiny of woman?"

"I remember."

"And about a girl finding herself, no?"

"Also."

"And?"

"I think I have found myself," she whispered. Her arms tightened around his neck, and her cheeks were aflame with a crimson glory that the firelight had not kindled.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The City of Chicago

Drawings in Pencil

By VERNON HOWE BAILEY

Vernon Howe Bailey

THE CHICAGO RIVER.

The narrow, trivial Chicago River took the village that was founded on its banks and made it the key to all transportation between the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes, between the West and the East. The Chicago River gave Chicago its commercial empire. In return, Chicago has taken the river and has made it run against its original current, from its mouth toward its source, from Lake Michigan backward, across the Divide, to the Mississippi River and the Gulf of Mexico. Boats to New Orleans will some day rub noses in the Chicago River with boats to Duluth.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

STATE STREET.

Seven solid blocks of department stores! The most congested and the most brilliant shopping area in America! The Marshall Field store, at the extreme left, has thirty acres of floor-space. Down farther on the same side of the street is the Carson Pirie Scott store, which is the most beautiful expression of the genius of great retail trade in modern architecture.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DEARBORN STREET.

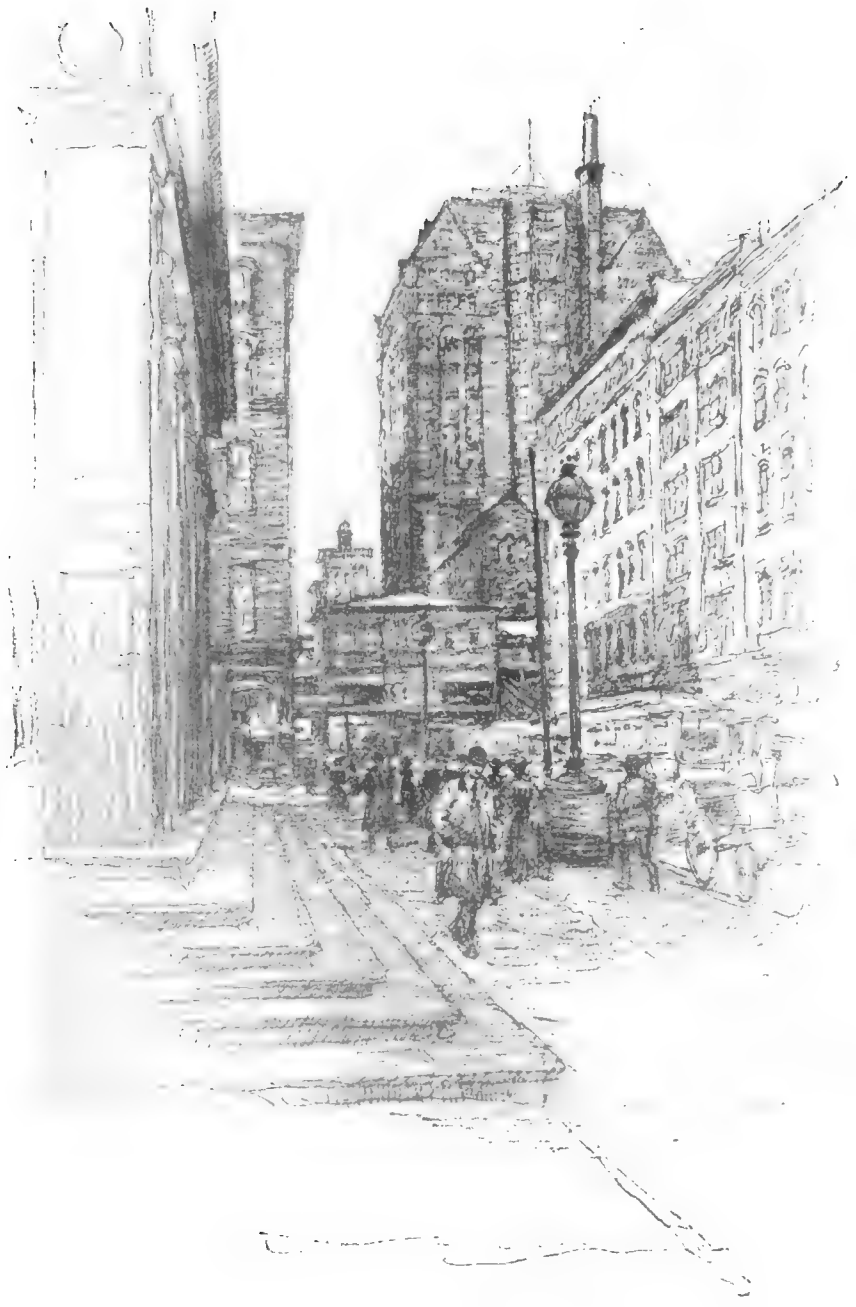
It is a great, sooty cañon. At the left, in the foreground, is the Monadnock Building. On the right, just beyond the cross-street, is the Great Northern Hotel. Farther ahead are the Marquette, the First National Bank, and the Tribune Buildings. The smoky air of Chicago gives its sky-scrapers the aspect of black, impregnable fortresses of belligerent industrialism.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE POST-OFFICE.

The Chicago Post-office stands in the southern part of the iron square formed by the four sides of the elevated railway "Loop." This "Loop," engirdling with its perpetual trains an area of less than three-quarters of a square mile, contains practically all of the Chicago "down-town" district. The Post-office Building, designed by Henry Ives Cobb, is the only building that covers the whole of one of the thirty-five square blocks that comprise the "Loop" area.

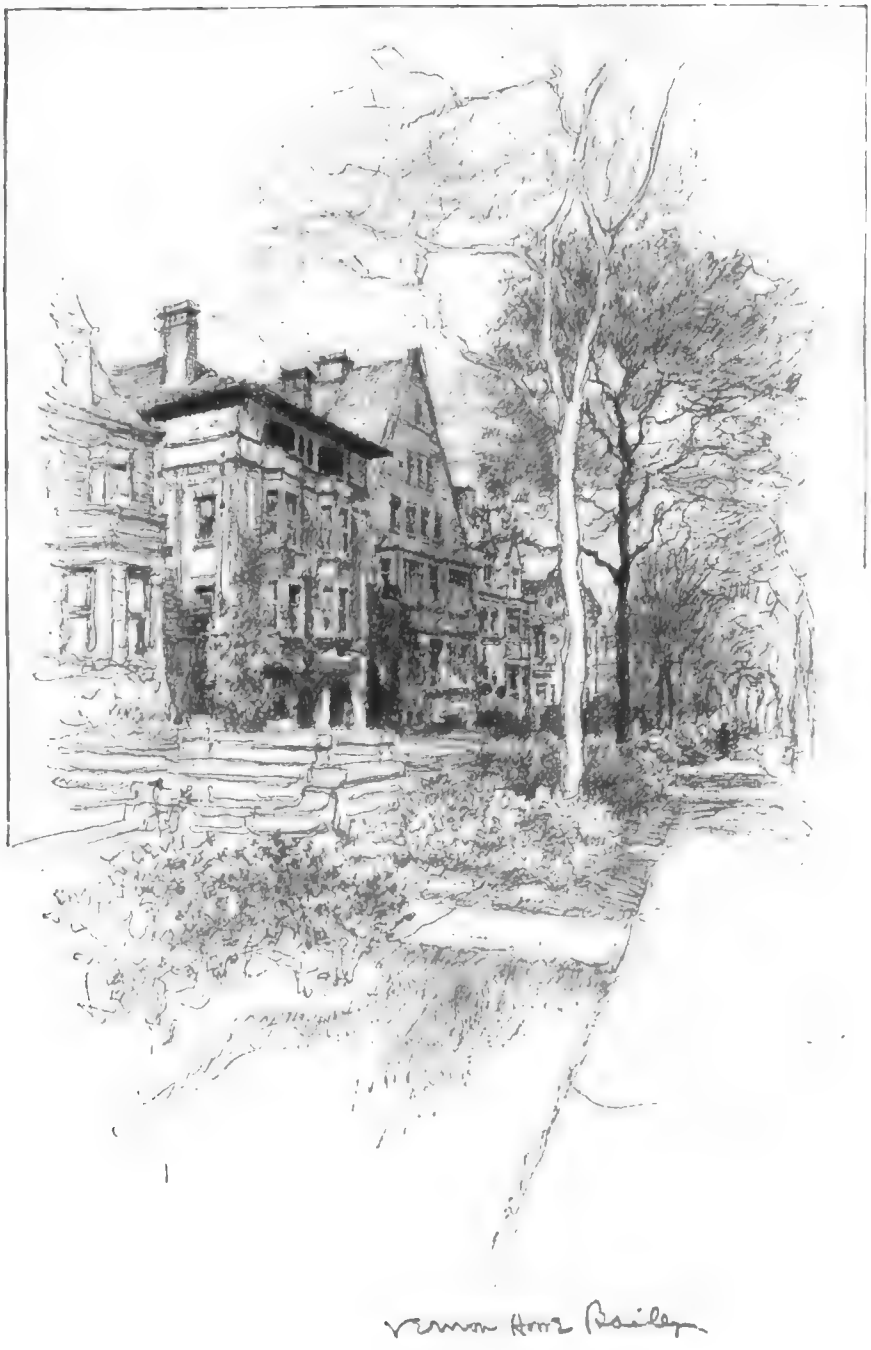
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

The spectator stands here on Randolph Street, near Lake Michigan, looking west. At the left, in the foreground, is the great Public Library Building. At the right, in the background, is the Masonic Temple, the tallest of all Chicago's sky-scrapers. Beyond the Masonic Temple lies what will some day be the "Rialto" of Chicago, already bordered by the Colonial, the Olympic, the Garrick, and Powers' Theatres, and also by the famous old German "Bismarck" restaurant.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE.

On a spongy morass, extending along Lake Michigan north of the Chicago River, the wealthy citizens of Chicago have constructed a street that is bordered on its eastern side by the Lake and on its western side by residences of great financial, and of considerable architectural, interest. The two most prominent in this picture are those of Henry Selfridge and Medill McCormick. Farther along on this, the most fashionable thoroughfare of Chicago, is the residence of Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

JACKSON PARK.

Jackson Park, in the southern section of Chicago, was the stage on which the great pageant of the Columbian Exposition was presented to the world. It is one of the seven great pleasure-grounds that, with forty smaller ones, compose Chicago's park system. The building at the right, which was originally the German Building at the Exposition, is now a restaurant. At the left are the waters of Lake Michigan.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MICHIGAN AVENUE.

It is the show street of Chicago. At the left looms the Railway Exchange Building and, down beyond it, the aspiring tower of the Montgomery Ward warehouse. At the right is the Art Institute. All the rest of the area to the right is the Lake Front Park, which extends from Michigan Avenue all the way to the Lake itself and, although traversed by the Illinois Central tracks, has already begun to be transformed into the most spacious water-front pleasure-ground in America.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

An American in London

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Illustrations by Will Crawford

THE first man I saw in London wore a high hat, a red tie, a green waistcoat, a bobbed-off coat, and yellow shoes.

"What's that ?" I excitedly asked an Englishman who had come in on the train with me.

"What's what?" returned the Englishman, gazing about in some trepidation.

"That," and I pointed to the gaudy person.

"Ow, that's the station mahster."

"Is that all?" I said, much disappointed. "I thought he might be the Lord Mayor."

The Englishman crushed me. "Reah-lly," he said, "it is not. The Lord Mayor of London is not in the employ of the railroad company."

I should have known better, for at Liverpool, after our start had been delayed for two hours because something was the matter with the foolish little tin-pot of an engine, I had said to a most imposing official, with such jocularity as the occasion seemed to demand: "Looks as if we might be late in starting."

"Why, my dear sir," he replied, "I assure you, you are late in starting."

But to return to London—which Heaven forfend in this season of the year—I was talking to a duchess. At least I think she was a duchess, for she looked like all the pictures of duchesses I had ever seen. "Oh," she inquired, "are you reah-lly an American?"

I confessed. I was caught in the act, notwithstanding my English suit of clothes. I had my misgivings when I insisted the collar on that coat should come within four inches of fitting.

"I am," I said.

She looked at me with much interest, unlimbering her lorgnette and firing that battery with great carnage, for I became so embarrassed I refused a cup of tea. Imagine any one in England refusing a cup of tea!

After she had me labeled and classified and neatly pinned on the specimen card, she continued graciously: "I like Americans so much."

Here was my cue. At that moment I set out to secure from the nobility an indorsement of my people and my country. "May I ask why?" I urged, proud to be the medium of an O. K. for America by the real thing in the upper classes.

"Because," she replied, "they amuse me."

Anxious that my people might acquire even greater merit in those august eyes, I asked what I might do to entertain. Should I turn a flipflap, sing a comic song, read her palm, or tell a few fortunes by means of cards and tea-leaves?

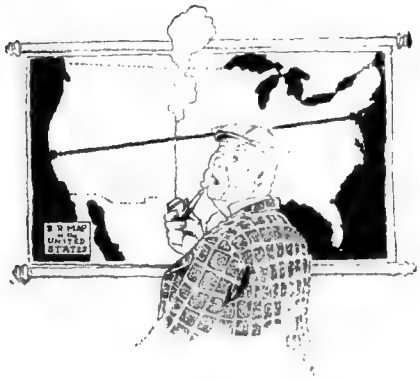
She gazed at me. "Oh," she said, "I do not mean that, reah-lly. I mean your countrymen amuse me because they are so odd—so crude—shall I say crude?"

I reminded her she had said it.

"They are so remarkable, these Americans," she continued. "They come over here in such great numbers every year. Reah-lly, I should never think of going to America."

Which is very true, not only of the duchess, but of ninety-nine per cent. of the rest of the English as well. All Americans know something about England, but mighty few English know anything about America, which gives the American a merit mark or not, as you happen to look at it. The essential difference between the American who goes to England and the Englishman who comes to America is that the American goes to spend money, while the Englishman, nine times out of ten, comes to get money. The fact is that the average Englishman regards the United States as a sort of eleemosynary institution, and Americans as strange beings, upholstered with legal tender and willing to trade that legal tender for the precious privilege of sojourning in a country that is long on ancestry and proud of its deeds, but discreetly silent about what the present-day posterity of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



HE MIGHT TRUST HIMSELF IN THE WILDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

that ancestry is doing to maintain the equilibrium.

The English ignorance of the United States has stupefied thousands of persons just as it stupefied me. There was that crusted old person who had retired from business and was about to make his first visit to our country. He had been to Egypt and to India and to Australia and thought he might trust himself in the wilds of the United States for a brief space.

He was a big man, commercially and financially, mark you, and he said to me: "I am greatly interested in my trip to your country. I intend to go to San Francisco from New York. By the way, how often does the coinage change?"

"Coinage change?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Is it possible that the same money is used by all your people?"

I told him they all used the same money when they could get it, and he pondered deeply, expressing great amazement.

When this had sunk into him, he continued: "One thing that I shall particularly fancy is the high buildings—sky-scrapers I think you call them. Are they reah-lly so very high?"

I told him there are some lofty ones in the large cities.

"How high?" he persisted.

"Why," I said, "the tallest ones in New York and Chicago are so high that their tops are covered with perpetual snow."

Now, that was criminal; but what is the use? When one runs constantly into the of-course-you-are-progressing-some-but-you-can-never-equal-England, and the think-what-you-would-have-been-if-you-had-never-left-mother sentiments, one becomes fatigued.

"Our contracted area makes it imperative for us to get some of our supplies from you," said a man from the banking district.

"The Roast Beef of Old England, for instance," I commented.

"Yes," he said fiercely, "the Roast Beef of Old England, but we do not call it American beef, you may be very sure."

"Isn't it American beef?"

"We do not consider that portion of it so," he replied, stiffly, "that is exported from America on the hoof and killed in England. That is English beef."

The fact is, this Hands-Across-the-Sea business is bogus. We hear about it chiefly when the American Ambassador makes a speech at a dinner in London and calls for three rousing cheers for King Edward, and we also observe that about the only time the American flag flies over our Embassy in Victoria Street is on the King's birthday—"Victoria Street," as an American who lives in England said, "which contains most of the colonial offices, including the United States Embassy." We also listen to this sentiment when the British Ambassador makes a few remarks at an American dinner and refers feelingly to the mightiest daughter of the Dear Old Mother Country and the pride of the Empire on which the sun never sets—for reasons best known to the sun.

It is a beautiful sentiment—Hands Across the Sea. But the love and affection between England and her mightiest daughter is for purposes of publication only. Still, the English are clever about it. They are frank and bluff—a good deal of that—and polite, while back in their heads the wheels are turning the other way.

London, which is England, for the rest of the Island is mostly workshop, dissembles perfectly. The rest of the Island doesn't count, for most of the people in it do not know whether the United States is a brand of tobacco or a new brew of bitter beer. London is organized for American money. London specializes on that. And gets it, too; twenty-one shillings to the pound, for prices are always quoted to Americans in guineas. Early in May American flags go up, the shopkeepers put out signs

"YES," HE SAID FIERCELY, "THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

treating of the *entente cordiale* and showing crossed American and British banners, with John Bull and Uncle Sam shaking hands over a cute little ocean. The flags and the signs stay up until the latter part of September. Then most of the Americans are gone and ing old ones and marking up to double the prices of everything, as soon as it gets spring-like enough so there are two hours in the middle of the day when there is something that resembles daylight. They have so much to show us, too. History has been made on

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT—HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

the flags are taken down and put away until the next campaign begins.

Besides trying to whip us twice—and failing—England has done much for the United States and is extending herself every day. She is allowing us to spend fifty or seventy-five million dollars a year within her hospitable borders and is conferring on us, more and more, the priceless boon of association with her people, so long as we have any money left. There is London—dear old London—she probably will be older, but she couldn't be any dearer—simply panting to be nice to Americans: building new hotels and rebuild-

these very spots, and spots have been made on some of the history, but we can well afford to let that pass.

Conversely, the United States, in a modest and unassertive way, has done something for London. The two basic objections to the city are that it is too old and that it is built in the wrong place. There was no way to remedy either defect, much as that was to be regretted, but the Americans soon found methods that helped some. It is quite true that London, at best, is a soggy sort of place. It shows its age. The wear and tear of centuries have had their effect. Moreover, the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

British mind has certain aspects of sogginess also.

What the Americans had to do—and they are still doing it—was to cheer up this gloomy city and endeavor to expand these gloomy minds. It was a long and difficult task. The Americans were years and years in getting the British innkeepers, for example, to admit that, perhaps—it might be—it was hardly possible—that though some (notice that *some*) Britons for a few centuries had taken baths in tin pans and thought they were keeping themselves clean, porcelain bath-tubs might nevertheless have advantages of their own peculiar kind. Finally, they did admit it, to a degree, and now some of the very best hotels really have bath-tubs in them and are quite proud of it, although I am afraid they do not give the Americans proper credit for the reform.

It is in little ways like this, working steadily, but not offensively, that the Americans have helped London. People who have known the place for the past twenty-five years tell me the change is amazing. There has been a general brightening up, a sort of rejuvenation. They are building some new buildings here and there. Occasionally you can get something done in the same week you order it. I saw a man at work with a cleaning machine taking the grime of forty or fifty years off the front of a big place in Piccadilly.

Londoners do not know they are being civilized. They think they are at the apotheosis of civilization now. They imagine they are doing nothing but milking the American tourists. They do not see the other side. But every year they are getting more and more toward the American scheme of life. Still, as I've said, it is slow work, and the Londoner, as a class, remains interestingly self-sufficient. He takes it for granted that whatever he says is always right and the only proper thing to say in the circumstances. Whatever he does is correct merely because he does it. Wherever he starts is the starting-point. Wherever he finishes is the end. Present a proposition to an Englishman. If he knows nothing about it—which is usually the case—he says: "Why, reah-lly, I do not know about that," not as if he were sorry for his ignorance or wanted to know, but as if the fact that he didn't know about it gave him great merit and added honor and increment to the British flag.

Take that much-discussed question of warmth. Everything that shouldn't be warm in England is warm, and everything that

YOU GET THE CLOTHES AND SAVE THEM TO GIVE TO THE HIRED MAN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

should be warm is cold. The houses are catacombs, always excepting those few hotels in London where they have steam-heat, which is, of course, due to the advance of American civilization. Englishmen say they do not feel the cold. Everybody else feels it, for it is the meanest cold in the world. Extended observation leads to the conclusion that the reason the English do not feel the cold is that they are desensitized, sort of refrigerator-beefed, so to speak.

This is not the main point. The reason the English shiver around in cold, damp rooms, trying to make themselves believe a few hunks of cannel coal in a grate furnish all the heat required by the most delicate, is that somebody, in ancient days, who couldn't get anything to warm himself by, did the next best thing and declared that he didn't feel the cold and didn't need a fire anyhow. Other Englishmen heard of it, and this idea has been a fetish ever since.

The Londoner doesn't have to exert himself to get his share of the millions of American dollars that are poured into his city every year. Take that matter of clothes.

"Going to get some English clothes?" a friend asks you, coming around in a suit of yellow and green mixture that makes him look like a dromedary, there are so many humps on it.

You are dubious. "Go ahead," he says. "Finest cloth in the world. Better than ours and half the price."

You fall. You go to a tailor, and he measures you and hands you a few tweeds; cheap, too, when compared with American prices. You get the clothes and wear them around London a few times and, possibly, on the ship going home, and when you are in sight of the Statue of Liberty you throw them overboard or save them to give to the hired man.

There are but two kinds of London clothes. The fashionable tailor makes his so tight that you have to get them on with talcum powder and a shoe horn, and the cheaper tailor makes them so loose that you can put them on over your head. The London tailor who can bring a collar up close enough to the neck so it reaches the sixth vertebra thinks he has accomplished a triumph of sartorial skill.

The Englishman doesn't care. "We do not like to have our clothes tailored," he tells you, and it is the truth. Besides, the first Englishman wore a goatskin, probably, and that didn't fit very well. Do not overlook the fact, though, that it was a long time ago and established a precedent. Precedent is what the Englishman revels in. If the fit of the goatskin was satisfactory to the ancient Englishman, garments that fit that same way must be right. What was good enough for father is good enough for me and is good enough for my son, too. Moreover, English tailors were cutting clothes for a few centuries before Americans wore anything much but a few feathers and a dab or two of paint, and that ought to detain us for a time.

The real London combination is a silk hat, a short coat, and a red or a green tie, together with an abnormally high collar—usually soiled—and a colored waistcoat. That station master wasn't so much of a curiosity after all. The explanation for the bright-colored waistcoats is simple enough. They have to wear something to lighten up the murk.

Englishwomen are not well dressed in the daytime. There! Somebody had to say it. BUT THEY DO HAVE RED CHEEKS. Everybody has to say that. You remark tentatively to an Englishman that the women appear rather ill appareled—from an American view-point, of course—look as if they hopped briskly into their dresses in the morning or, mayhap, slept in them, and he rejoins: "I know, my dear fellow, but observe their complexions." You observe their complexions, and the complexions are instantly observed to be worth looking at a second time—clear and soft and perfectly tinted. And when you see these same ladies at the theatre or at the big restaurants or at a function of some sort or another, you revise your opinion, for you discover that, apparently, the London woman doesn't care much what she wears for street or shopping purposes, but does care a great deal what she wears in the evening. And you are lost in admiration until some crass person near you, undoubtedly from America, asks: "Why, in Heaven's name, do they keep on their half-soled shoes with their evening gowns?"

Now, that was curiosity. No Englishman would have asked the question, for the English have no curiosity. They do not care to know the why of anything. The fact that anything has been done a certain way once is reason enough for doing it that way forever. They are unconcerned about anything outside of their particular line of occupation. There is the man at one of the railroad stations who, imposing and important, points out to travelers where the trains are. He knows what trains leave on certain tracks and their desti-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

nation, but he doesn't know when they start nor when they get there nor any other single thing about them.

"How long have you been here?" I asked him.

"Fourteen year, sir."

"And you don't know whether that train starts in ten minutes or ten hours?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"That's not my line, sir. H'I h'am 'ere to tell where the trains is, not what time they start. That's h'another chap's job."

"But I should think you would have found out something about them in fourteen years."

"H'another chap's job, sir. H'I h'am not h'interested."

And there you are.

When they took off the steam-cars in the underground roads and changed to electricity, there were dozens of indignant letters written to the papers complaining of the change. It disturbed the existing order of things. The writers were used to the blinding, suffocating, choking smoke and they didn't care for the clean, sweet air of the tubes that came with the improvement. Besides, they said, the sulphur in the smoke benefited their throats.

There is a bootblack down in St. Helen's Place who has painted on his box—on his box, mind you: "Established in 1865." When you suggest, gently, to an Englishman that in almost any other country no man would have been content, much less proud, to remain a bootblack for more than forty years, he cannot see why. The bootblack is established, isn't he? If he begins blacking boots, he should keep on blacking boots. So with anything else one sets one's hand to.

They grab this idea early and retain it long. If a writer or a player or a singer or what not gets to be a popular favorite, he is comfortable for the rest of his life. There is none of the American system of making good every morning. And if you have what they like, and change, they resent it. They cannot be bothered with the mental effort it takes to comprehend anything new.

Over at the Tower of London there is a sentry who stands guard at the door of one of the houses that face the rectangle where the pleasant pastime of chopping off the heads of the nobility once was all the rage. He is a nifty chap, with a bearskin shako and a red coat, and he looks fierce and awe-inspiring.

There isn't another sentry in sight, which seemed odd, and I asked this soldier what he was guarding and why he was there.

"H'orders, sir," he said.

"But why are there no sentries at the other doors?"

"H'orders, sir."

An officer came by. "Is there always a sentry at this door?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

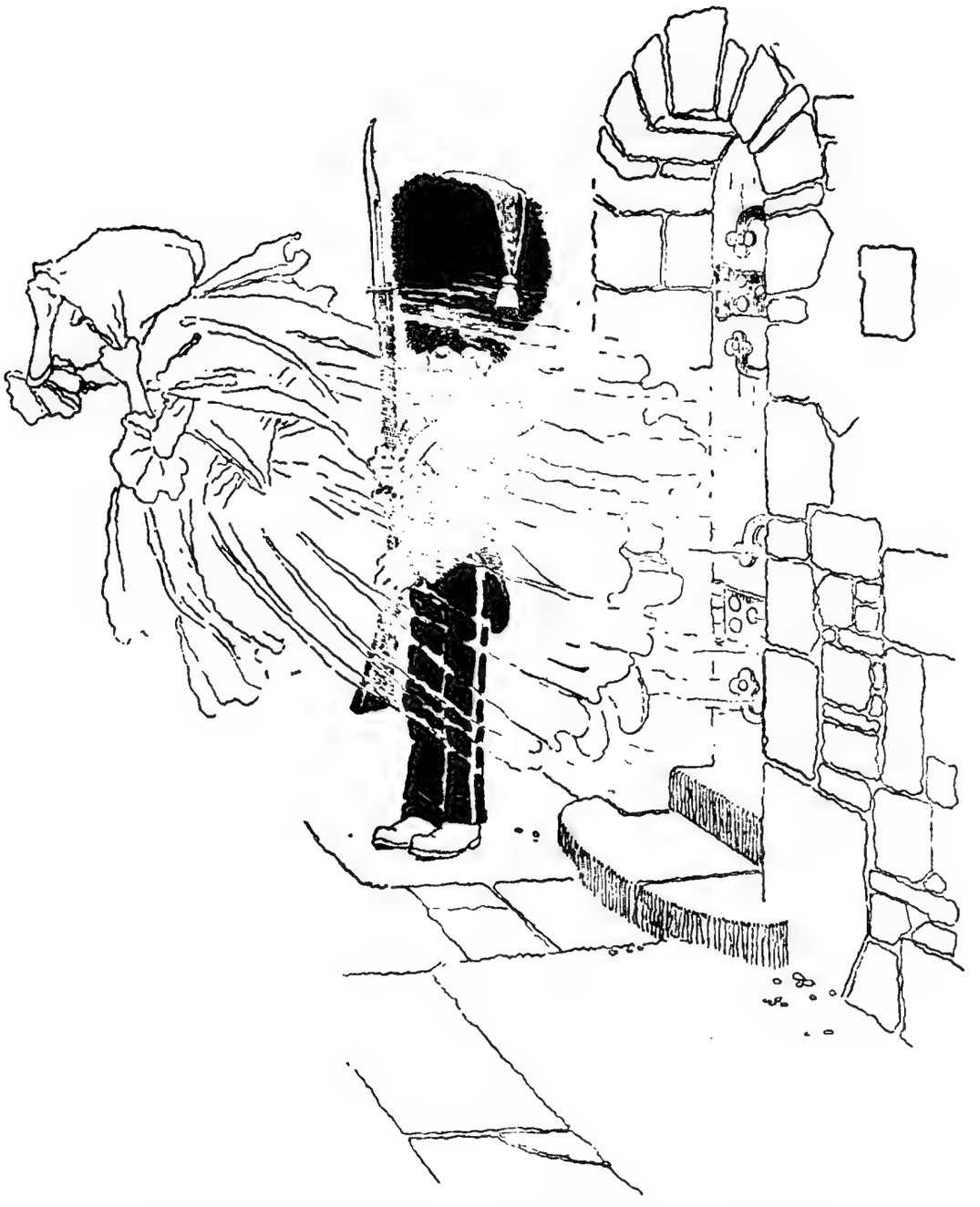
"I don't know. There has been a sentry posted there ever since I've known anything about the Tower."

That was interesting, so I started an inquiry. The explanation was simple enough. In 1716 Lord Nithsdale, who was confined in the Tower and who had a prejudice against being violently separated from his head, escaped through that door in female dress. The British authorities did not intend to have a repetition of that incident, and, although there have been comparatively few lords confined in the Tower during the past century or so, they have kept a sentry there ever since. It is always well to be on the safe side. Lord Nithsdale might come back and try to escape again. Besides, the sentry was posted there once, you understand.

Far back in the mists of antiquity somebody put a piece of ham and a piece of chicken on a plate together when a hungry wayfarer asked for food, and served the combination. That was enough. The die was cast. You can no more get cold ham without cold chicken in England now, at a real English place, than you can get one of the lions at the base of the Nelson statue to jump through a hoop.

The development of class distinction is a joy. They have shades of differentiation so fine as to be invisible to any but the highly trained and sensitive British eye. There are the high-upper, the upper, the just-upper, the high-middle, the middle, the lower-middle, and the lower, who are in as many grades as there are degrees of sordidness and misery, starting down from the fairly comfortable serving class. The real upper classes are ingrained, upholstered, intagliated, and veneered with every British prejudice, precedent, and tradition, but they associate with one another principally and move in their own particular ways their functions to perform. The place to find genuine British arrogance, snobbishness, and toadyism is in what is called the higher-middle classes, among those people who are hovering at the edge of title-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



LORD NITHSDALE MIGHT COME BACK AND TRY TO ESCAPE AGAIN.

dom, some of them with fair chances of getting in, for, as it appears, there is a brisk trade in titles just now and almost anybody with the price can get a "Sir" or even more.

Lines are drawn closely. Your high-middle classer has nothing but trade dealings with the middle class, but he fawns on an upper classer with that sycophancy which has been pounded into his kind by hundreds of years of servitude to the people just above them. He is insistent on his right and titles. Only last September a country magistrate near London was called to book for not answering an important letter. He was extremely indignant about it and retorted that he did not answer the letter because he had been addressed as "Mr. John Smith," when he should have been addressed as "John Smith, Esquire." "I belong to an old county family," he wrote, "and am entitled to be addressed as 'Esquire,' which I must insist upon."

When an American suggests, mildly, that it seems odd to him that a whole country should knock off work or play at four o'clock in the afternoon to drink tea, the Londoner looks at him commiseratingly, and immediately sets him down as crazy, or weak-minded, at least. It denotes an extensive lack of culture not to have the tea habit. It is utterly beyond the British mind why any grown man should not desire, in the middle of the afternoon, three or four cups of tea, some bread and but-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ter, and some buns with plums in them, a pound of fruit cake, or some macaroons. He cannot fathom the depraved appetite that does not crave sponge cake and hot water tinctured with tannin at that hour. Such a longing is English, you understand, and, consequently, denotes a perfect, artistic, hygienic, and natural desire. But when an American deprecates the serving of lukewarm drinks and says he likes his water with a bit of ice in it or his beer reasonably cold, the Londoner immediately calls the American "passion for iced drinks" a barbarism. He does not like ice in his drinks, therefore any person who does must be without the pale. The only place an Englishman wants ice is on the windows of his house.

Many Americans have bumped against the tea habit and have fallen in defeat. One man, who came a few months ago to manage one of the biggest enterprises in London in which American money is invested, was formally introduced to all his heads of departments on the first day he went to the office. After everybody had strolled away and he had turned to his desk, a small clerkly looking person approached him and said: "Please, sir, are you the new manager?"

"I am."

"Thank you. I wish to know, sir, if we can have some new tea rings."

"Tea rings?" said the manager; "what in the name of the Thames Embankment are tea rings?"

"Rings we put on the stove when we make our tea, sir. Thank you."

"When you make your tea?"

"Oh, yes, sir; we have our tea regularly every afternoon. Thank you."

The manager looked into the tea business. He found the clerk was right. The whole office force quit work in the middle of the afternoon and drank tea. The proposition did not appeal to his American mind, so he issued an order stopping the tea-drinking.

There was a wild protest. Here was this American overturning the precedents of centuries. Here was a man who dared to deprive the Britons of their tea, and Britons, as the national hymn tells us, "never shall be slaves" —except to tea and a few other things. The manager held out for a month and then capitulated, for his board of directors stood with the clerks. The directors drank tea, too. He rescinded the order, bought the new tea rings, and kept tab on the amount of gas used in brewing this necessary beverage. He discovered that the tea thirst of the clerks in his offices cost the company for gas used to brew it $385 a year.

"I AM ENTITLED TO BE ADDRESSED AS 'ESQUIRE,' WHICH I INSIST UPON."

They have been eating in England for a long time, and probably know what they need, but it does seem that they might struggle along on a little less food if they schooled themselves—although there is no reason why they should if they have the money to get their four or five meals a day, which more than three-quarters of them have not. After an Englishman is through with his various performances at table during the day, he is not to be blamed if he must be hit with an axe before he can see the point of a joke. He gets a light breakfast, a little something in the forenoon, a heavy meal at noon, tea at four o'clock with slabs of bread and butter and chunks of cake, a heavy dinner again at night, and a snack in the way of supper at nine or later—a few slices of cold mutton, mayhap, or a rabbit and beer, or something else light and digestible. They say their depressing climate demands "hearty English food," and perhaps it does, although it takes more than food to counteract that climate, which may generally be set down as the worst on earth.

"Hearty English food" is very much of a myth, too, for all the best restaurants in London are manned by French cooks and French food is served. The truth of it is that the English do not know what good food is, and cannot cook it if they manage to get it in the raw state. What the English palates demand is quantity.

Every Englishman has the right profoundly to criticize our government, our people, our manners, our customs, with an assumption of authority that is founded on his own narrow view of what is in the world. "You have no personal liberty in the States," they say. "Here every man can do as he pleases. He is not restricted by the law in his pursuit of what he wants to do." Certainly not; but just here a minor illustration. There is not a public place in all London where a hungry man can get a mor-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sel of food after half past twelve o'clock at night. They will let you come into a restaurant at a quarter past twelve and order some supper, and then they'll turn the lights out on you at half past. If you are extremely liberal with the waiter, he will light a few wax matches and hold them while you scramble through what is before you. And this in restaurants that you are not allowed to enter after six o'clock unless you are in full evening clothes. The consequence is that the after-theatre suppers of the London people remind the observer of parties of Cook's tourists hurrying through hotel-coupon meals in order to be in time to make the next point on the schedule. Think of that in a city of seven millions of people!

"WE HAVE OUR TEA REGULARLY EVERY AFTERNOON."

The English invented the English language. Consequently, nobody can speak it properly but themselves and a few who have acquired the accent by assiduous practise. Take it from a Londoner and the tongue the Americans speak is half a drawl and half some sort of a whine that proceeds from the nose.

It is quite possible the American language is not English at all. It may be we have improved on the tongue, although it is heresy to intimate, even, that anything English can be improved upon in any way. It must be admitted that the English of the Londoners is a fine, crusted old manner of speech, far better than our crude methods of enunciation. Take that lovely term "job-master." It will be clear to any stranger at once that a job-master keeps a livery-stable. Then there is the "bespoke tailor." Ever hear of a bespoke tailor? The very finest usage in London. He's bespoke, you know, because he makes your clothes to order. See the point? You spoke for his services, quite naturally, when you ordered your meal-sacks that they call coats, and hence he's bespoke. But do not suggest to the London man that these terms sound odd. That would be a confession of your foreign birth.

There was an American named Ellis who went to London to enter business. For several years he struggled along against the tide of dropped and added h's. Always when he was introduced he was called Mr. "H'ellis." Finally, a solution came to him. Every time he tells an Englishman his name now he calls himself Mr. "Hellis." Then he is invariably introduced as Mr. "'Ellis," and the trick is turned.

They have made a science of getting tips in London. In New York and in the other cities of the United States, though there is an insatiate demand for tips, there is a certain clumsiness about it, a sort of hold-upness, except among those servants who have been schooled abroad. Some of our people will not take tips—not many, but some. Everybody in England will take a tip. There isn't a hand that will not clutch convulsively around whatever is dropped into it.

Moreover, the Londoners have tipping down to a finer system than the Americans. A Londoner can give a man a penny and get away with it. It takes an American about a year to learn how to tip a penny, and then he feels as if he should be arrested as soon as he has left it in the outstretched palm.

The greatest London institution is "Thank you"—pronounced "Thenk you," because of the purity of the English language as spoken in England. In the course of the simple operation of buying a cigar, the man who is selling it will say "Thenk you" until you are dizzy.

"Good morning, sir. Thenk you. What can we do for you? Thenk you."

"I want some cigars."

"Cigars? Thenk you. Very good, sir. Thenk you. These are extra fine, sir. Thenk you. Do you want six, sir? Thenk you."

You hand him the money. He says

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Thenk you" when he gets it, "Thenk you" when he puts it in the till, and "Thenk you" when he hands you your change. Many an American has had a chill when he heard that "Thenk you" after giving a shopkeeper a sovereign for a two-shilling purchase, and has thought: "Great Heavens, does he think I mean all the rest of that for a tip?"

They play on that "Thenk you" as they would play on the flute, with infinite modulations and variations. You can tell by the way the man who gets the tip says "Thenk you" whether you have given too little, too much, or just enough. When the tip is more than it should be—which is generally the case when an American gives it—the "Thenk you" becomes an *obligato con expressione* that makes you say, "Oh, well, what's the difference? Probably the poor devil needs it." When the tip is just right, the "Thenk you" is circumspect and proper, without any frills or furbelows. But if the tip is much too small, if you give a penny where sixpence is expected, you get not "Thenk you," but "Q," and you immediately realize that you are an outcast and a pariah and that the British servant mind disapproves of you, dog of an American that you are.

You get it everywhere. It is as mechanical as breathing. The Londoner says it is a mark of politeness, but you know better. It is the obsequious overture and finale of the system of the country. They will take anything, those people, and glad to get it. If you step on a man's toes, he says "Thenk you," and if you give him a pound he says the same thing. They have been bred and bludgeoned into it. They do not mean it. No man can say "Thenk you" forty times in ten minutes and mean one of the lot. But they say it because it sounds well. That "Thenk-you" habit sums up and expresses the English idea.

It takes little to amuse the London public. Londoners will laugh at anything, provided it is apparent. You must have your diagram with your joke or it will pass them by, but when a man comes out on the stage and squirts water in another man's face from a syringe, he gets a laugh that rattles the chandeliers. In the highest class theatres they have good plays, plays that are well written and well staged. Many of them have been brought to the United States and many of them have been successful here, because the American public is broader-minded than the English public. We take an English play and laugh over it or cry over it, provided it is clever and human, but the Londoner will not accept an American play—except in rare instances—because he does not understand it, and because he won't take the trouble to try. There have been some American successes in London, of course, but not half or a quarter so many as there have been English successes in New York and elsewhere in the United States. The English mind is so constituted that it cannot compass anything that is beyond its immediate ken. Usually, the American play that succeeds in England is a play that portrays American life as the Englishman thinks it exists. He can grasp a train robbery or a tramp, but he doesn't get much beyond that. Then, too, England produced Shakespeare, and what business has America writing plays, anyhow? and how is it possible there can be an American play worth seeing?

In the cheaper theatres vulgarity is much more apparent than in the theatres of the same class in the United States. Things are uproariously hailed in London that would be pulled and disinfected by the police in New York. The Londoner scoffs at this prudery on our part. Still, we have our revenge. Variety actors who have to play on the kerosene-lamp circuit in the United States, upon going to London are welcomed and headlined. At one of the music halls last fall there were four hams of American negroes who couldn't sing, who dressed in Swiss mountain clothes and yodeled. Think that over.

Anything that does not make them think gets the English. A country that fondly imagines that the game of cricket is a spectacle can be easily satisfied in the pleasure line. If, instead of spreading over three days, cricket were packed into two hours and a half, the game never would have become a British institution. You can take tea during cricket.

Another amusement that is now in high popular favor is writing limericks. Some smart advertiser saw a chance to amplify the old missing-word contest and put out a limerick with the last line missing. Anybody could write a last line and, by sending a sixpence to the promoters, win a proportion of all the sixpences contributed after the necessary expenses had been deducted—provided his line was accepted by the judges as among the winners. The scheme jumped into favor. Many publications and advertisers seized upon it. London and England are limerick mad, and, as the limerick is easily the low-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

est form of human expression, next to making signs or shaking a bush, the little it takes to amuse the London public is apparent.

This was the limerick the prodigious mind of London was asked to complete one week:

A winsome young woman named May,
Went out on a Bank Holiday
With a smart sailor lad;
But when they met her dad,
. . . . .

There were enough sixpence competitors in this contest to contribute £1,685, or, roundly, $8,425, which means that to this single competition about 67,400 people sent in a sixpence each and finished the doggerel. The twenty first-prize winners received £75 apiece, or $375, and this was the line that was judged to make the limerick most perfect:

Jack "R. N." (bisected by "A").

You don't see it, do you? Well, it takes some study, but this is the result of careful analysis: "Jack 'R. N.'" means "Jack 'Royal Navy,'" you understand. Then bisect "R. N." by "A" and you have "Jack ran." Perfectly killing, isn't it? When Jack saw daddy he ran. Clever! Clever! One firm offered an annuity of $15 a week for life to its prize winner. The post-office was clogged with sixpence money-orders while the competition lasted, and the limericks and the added lines were all on a par with the one quoted.

The Englishman of the country may be as big and burly and beefy as the books tell us he is, but the Englishman of the city, as seen on the principal streets of London, the Englishman of the working class, the clerk, and all those who make up the bulk of the population, is a thin, pale, anemic creature, undersized and puny, hollow-chested, and most unprepossessing. Some time ago a scientist said the heads of London people were getting smaller, and there was an enormous howl. But it is easier to buy a seven-and-a-half hat in Emporia, Kansas, than in London, and any one who doubts that has only to try. It is quite possible that Britons never will be slaves, but they will have to produce better specimens of men than they show on the streets of London—in the masses—or somebody will come along some day and put the whole population in bondage. They know it, too, and that is the reason why they try to make their soldiers impressive by putting great bearskin shakos on them and increasing their apparent height by a couple of feet. If they didn't, those frightful fighters, those terrible Tommy Atkinses, who haven't—by themselves and without allies—whipped any white men for a century or so, would look like the red-coated students of an institution for the undersized and underfed out on a parade.

The city is a marvel, with splendor and squalor mixed as they are nowhere else in the world. The poverty of the Whitechapel, Soho, and other districts where the poor live is incredible. They make the East Side of New York look like a collection of model tenements. There is ample transportation, such as it is, by boats on the Thames, by underground railway, by electric trams, electric busses, ordinary busses, and shoals of hansoms and taximeter motor-cabs. None of the transportation lines is paying. The service on some is good and on others very bad.

Englishmen boast of their steam-railroads. They say they are better ballasted, better equipped, and better in every way than the railroads in the United States, but that doesn't bother any American who reflects that their longest system hasn't as much trackage as there is in the freight yards at East Buffalo or in Chicago. They are nice, *bijou* railroads, with cute little cars.

So far as public service is concerned, London can show any American city how to govern itself. The police, mainly recruited from the army, are polite, respectful, and efficient. The firemen come mostly from the navy, and they rarely let a fire get the better of them, although they do not have the problems that confront firemen in American cities, where buildings are three or four or five times as tall. London is a city of low buildings and necessarily so, for there would be no chance to handle the enormous traffic in the various streets if the buildings were as high as they are in New York. The city is well paved and clean. They even sprinkle disinfectant from the sprinkling-carts on some of the streets in the lower part of town, which is a wise precaution inasmuch as the streets have been there a very long time. There is more noise than in New York or Chicago. The business streets reek with the stink of the gasoline used in the motor-busses and taximeter cabs. The telephone service is archaic. When you call for a number after complying with the many precautions, such as pressing down the thing on the receiver and getting it adjusted, you ask the telephone girl for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the number you want and she replies: "Are you there?" Naturally, as you have just spoken to her, you are in Lapland and you so inform her. Then she says, "Thenk you; very good, sir," and you go out and take a hansom and drive to the place you want to reach, and when you get back the telephone lady will inquire again: "Are you there?"

King Edward is a facile and expert and talented ruler. No American politician keeps his ear closer to the ground than does this paunchy little man. His sole desire is to make himself popular and he always gives in to the request of the people. He distributes his favors with a lavish hand. If there is any establishment, from the boiler factories to the manicures, that is not doing business for royalty "By Special Appointment to the King," it is in some back street. The Prince of Wales has a great many of these specialized shopkeepers also. The town is freckled with parchments, hung in the windows, proclaiming that some person of the royal household has selected this particular haberdasher or pickle-maker or jeweler for his own, especial purveyor. One wonders what the King and the other members of the royal family do with all the things they must buy, if these window legends are authentic; and one wonders, further, if somebody isn't carrying on a lively trade in these highly prized warrants. The King certainly cannot buy pickles at more than fourteen stores exclusively.

Parliament does what it pleases and the King always does what Parliament wants him to do. He is with the majority. After sixty years of struggle, they finally passed the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. The King stood for it—although the Church opposed it—and thus showed how he goes with the populace, for the whole of England seems bent on marrying its deceased wife's sisters, which eloquently portrays another phase of the British mind. Why any person should desire to marry twice into the same family, and why he shouldn't if he wants to, are two problems that no American intelligence can comprehend.

There are about five thousand Americans living in London, divided into three classes. First are the rich ones who have gone to London after exhausting the social life of the United States, or not being able to get in to exhaust it. There are not many of these, but they all get along, provided they contribute liberally enough to charity. London's charities are "Supported by voluntary contributions." The State does little. Every charity has a few titled patrons. It is common to see on windows: "Patron: His Majesty, King Edward VII. Funds urgently needed." The exact charities helped by the splurging Americans can be told by reading the list of titled persons at their receptions. The noble patrons will add distinction to the receptions of the climbers if the climbers will contribute to the charities in which the noble ones are interested. It is a reciprocal arrangement, but quite expensive to the climbers.

The second class of Americans is composed of the bright, capable business and professional men who are there representing American interests. They have an American society, give a dinner on the Fourth of July, and keep away from one another mostly during the rest of the year. In the third class are the Americans with accents and pasts. They frequent the American bars, and their remittances have always failed or their trunks have been held up by the customs, or something, almost impossible it would seem but very regrettable, has happened, and is there any chance to borrow a five-pound note?

In time we Americans—visitors and residents—shall make a really habitable, comfortable, bright, pleasant place out of London—barring the climate. There have been more changes for the better in that old town since the Americans began coming in numbers—say in the past twenty years or so—than since the days of the Cæsars. It is costly, but we do not mind that. Eastward the star of the Republic is taking its way. And while we know they despise us, we make no reprisals. We just grin and go on installing improvements and betterments, and pat them on their backs. Cheer up, dear cousins, we have taught you much, and we shall teach you more. By-by; we'll all be back next summer—provided the financial stringency unstringes.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Shifted Burden

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustrations by John Conacher

I WAS shown to my room by a woman of nondescript age. I mean by that, one couldn't in the least tell which mile-post she was near, because she looked as if she had been born middle-aged. It's a sad day for a woman when the love of adornment leaves her; but this woman had never had such a day, and that is sadder yet. Cleanliness was her only idea in dress; and despite its speck-lessness her dark wrapper fluffed lankly at her heels. Her hair was "slicked back," and done in a tight roll; her hands were knobby from years of housework. If she had ever had time to be pretty, she had forgotten it. The way she moved told me more plainly than anything else how irreparably middle-aged she was; she walked briskly enough, to be sure, but with the air of a person who knows there is a great deal to be done and who intends to do it, even though there is no spring left in her tired body. She belonged to that sad company of women whose desire for rest was voiced by one of them who said in dying, "Seems 's if 'twould take more'n twenty thousand years to rest *me*."

Meantime my hostess had thrown open the door of my room, which was everything that it had been described to me; a handsome guest-chamber it had been in the old colonial days. There were several good pieces of furniture in the room, and the window gave on a lovely valley framed by distant mountains, with the Connecticut River trailing its silvery length in loops and curves through the fields. Two old engravings adorned the walls, which were further decorated with a variety of unspeakable knick-knacks—some gilded pine-cones, Japanese fans tacked up, upside down, a thermometer —it turned out to be broken—in the shape

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of a key, hung by faded ribbons tied in a bow that was still rakish.

"I hope you've got everything you want," my hostess said.

I assured her that I had, and said pleasant things about the room.

"The fixings are all Laurie's," she told me. "Laurie has real tasty ways." At the mention of "Laurie" there came a light into her face that told me who Laurie was. If she had cried aloud, "Laurie is my daughter and the heart of my heart," she couldn't have said it more plainly than by the look of her when she told me that Laurie was "tasty."

I spoke then about the furniture.

"Yes," Mrs. Andrews answered, "those are fine old pieces. Laurie's father set great store by them. But Laurie—she's always after me to part with 'em."

"That would be a pity," I ventured.

"I won't do it," she asserted with gentle firmness. "I'm keeping 'em so Laurie'll have something when I'm gone—they'll be worth more then than now, with the care I give 'em."

Later I became used to the sight of Mrs. Andrews spending her spare moments polishing what she called "the old pieces." It was one of her self-imposed tasks in the service of Laurie. She didn't care for them for herself; she would, I think, have been glad to indulge Laurie and sell old lamps for new. In Mrs. Andrews's eyes the matchless bloom of sideboard and high-boy was valuable only because the furniture was to be part of Laurie's inheritance.

That evening I saw her. I was waiting on the piazza for tea, when there appeared a flower of a girl, head held proud and high; a splendid, big, breezy girl, rounded and supple, with a big golden pompadour. Though it was early in the season, she was dressed all in white: white shoes, white stockings, a pretty white frock. There was something festal about Laurie; she came out on the piazza as if the band were playing "See the Conquering Hero" for her to march by. She breathed an air of parties and merry-makings — merry-makings devised by herself, where she would play the central part. For Laurie was the leading lady in the little drama of her life, imperious, self-willed, as leading ladies are supposed to be. She nodded to my fellow boarders and disposed herself in a chair with an air of pretty indolence. A village youth stopped at the gate. Laurie acknowledged his salute with the slightest bit of a good-natured nod, and a "H'o, Lester."

"Come down. I want to speak to you."

"Come up."

"No, you c'm down." This, I took it, was a tribute to us. Mother's boarders were on the piazza and it was difficult to talk before them.

Then at the gate there was a whispered conversation.

The boy was earnest.

Laurie smiled.

The boy was tragic.

Laurie perked her lovely head on one side, looking at him with a ravishing sidewise glance.

The boy grew angry.

Laurie looked at him with disdain and returned to the house. "No, my good fellow," her superb manner said, "I do not permit a little boy to make me scenes." She paused a moment to send back a "good night," and it occurred to me that she could have posed for a picture of youth, victorious youth, which is at once so eager and so indifferent.

While this little scene was being enacted, Laurie's mother came out on the porch. She stood a moment watching Laurie, and I guessed that of all beautiful sights in the world, Laurie, standing with the glory of the setting sun behind her, was to her the most beautiful. Laurie was the center of her mother's universe; the sun set to make her more lovely, the apple-trees bloomed to provide a suitable background for her. This I read, not in any expression in our hostess's colorless, inexpressive face, but in her forgetfulness of everything in the world but her daughter. She and Laurie were for the time the only existing things. A few moments later she introduced Laurie to me.

"This is Laurie," was all she said in words, but "This is my daughter Laurie, my dear, beautiful daughter," was what her tone said. Laurie bowed to me pleasantly and impersonally. The boarders didn't matter to her; they came and went. She ignored us so completely, with such unfeigned indifference, that we old ladies commented on her ill manners; but, after all, there was no real reason why she should notice what was of so little importance to her.

As we went in to tea, I heard Mrs. Andrews say:

"I got all your white waists ironed."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Laurie didn't speak; she was chewing absently at a stem of grass.

"I don't believe I'll get time to finish your new organdie by Wednesday," Mrs. Andrews went on, "so I'd better do up your old one."

This time Laurie answered. "All right," she said.

That evening Laurie and her callers preempted the veranda, so we old ladies gathered around the parlor lamp, first to read, then to gossip. One of us started the ball rolling with:

"Laurie makes her mother an awful lot of wash."

In the course of the evening I learned that Mrs. Andrews was only forty, a young woman as I count things. I had seen already that she had laid her youth on the altar of hard work and was getting ready to make the sacrifice of life itself, or so it seemed to me. But as one of my fellow boarders remarked: "You never can tell. These lean, bloodless women often last an awful long time, longer than ever you'd think."

The reason for all this work was of course Laurie. Laurie had graduated from the high school that year and had since been going in to the nearest large town twice a week, "taking singing lessons." Well, that ambitious woman, her mother, had soared above lessons in a neighboring town. She was saving up so that Laurie might spend two whole years in the city. We wagged our heads over this in grave disapproval.

A few days later Mrs. Andrews told me about it herself in her shy, diffident way. Two years was enough to train a voice, wasn't it? Then after the two years? Well, then we should see. A third year, maybe. She almost blushed with excitement over the idea of a third year. It would be paid for with the little remaining strength she had.

And after the third year, what then? But here the dreams of Laurie's mother were too ambitious to be talked of aloud. Who knows where they had soared? She would tell no one, but kept them locked in her heart to sing songs for her while she worked. Of course Laurie had her ambitions, too; they began and ended in a desire for the city. It had called to her, and she had listened. She wanted to go. She wanted to see the world; she wanted the world to see her. As for her voice, it seemed to me like her own personality, a loud young voice with no more tenderness than a bugle. I have seen Laurie's mother stop work to listen to it.

SPENDING HER SPARE MOMENTS POLISHING WHAT SHE CALLED "THE OLD PIECES."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LAURIE WAS THE CENTER OF HER MOTHER'S UNIVERSE.

No one can live in the presence of a great absorbing passion and not be aware of it. It intrudes itself on you. You can't get away from it, even though it is no concern of yours and does not touch your own life in any way. To an older person it makes very little difference what sort of a drama is being played, whether it concerns the love of a man for a young girl, or of a young mother for a little child, or of a woman like our hostess for a daughter like Laurie. We know when we have grown-up children that there are dramas played every day between mothers and daughters, and between fathers and sons, every bit as poignant as were ever played by any Romeo and Juliet. And so, very soon, I became absorbed in Mrs. Andrews's absorbing passion. None of the dwellers in her house escaped it except Laurie. She knew nothing about it. Her mother served her as humbly and timidly and gratefully as ever a plain, silent woman served her handsome lover. And Laurie accepted her service as simply as the food she ate.

You see, it was more than the love of a mother for a daughter that Mrs. Andrews bore Laurie. It was a romantic attachment, as romantic in its still way as the love of man for woman. Laurie was her mother's youth, out of which she had been cheated by toil; Laurie was her mother's beauty, the only beauty she had ever had. Through Laurie she enjoyed pretty clothes, admiration, ease; through Laurie she sang and played; and the marvel was that Laurie was her own daughter, flesh of her flesh. I am sure that as she sat with her dull glance resting on Laurie she often wondered how it had come about that such a plain barnyard fowl as herself should be the mother of a bird of paradise.

I have since then wondered what it was she did to show us all how dear the girl was to her. I never heard her use one term of endearment to Laurie. She didn't even talk much with her. They never kissed each other, for feminine endearments are rare with women like Mrs. Andrews. But how she "doted on" Laurie was common gossip among us. It was as if she wore a transparent window that allowed every one to look into her heart. For without words or embraces, without even an expression of her poor, plain face to give her away, she showed it. I suppose it was because she was love itself, and love for the girl streamed out of her, no more to be hid than light. In return she asked nothing except that Laurie should be beautiful and happy. But we outsiders asked more of Laurie. We began to wonder if after all people reap as they sow, and we looked for one of the sacrifices that Mrs. An-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

drews made daily to bear the fruit of one grateful word. We should have been glad to have the mute love she gave so freely flower even once in a caress of Laurie's.

So after a while the contrast of the blooming, noisy daughter and the silent, worn mother became hateful to me. I grew a little morbid over it. Day by day I watched to see if Laurie wouldn't discover for herself how tired her mother was, if she wouldn't perhaps help a little, if she wouldn't at least put a stop to the ironing of shirt-waists and the rubbing of furniture; but she never did. She went on as she had done before, in contented blindness. She played the piano and practised, she held her never-ending conversations with her followers, with the same regularity with which her mother took up her daily task.

More than ever I saw that Laurie might have posed for youth victorious, but some one else had paid the price of her victory.

There seems to be in this world only just so much ease. The amount of work to be done is something of a fixed quantity, and no one can have too much ease without mysteriously taking it from some one else. Mothers like Laurie's give their daughters their own share. They are even willing to die to give their daughters a few more singing lessons. Laurie was only one of a great company who pay for their luxuries in terms of their mothers' strength, and for their amusements in their mothers' anxiety. Lovely, indifferent minotaurs, they seem to me, who eat their mothers alive.

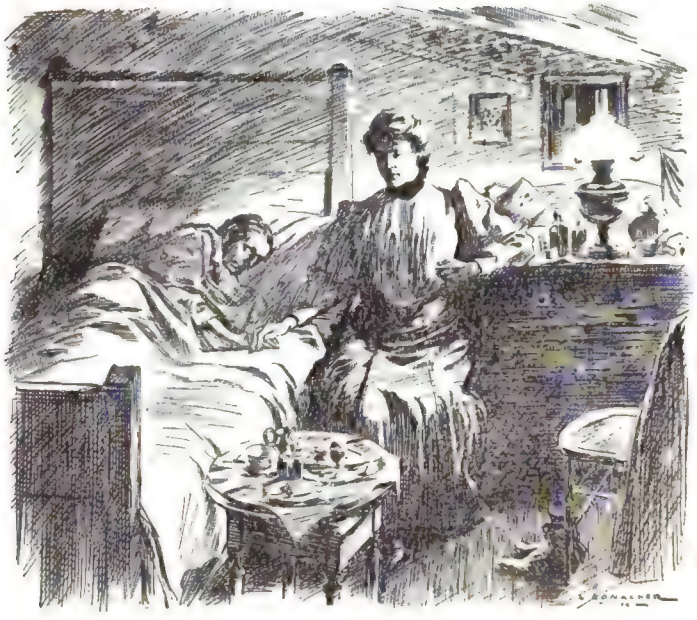
Mrs. Andrews first began to show the strain under which she was living by anxiety about Laurie. She couldn't bear to have her go swimming in the river, and tried to keep her back by little shallow excuses. Wouldn't it hurt Laurie's throat? Wasn't it going to rain? At last she came out with: "It makes me real nervous to have you go, Laurie." At which Laurie tossed her head and guessed she could take care of herself. Laurie was hardly gone before Mrs. Andrews would begin to watch for her return, going to the window a dozen times, and even out to the gate, where she would stand with strained eyes waiting for a flutter of the girl's white dress. I watched this little drama day by day, and pretended not to know what it was about nor why Mrs. Andrews would join me on the piazza when Laurie was overdue, her face white and drawn, her listless hands folded firmly in her lap. I pretended not to know, for the poor soul was ashamed of her "nervousness." There were days, too, when stairs were hard to go up and the work dragged, but she didn't, as we agreed, "let up on herself a mite." The supply of Laurie's shirt-waists came always fresh.

One afternoon Laurie was off as usual swimming, when word came that "something had happened." There was telephoning to and fro, the doctor dashed past, people asked

I FOUND THEM "WORKING OVER" MRS. ANDREWS.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

one another in the street if they had heard that someone was drowned. Who was it? No one knew. Some said two girls; one had died in the effort to save the other. No one knew anything except that "something had happened." I heard of it out in the street nothing to tell. She wanted to speak, but because of her great joy she could not. She called Laurie to her feebly. To convince herself that it was really true that Laurie was safe, she held the girl's hand in hers a moment. Laurie stood there awkward and



LAURIE'S VOICE ANSWERED, "YES, MOTHER, DON'T YOU WORRY."

and hurried home. I found them "working over" Mrs. Andrews. "She tumbled down all of a heap," one of them told me, "for all the world like a rag baby; and we can't seem to bring her to again. She just said, quite ca'm, 'Perhaps it's Laurie; I think I'd better go see,' and she took two steps and then just crumpled up."

Before the doctor could come, Mrs. Andrews opened her eyes and murmured:

"Where's Laurie?" then "Oh, I know," and closed them again, mercifully enough, for she would have suffered needlessly. There was after all no tragedy, and that thanks to Laurie, who, it seemed, had come near to being a heroine. As it was, she shared the honors with the half-drowned girl—trust her for being always in the center of the stage. She arrived unharmed, triumphant, clamoring to know "what was the matter with mother," and at the sound of her dear voice Mrs. Andrews opened her eyes again. What happened when she saw Laurie made the tears come to our eyes, yet there is bewildered, not knowing what it was all about. It was something we had no right to see, and we drifted shamefacedly out of the room without looking at one another, for we had no wish to spy on our friend's inmost heart, which in her weakness she couldn't help showing.

So we left them alone, victims of each other, Laurie a victim of her mother's unselfish immolation, a beautiful, soulless monstrosity; her mother the victim of the child of her own rearing. She had given her everything, her health, her youth, her every thought, and Laurie stood before her uncomprehending and dumb. As ever, complete unselfishness had bred a perfect selfishness. We had said among ourselves darkly: "If her mother were taken away—she'd see. If anything were to happen to Mrs. Andrews, then she'd understand." Well, something had happened, and Laurie had neither seen nor understood, so it seemed, for she came to me later and said, "There must be something wrong with mother." She was neither

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

irritated nor worried, only perplexed. "She held my hand for a while and then she turned away and hid her head under the sheet and began to cry. I asked her what the matter was, but she wouldn't tell me." She was as unemotional as a babe at the breast.

We all had a certain mournful triumph when the doctor said that what "ailed" Mrs. Andrews was a total collapse of the nervous system due, no doubt, to overwork. The shock she suffered merely hastened what would have happened.

"Your mother has seemed pretty fagged lately, anyway," he said to Laurie.

"I hadn't noticed," answered the girl. And one of the boarders sniffed, "She's been all beat out; that's what she's been."

Mrs. Andrews, the doctor said, wouldn't be herself for months. She would have to have perfect rest and great care; best of all, she had better go to a sanitarium.

At tea Laurie took her mother's place simply and very capably. We didn't talk much; there was a hushed feeling in the air. Laurie took a tray to her mother and came down again to tell us that the patient was sleeping. We all sat together around the parlor lamp. It was one of those nights when the clock ticks so loudly and intrusively that it prevents all conversation. And its noisy ticking was all about the sick woman up-stairs. Then all the patient mute things in the room told their pathetic little story about the work that had been done; the gleam of the mahogany table talked of her; she had washed the curtains and put them up; there was no humble object that did not speak of her skilful hands that must lie idle so long. And in the midst of them sat her masterpiece, Laurie, in a dress that her mother had made. The clock ticked louder and louder; the room filled, it seemed to me, more and more with the presence of the sick woman. At last Laurie broke the silence.

"I never remember mother staying a day in bed," she said; and having thus told the brief history of her mother's life, she went up-stairs.

I had once that day stolen out shamefacedly at the too deep revelation of my poor friend's heart, for friend of mine Mrs. Andrews had become. I was not to sleep without seeing again what I felt I had no right to see. I went to her room in the night to see if all were well. Somehow I didn't trust Laurie to take good care of her mother, but Laurie was there at her post. The room was dimly lighted by a little lamp; it threw a round circle of light on the white bed, and the reflection of light in Laurie's face made it seem luminous in the twilight of the room. It was almost as if there were some light within. She didn't hear me or look up; her eyes were bent on her mother's hand, which lay within the circle of light on the bed, and on her own, which lay beside it. One hand was red and knobby, unlovely; the other was a rosy brown, firm, well made, and soft; and Laurie gazed absorbed at these two hands, her own and her mother's. Her face didn't quiver, her shoulders didn't move, but difficult tears slid down her cheeks one after another, one after another, as though they would never stop. Then Mrs. Andrews's eyes opened, and Laurie's hand closed on her mother's. It had all happened in an instant. I had been only a moment at the door, but in my place you would have hurried away ashamed, as I did. But before I made my way to my room I heard a promise given and taken. I believe that promise will never be broken.

"Is that you, Laurie?" asked my friend's weak voice. And Laurie's voice, firm and tranquil, with no telltale break in it, answered, though I knew her face was wet with tears:

"Yes, mother. Don't you worry."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Romance of the Reaper

By HERBERT N. CASSON

Author of "The Romance of Steel and Iron in America," etc.

III

EDITOR'S NOTE.—President Roosevelt in his message of December 3 said: "Modern industrial conditions are such that combination is not only necessary, but inevitable. . . . Corporation and labor union alike have come to stay. Each, if properly managed, is a source of good, and not evil." If capital combinations can be good, there must be some that are good. Would it not be a proper service to the American people to tell them of a trust that, while it had reaped the economical advantages of combination, had yet played fair with the public and with its competitors? Hence this story of the great Harvester combine. Before we began to publish Mr. Casson's articles, we followed up his investigations with a thorough inquiry of our own, and we are bound to say that the business methods of this institution seem to conform to the highest standards of fair play and square dealing. The International Harvester combine is not a tariff trust. Its members surrendered dominance in their own business only when the trend of "modern industrial conditions" and overstrenuous competition made combination "not only necessary, but inevitable." The inside history of the "Morganizing" of this group of fighters, as narrated here, is as humorous as it is fascinating.

FOR fifty years the Harvester Kings fought one another on the battle-fields of competition. Their armies of agents, drilled in the arts of rivalry, waged a war in which quarter was neither given nor sought. It was a fight almost of extermination. Out of two hundred companies that went to battle with flags waving and drums beating, only a dozen came home.

Even the great Whiteley fell, and Lewis Miller, the father-in-law of Edison and the founder of Chautauqua, went down "like a great tree upon the hills." Walter A. Wood, after forty years of success, took Governor Merriam and James J. Hill as partners, and set out to win the West for the Wood Company. Their factory was the pride of St. Paul. Their credit was the best, and their fame was over all the prairies. Yet after five years of battling they surrendered; and not one harvester is made to-day west of Illinois.

Of the dozen survivors, several were badly disabled for a time. The Johnston Company was bowled over in 1893; and David M. Osborne lost a million dollars on a new self-binder that proved to be a failure.

It is a common opinion among harvester men that from first to last there has been more money put into the business than has ever been taken out—so enormously wasteful were these years of competition. By 1902 the harvester business was nothing other than a terrific and destructive war. The agents were tearing the whole industry to shreds and tatters. So far as the Harvester Kings could see, they must choose between combination and ruin.

Not one of them was personally in favor of combination. They were individualists through and through. The spirit of competition had been bred in the bone. So, when several of them came together and agreed to combine, it was not of their own free-will. It was because they could do nothing else. They were hurled together by social forces over which they had no control.

One by one these battle-worn Westerners came to New York, "on an exploring expedition," as one of them said. Here they met Judge Elbert H. Gary, whom they had known intimately in Chicago. Gary had been William Deering's attorney for twenty-five

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

years. He was a farmer's son, and had risen to be the official head of the Steel Trust; so that he was the one man who had an expert knowledge at once of farms, harvesters, and mergers. And naturally, when the Chicagoans ran to Gary with their tales of woe, he steered them across Broadway into the office of J. P. Morgan, which, in 1902, had become a sort of Tribunal of Industrial Peace.

There were four of them—Cyrus H. McCormick, the Second, Charles Deering, J. J. Glessner, and W. H. Jones—and all of them added to the strong preference for competition a definite opposition to trusts, monopolies, and stock speculation. They were not the Wall Street type of millionaire. In that time of booming optimism, they might have made more money in one year by selling stock than they had made in thirty years by selling harvesters. But no one of them had tried it. The fact is that they cared more for the good-will of the farmers and the prestige of their machines than they did for larger profits. Indeed, the thing that troubled them most in the proposed combination, one of the Morgan partners told me, was the fear that they might have to raise prices. And they had never been united in any pool, agreement, or merger of any sort.

No wonder that the financiers who undertook to organize them were driven almost to distraction by their obstinate independence. They had as many contradictory opinions as a Russian Duma; and it was soon clear that the only possible way to unite them was to keep them apart until all possible preliminaries had been arranged.

So the four Harvester Kings went back home until the details of the new combination should be worked out. Then they were summoned again to New York. As was their custom, they went to different hotels, and each man was handled separately until he was in an organizable frame of mind. This masterly diplomatic campaign was conducted by George W. Perkins—Morgan's most versatile partner; and it gave Perkins a day and a night that he will never forget. From morning until midnight—from midnight until the first ray of dawn slanted down Broadway, Perkins dashed from hotel to hotel, a veritable human shuttle. Deering conceded one point if McCormick would concede another. Glessner yielded one of his claims, and Jones withdrew something else. Inch by inch these stubborn men were pushed within tying distance of one another; and the fifty-year harvester war was about to come to an end.

The next day Perkins renewed the struggle; but he was too tired to continue the cab driving between hotels. He telephoned the four Harvester Kings to meet him at Morgan's office. As the men climbed the rusty iron steps of the Morgan Building, each one was switched by the big Irish doorkeeper into a separate room of that inner suite on the ground floor, where many a broken business has been mended. Four men in four rooms, with Perkins flying in and out—such was the way in which the great harvester company was brought into being. It was a unique situation, as much like an incident in comic opera as an affair of business. But the Morgan experts knew that if the four men were allowed to meet, the old hurtful rivalries would break out afresh, and the merger might vanish like a broken dream.

To strengthen the new company with a big surplus of ready money, a one-sixth interest was sold for twenty millions to Morgan and several other New York financiers of the "old reliable" sort. Also, a fifth harvester company, in Milwaukee, was bought from Stephen Bull for about five millions. And when the last rivet had been clinched and the last nail driven home, the four Westerners suddenly found themselves sitting around the same table, as partners in the International Harvester Company, of Chicago.

There were several harvester companies that remained independent, but probably not from choice. I do not know of one that has not, at some stage of its career, tried to get into a trust. Fifteen companies were merged by Colonel Conger in 1892, but they were poorly fastened together and soon fell apart. It is also a fact, though one not before made public, that the Mutual Life Insurance Company tried to form a second Harvester Combine in 1903, with the Massey-Harris, Osborne, Wood, and Johnston companies, under the presidency of E. D. Metcalf, of Auburn, New York. When this project failed, three independent companies—two in New York and one in Canada—offered themselves for sale to the Harvester Trust, as it is inexactly called. The Trust bought one—the Osborne—for six millions, and refused the others.

"We are big enough now," said Cyrus H. McCormick. "It is not safe for one company to have a monopoly. What we want to do is to regulate competition, not to destroy it."

Besides the big Osborne Company, which

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

is now the third largest in the combine, the Harvester Trust has bought five smaller concerns, and built two new plants—one in Canada and one in Sweden. It is like the original United States—a union of thirteen industrial colonies. Its output has risen to 700,000 harvesting machines a year, including all varieties; and its annual revenue is more than seventy-three million dollars.

With its 25,000 employees and 42,000 agents, this one company is supporting as many families as there are in Utah or Montana. A square mile of land would be too small to contain its factories. At its hundred warehouses there is trackage for 12,000 cars. Around its workshops are six busy railways of its own, whose engines last year pulled out 65,000 freight-cars, jammed full of machinery for the farmers of the world.

Its properties are so wide-spread that no member of the company has seen them all. To run around their circle would be a trip of 15,000 miles. It owns 20,000 acres of coal lands in Kentucky, 100,000 acres of trees in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Missouri, and 40,000,000 tons of ore in Wisconsin and the Mesaba Range. It has staked its capital—$120,000,000—upon the belief that for fifty years longer, at least, the scientists will find no substitute for bread.

The fact that Elbert H. Gary, the official head of the Steel Trust, is one of its directors, has not prevented this self-sufficient company from owning a complete steel plant, where 2,000 Hungarians make iron from ore, and steel from iron. It saws its trees into lumber in Missouri, and roasts its coal into coke in Kentucky. Its domains are so extensive, in fact, that if they were contiguous, they would make a Harvester City as spacious as Greater Chicago.

But the most surprising feature of this unique corporation, to one who sees it for the first time, is the distracting variety of things that pours out of its factories. Its business is by no means to make harvesters and nothing else. Its true character seems to be that of a manufacturing department store for farmers. As a matter of actual count, I found in its factories and warehouses thirty-seven different species of machines, besides all manner of variations of each sort.

Here you will see not only a mower to cut the grass, but a tedder (a kind of steel mule, with an incurably bad temper) to kick and scatter the new-mown hay, so that it will dry in the sun; a rake to gather it together; a loader to swing it on to the wagon; and a baler to compress it into bundles.

Here are self-binders, not for the grain alone, but for corn and rice as well. For the especial benefit of King Corn, whose tribute to this Republic has lately swollen to twelve hundred millions a year, the company is making machines that pluck the corn from the stalk with iron hands, and others that wrench off the husks, shell the corn, and grind it into several varieties of breakfast food for the four-footed boarders of the farm.

Here, too, is a new machine, much less elegant than useful, for flinging manure over a field. Barefooted women did this work in the old brutal days of hand labor. But now, thanks to the brain of a canny Canadian farmer, Joseph S. Kemp, one worker can feed the hungry fields without so much as soiling the tips of the fingers.

The farmer's wife—and there are five million of her in the United States—has been the last one to be considered in this outpouring of machinery. But I found at Milwaukee a rebuilt factory belonging to the Trust, where 2,500 men are making fifty cream-separators and 100 gasoline-engines a day, both designed to make life easier for Mrs. Farmer, as well as for her husband. Also, it will please her to know that she may soon be honking her way to town in an automobile buggy that the big corporation is making with a special view to the needs of farmers, in a new factory at Akron.

A harvester company must follow the whims of its customers, almost as much as though it had newspapers for sale. It must give five million farmers what they want. At the Plano factory I saw 470 different varieties of wheels; and sixty-one kinds of wooden tongues at McCormick's.

"Nothing could be simpler than a tongue," said Maurice Kane, the chief mechanical expert of the Trust. "It is a mere pole. If we suited ourselves, we should make only two kinds—one for horses and one for oxen. But the farmers of the world have sixty-one different ideas as to how a tongue ought to be made, and we must give them what they ask for."

Through a total ignorance of the wide scope of a harvester business, the last Minnesota Legislature proposed to establish a complete harvester plant for $30,000, one-sixth of this to be spent for machinery. It may surprise the members of that Legislature to know that the Harvester Trust has lately

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

spent ten times as much merely to improve one twine factory in St. Paul, and twenty times as much to build one warehouse in Chicago. Though the Trust began its career with sixty million dollars' worth of equipment, it has been forced by the pressure of its trade to spend sixteen millions more on its factories.

By its very nature, this industry cannot be carried on in a small way. It is as essentially mutual and cooperative as life-insurance or banking. If a malicious "green bug" devours the wheat in Kansas, the loss must be made up by larger sales somewhere else. Accordingly, every plant that was ever built to supply a local trade has failed.

Thus, of necessity, the Harvester Trust represents in the highest degree the new American way of manufacturing: everything on a large scale, elaborate machinery run by unskilled workmen, and a vast surplus to drive it past failures and misfortunes. From its ore mines in the Mesaba Range, where I saw a steam-shovel heap a fifty-ton railroad car in ten swings, to the lumber yard of the McCormick works, where 26,000,000 feet of hardwood are seasoning in the sooty rays of the Chicago sun, it is a panorama of big production.

"How many castings did your men make last year?" I asked of the hustling Irish-American who rules over one of the McCormick foundries.

"Very nearly 44,000,000, sir," he replied. "And the gray-iron foundry over there uses three times as much iron as we do, and it made more than 12,000,000."

Fifty-six million castings! Far, far behind are the simple, old-fashioned days when a reaping-tool was made of two pieces—the handle and the blade. There are now 300 parts in a horse-rake, 600 in a mower, 3,800 in a binder.

When McCormick built his first hundred reapers in 1845, he paid four and a half cents for bolts. That was in the mythical age of hand labor. To-day fifty bolts are made for a cent. So with guard-fingers: McCormick paid twenty-four cents each when James K. Polk was in the White House. Now there is a ferocious machine, which, with the least possible assistance from one man, cuts out 1,300 guard-fingers in ten hours, at a labor cost of one cent for six.

Also, while exploring one of the Chicago factories, I came upon a herd of cud-chewing machines that were crunching out chain-links at the rate of 56,000,000 a year. Near by were four smaller and more irritable automata, which were biting off pieces of wire and chewing them into linchpins at a speed of 400,000 bites a day.

"Take out your watch and time this man," said Superintendent Brooks of the McCormick plant. "See how long he is in boring five holes in that great casting."

"Exactly six minutes," I answered.

"Well, that's progress," observed Brooks. "Before we bought that machine, it was a matter of four hours to bore those holes."

In the immense carpenter shop he pointed to another machine. "There is one of the reasons," he said, "why the small factories have been wiped out. That machine cost us $2,500. Its work is to shape poles, and it saves us a penny a pole; that is profitable to us because we use 300,000 poles a year."

In one of its five twine mills—a monstrous Bedlam of noise and a wilderness of fuzz, which is by far the largest of its sort in the world—there is enough twine twisted in a single day to make a girdle around the earth.

In the paint shop the man with the brush has been superseded. In his place is an unskilled Hungarian with a big tank of paint. Souse! Into the tank goes the whole frame of a binder, and the swarthy descendant of Attila thinks himself slow if he dips less than four hundred of these in a day. The labor-cost of painting wheels is now one-fifth of a cent each. Ten at once, on a wooden axle, are swung into the paint bath without the touch of a finger. And the few belated brush-men who are left work with frantic haste, knowing that they, too, are being pursued by a machine that will overtake them some day.

In the central bookkeeping office of the Harvester Company I found some almost incredible statistics. Here, for instance, are a few of the items in last year's bill of expenses:

Two hundred and thirty-five miles of leather belting, 940 miles of cotton duck, 2,000 grindstones, 3,000 shovels, 10,000 brooms, 1,670,000 buckles, 1,185,000 pounds of paint, 4,000,000 pounds of wire, 15,000,000 pounds of nails.

Merely to maintain its experimental department costs this imperial company $7,000 a week. Here are more than two hundred inventors and designers, well housed and well paid, not tramping from shop to shop, as inventors did in the good old days. They are paid to think; and the company is mightily proud of them. But the truth is that all large

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

corporations that employ an army of unskilled workmen are being compelled to offset so much mere muscle by a special department of brains.

There is, besides, a most elaborate system of inspection. In the Deering factory I saw a squad of ten men who were testing the newly made binders with straw. "About three out of a hundred need fixing," said the foreman.

The chains are tested by a violent pneumatic machine. Every link, even, is branded with a private mark—△. And in the Hamilton plant a new scheme is being tried—the whole packing gang has become a staff of inspection. The men are paid at the rate of an extra dollar for every hundred defective pieces they find. One sharp-eyed Scot in the packing-room confided to me that he had made "as high as two shillin's a week."

Such is the scope of the Harvester Trust, created in 1902. As to the men who control it, I have had the greatest difficulty in penetrating back of the business to their personal characteristics. For they dislike the fierce light that beats upon a rich American.

Of its president, Cyrus H. McCormick the Second, the first word to be said is that he is not built on the same lines as his belligerent father. He would fare badly, very likely, if he were in charge of a catch-as-catch-can business, such as the reaper trade was thirty years ago. The making of harvesters is, to him, half a duty—to his father, his workmen, and the machine itself—and half a profession—not a battle nor a game, as it was with the first Reaper Kings.

In every way he is a simple and serious man. I have seen him work from noon until midnight; but, in my opinion, if he really had his choice, he would prefer a quiet homestead in the little town of Princeton, where he could pursue a life devoted to the interests of Princeton University and of the National Civic Federation. Even now, whenever he can get free from the treadmill of his office, his greatest delight is to escape to a camp in the wild lands of northern Michigan, where he can dress like a fisherman and forget that he is the servitor of a hundred and twenty millions.

Harold McCormick, his brother, and a vice-president of the big company, is a boy-hearted man of thirty-five. He has a quick-action brain; but his strong point is his personal magnetism and likableness. He knows the harvester business throughout, having been a shirt-sleeve workman in the factory, an agent at Council Bluffs, and a field expert in several states.

Most of the stories told about him illustrate his naive boyishness. For instance, when he had become an expert in handling the harvester, an agent-in-chief near Chicago telegraphed for a dozen men. Only eleven experts were available, so Harold volunteered to be the twelfth. He had his working-card made out in the usual form, entitling him to $18 a week. On Saturday night, when the twelve men went to the agent-in-chief for their wages, the latter said, "I want all of you to come in and have a conference with me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

"Sorry to say, Mr.——," said young McCormick, "that I can't be here until Monday."

The agent stormed. How could anything be more important to a three-dollar-a-day man than his job?

"Well, if you really must know the reason," said the berated mechanic, "I have an appointment to go to church to-morrow morning with the Rockefeller family."

The third brother, Stanley McCormick, worked his way up from laborer to superintendent of the whole plant. For years he rose at five o'clock every work-day morning, and walked into the factory at six. Yet he is by taste much more of a student than a manufacturer. He is extremely conscientious. On one occasion he set to work to examine the undermost foundations of our business system, to find out whether or not it was right for him to take dividends. Years before the Government thought of investigating the Harvester Trust, young Stanley McCormick had made a far more drastic investigation, to satisfy the attorney-general of his own conscience.

All three of the McCormicks show a remarkable sense of obligation, almost of gratitude, to their employees. At the time the International was organized, Stanley said to the others:

"What about the men? There are some of them that deserve a share in the new company as much as we do."

So a list of the older employees was made, from Charlie Mulkey, the watchman, to R. G. Brooks, the superintendent, and $1,500,000 was divided among them. Recently a complete profit-sharing plan, such as Perkins had worked out for the Steel Trust, was put in working order, and about $200,000 of extra money has been scattered through the pay-envelopes.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The two Deerings, who are now chairman and vice-president, were disciplined in the same stern, old-fashioned way as the McCormicks.

"Put this young man to work at the bottom rung of the ladder," said William Deering, when his younger son, James, was graduated from the university.

Being in many respects a chip of the old block, James Deering plunged into business with as much energy as though he had to work for his millions as well as inherit them. He became a field expert, and followed the harvest from Texas to North Dakota. He asked no favors, but sweltered along among the Western farmers for several summers. Then he went to the foot of the ladder in the factory and wrestled with big iron castings and steel frames. Step by step he worked up, until even his Spartan father was satisfied and made him the manager of the whole plant. He is one of the vice-presidents of the combine.

CYRUS HALL McCORMICK,
President of the International Harvester Company.

At present there is perhaps no man in the harvester industry who has so great a variety

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of attainments as James Deering. He is a shrewd commercialist, yet he has found time, no one knows how, to master several languages and to run the whole octave of self-culture.

Charles Deering, the elder of the two brothers, had less farm experience, as he served for twelve years in the navy. He was a lieutenant when he came ashore to help his father make harvesters. At that time he did much to solve the binder-twine problem—how to get better twine and plenty of it. Then, when the drama of consolidation was staged by Morgan, he took a leading part. Personally, he is a bluff, forceful, but companionable man, such as one would expect to find on the deck of a war-ship rather than in the telephone-pestered office of a sky-scraper.

The two other vice-presidents of the Harvester Trust are battle-worn veterans of the competitive period—J. J. Glessner and William H. Jones. Glessner, who began as a bookkeeper in Ohio, has for many years been regarded as a sort of unofficial peacemaker and a balance-wheel of the trade. Everybody confided in Glessner. He did as much as any one else to harmonize the warring Harvester Kings; but it is also true that it was the gentle Glessner who developed competition to the explosive point by originating the system of canvassing. He poured first oil and then water upon the fire.

As for William H. Jones, he is a sturdy and genial Welshman, who was born and bred in a farmhouse. In his boyhood, he reaped wheat with a sickle in the valleys of Wales. About forty years ago, when he had become a naturalized American, he bought a reaper and a tent, and set out to earn his fortune. He was the first to use the "Sam Slick" plan—allowing the farmer to use the reaper without buying it, in the belief that a sale was sure to follow. By working twenty hours a day, he had earned enough money, by 1881, to begin making reapers of his own, at Plano, Illinois; and he built up a large business.

The General Manager of this big anti-famine Trust is a young Illinoisan, named C. S. Funk. "He is the central man," says Perkins. No other Chicagoan of his age—he is only thirty-five—has pushed up so quickly to so high a place, with nothing to help him except his own grit and ability. To-day he is the general manager of a 65,000-man-power corporation; yet it is very little more than twenty years since he was trudging six miles on a hot July day, to ask for his first job in a hay-field. Young as he was, he was then the support of a widowed mother, and there were seven children younger than he.

His office, in which I was permitted to take notes for several days, is a nerve-center of the world. Everything that happens to the

A MOORISH FAMILY OPERATING A CHICAGO SELF-BINDER.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A HARVESTER TRUST TRAIN IN A MISSOURI WILDERNESS.

human race is of interest to this alert young chancellor of the Harvester Trust. A drought in Argentina, the green bug in Kansas, a tariff campaign in Australia, a shortage of farm labor in Egypt, a new railway in Southern Russia—such are the bulletins that guide him through his day's work.

His wide-flung army is officered mainly by farmers' sons who showed a knack for business or for machinery. His assistant, Alexander Legge, is an ex-cowboy from Nebraska. Before the era of peace and unity began, Funk and Legge had fought each other in twenty states.

"Legge was one of the best fighters I ever knew," said Funk; "and I think you might put him down as the most popular man in the company."

Maurice Kane, the company's Chief Improver, and a fine type of the Irish-American, was born on a small farm near Limerick. He was a farm hand in Wisconsin when he first saw a harvester, and he has pulled himself up every inch of the way by his own abilities. A. E. Mayer, the foremost of an army of forty thousand salesmen, was born on a farm in New York. B. A. Kennedy, the overlord of the thirteen factories, is a seasoned veteran who can remember when he stood by the forge of a country blacksmith shop and hammered out plows by hand. Only one of the company's generals, H. F. Perkins, began business life with such a luxury as a university education. He is in charge of the raw materials—the coal and iron and lumber and sisal and flax.

These are the men who manage this international manufactory of bread-machinery. They are all practical men, hard workers, close to the farm and the farmer. They are not fashionable idlers, nor promoters, nor Wall Street speculators. And they have no more use for tickers than for telescopes—a fact of vital importance, now that they are making more than half the harvesters of the world.

Such is the International Harvester Company from the inside. But an outside view is equally necessary. It is of tremendous interest to American farmers to know the habits and the disposition of this powerful organization. As Theodore Roosevelt has said, there

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by Matzene, Chicago. HAROLD McCORMICK.

Photograph by Matzene, Chicago. CHARLES DEERING.

JAMES DEERING.

are good trusts and bad trusts. Which is the International Harvester Company?

In order to get the facts about it at first hand, I interviewed the four chief competitors of the Harvester Trust, seven editors of farm papers, four professors of agricultural colleges, seven or eight implement agents, thirty farmers in Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, two state governors, and the Federal Bureau of Corporations.

From the Bureau of Corporations I learned that there has been a difference of opinion between the Harvester Kings and some legislatures. The Trust is being severely punished in several states. It was fined $20,000 last year by Arkansas, and $35,000 by Texas. Michigan has voted $175,000 for a State factory to make binder-twine; and Minnesota already makes twine in its Stillwater prison, where two hundred convicts are being used as trust-busters. There is a peculiar situation in Texas, where the Harvester Company was first expelled from the state, and then served with an injunction to prevent it from leaving.

The debate between Texas and the Trust has so far been as absurd as a dialogue in a negro minstrel show. Texas says, "You're a monopoly and you can't deny it!"

The Trust says, "What do we monopolize?"

"Rice binders," says Texas.

"That's because we spent $200,000 to find out how to make them," replies the Trust.

"What's that to me? Get out of the state!" says Texas.

"We'll move out to-morrow," says the Trust.

"If you dare to leave," shouts Texas, "you'll be arrested!"

Some foreign nations, too, have taken their cue from these American legislatures, and have become almost as hostile to the Chicago company as though it were exporting roulette wheels and burglars' jimmies. France taxed it half a million last year by a penalizing tariff. Australia has made it a political issue. Germany takes a toll of $11 on every self-binder, and Austria takes $25. Roumania raised the duty on harvesters several months ago; and there is a general feeling that the time has come to check the supremacy that the United States has always had in this line.

Yet the fact that the Harvester Trust has been fined in two states does not mean that it has taken advantage of its size to become a lawbreaker. The "crime" of which it was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by Smith, Evanston, Ill.
WILLIAM H. JONES. J. J. GLESSNER. DAVID M. OSBORNE.

declared guilty was the maintenance of the old practise of "exclusive contracts," by which each agent is pledged not to sell any other company's goods. *The Trust abolished this requirement three years ago, but several of the independent companies still retain it.* Until the Trust was organized this practise was regarded as fair enough. It is one of the ordinary habits of agency business. But the American people are now demanding that a big company shall be much more "square" and moral than a small capitalist who is fighting for his life.

Many of the old methods of the rough-and-tumble days have survived. It is not possible to say "Presto, change!" to 40,000 battling agents, so that they shall at once begin to play fair and cooperate. But the general opinion is that the Trust has raised the harvester business to a higher level. At one of its branch offices I came upon a letter written by Cyrus H. McCormick, in which he forbade the taking of rebates from railways.*

"You must clearly understand," he wrote, "that this company will maintain a policy of absolute obedience to the law."

Among the farmers of Iowa and Kansas I found no definite charges against the harvester combine—nothing but that vague dread of bigness which seems natural to the average mind, and which even the great-brained Webster showed when he opposed the annexation of Texas and California. Of four farm editors, one was against all "trusts" on general principles; the other three believed that the evils of harvester competition were much greater than those of consolidation. The bare fact that this one corporation has $120,000,000 of capital alarms the old-timers. Others have become more accustomed to the Big Facts of American business.

"Why," said one implement dealer, "after all, $120,000,000 is less than the American farmers earn in a week."

He might also have said that it is less than the value of one corn crop in Iowa, and half as much as the Iowa farmers have now on deposit in their savings banks. It is very little more than Russell Sage raked in through the wickets of his little money-lending office, or than Marshall Field accumulated from a single store. In fact, if bread were raised one cent a loaf for one year in the United States alone, the extra pennies would buy out the whole Harvester Trust, bag and baggage.

* See a letter from Mr. McCormick at the bottom of page 207.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The bulk of the farmers, so far as I could harmonize their opinions, are now too well accustomed to big enterprises among themselves to be scared by the Chicago merger. They have at the present time more than five thousand cooperative companies of their own. And some of these are of national importance; as, for instance, the powerful Cotton Growers' Trust, and the Farmers' Business Congress, which owns 800 elevators for the storage of grain.

"My only objection to the Harvester Trust," said a business man in St. Paul, "is that it sells its machinery cheaper in Europe than it does in the United States." I investigated this charge, and found it wholly unwarranted. The greater expense and risk of foreign trade compels the manufacturers to ask prices almost as high as American farmers had to pay twenty years ago. But there is a quite credible reason for this rumor. It is simply this—that for some less progressive countries a crude, old-fashioned reaper is being made, to sell for $45. The modern self-rake reaper is too complex for the simple mind of many a Russian farmer, so he is supplied with a clumsy machine that is $15 cheaper, but that looked, to my unskilled eye, more than $30 worse.

No one accuses the Trust of having unreasonably raised prices. Indeed, it is generally given full credit for holding prices down, in spite of the fact that it is paying from twenty to eighty per cent. more for its labor and raw materials than it paid in 1902. Generally speaking, all farm implements except threshing-machines are cheaper now than they were in 1880, when the competition was most strenuous. Binders have dropped from $325 to $125; hay-rakes from $25 to $16; and mowers from $80 to $45. There is a demand for cheaper harvesters, of course. A generation of farmers that can buy a watch for a dollar and a daily paper for a cent very naturally feels that a hundred dollars ought to buy a railway.

Has the Trust eliminated competition from the harvesting business? On the contrary, it has very active and able competitors. Binders are made by four large independent companies, mowers by seventeen, corn-shredders by eighteen, twine by twenty-six, wagons by 116, and gasoline-engines by 124. Of the thirty-seven different machines made by the Trust there are only three—hemp-reapers, corn-shockers, and rice-binders—that are made by no other company.

The four independent companies that make binders seem to have no fear of the Trust. "We have no fault to find with it," said President Atwater, of the Johnston Company. "We don't want it smashed. Why? Because our business has doubled since it was organized; and because we would sooner compete with one company than with a dozen."

"The Trust was the only thing that saved the whole harvester business from annihilation," said the ex-president of another independent company, when I pressed him for his personal opinion, and promised not to use his name. "The cold fact is really this," he added, "that the International Harvester

AN AMERICAN HARVESTER AT THE FOOT OF THE ANDES.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Company has bettered conditions for the farmer, for the independent companies, and for everybody but itself."

"The big combine has never misused its power," said a third of the Trust's competitors. "Sometimes its agents make trouble, as ours do, no doubt. But the men at the top have always given us a square deal."

So, it is my duty as a reporter to state that on the whole the Harvester combine is a good trust and not a bad one. I have found it radically different from the get-rich-quick trusts that have been described in this magazine by Russell and by Lawson. It is not a monopoly. It is an advocate of Free Trade. Its stock is not watered, nor for sale in Wall Street. And the men at the top are very evidently plain, hard-working, simple-living American citizens, who are quite content to do business in a live-and-let-live way.

They are not thoroughly reconciled, even yet, to being a trust. They look back with open regret to the wasteful but adventurous days of competition. Of the combination the elder Mrs. Cyrus McCormick finely said:

"It was a hurt of the heart. Each of our companies was like a family. Each had a body of loyal agents, who had been comrades through many struggles. But the terrible increase in expenses compelled us to subdue our feelings and to cooperate with one another."

"I am not a merger man myself," said William Deering, "although I believe that the International Harvester Company has been a benefit to the farmers."

Cyrus H. McCormick goes still farther. He is a "trust-buster" so far as the over-capitalized and oppressive leviathans of business are concerned. He said to me, frankly: "Some of the hostility to our company is inspired by worthy motives, growing out of the general opposition to the so-called trusts." And when a North Dakota congressman proposed in 1904 that the International Harvester Company should be investigated, Cyrus McCormick at once sent a message that amazed the Bureau of Corporations—"Please come and investigate us," he said. "If we're not right, we want to get right."

"Yes," said one of the highest officials of the Roosevelt administration, when I asked him whether he could corroborate this very remarkable story, "it is true that since 1904 it has been the continued desire of the International Harvester Company that we should investigate them. In fact, during the last year, they have urged us with considerable earnestness to make this investigation."

And what does it all mean—this federation of thirteen factory cities—this coordination of muscle and mind and millions—this arduous development of a new art, whereby a group of mechanics can take a wagon-load of iron ore and a tree, and fashion them into a shapely automaton that has the power of a dozen farmers?

It means Bread. It means hunger-insurance for the whole human race. As we shall see next month, it means that the famine problem has been solved, not only for the United States, but for all the civilized nations of the world.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

7 Monroe Street

Office of the President. CHICAGO, U. S. A. No. 63

Champion. Deering. McCormick. Milwaukee. Plano.

October 5, 1905.

Mr. MAURICE KANE,
General Manager Experimental Department,

DEAR SIR: I hand you herewith copy of a resolution passed by the Board of Directors of this Company Thursday, September 28th, clearly outlining the policy of this Company in the matter of observance of law. For your information and guidance I wish to say that this ruling will govern the acts of every one connected with this Company, and is not only promulgated in good faith but with the intention that it shall be enforced to the letter. While I am aware that the policy of this Company, as herein outlined, has not been the policy of all large corporations, and appreciate the too prevalent impression that such regulations are frequently made only to be broken, it must be clearly understood that this Company will maintain a policy of absolute obedience to the law and that no plea of profit or expediency will excuse any evasion of the letter or intent of these instructions.

Very truly yours,

Enc. CYRUS H. MCCORMICK.

Copies to Heads of Departments.

In the next instalment Mr. Casson will tell of ***The Adventures and the Success of American Harvester Kings in Fifty Foreign Countries.***

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"*WOULD* YOU MIND TELLING US SOMETHING OF THE *MYSTERIOUS* NARCISSUS?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Guest of Quesnay

By Booth Tarkington

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "The Two Van Revels," "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.

Illustrations by Mary Greene Blumenschein

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.—Three threads, later to be twisted together in the mystery of "The Guest of Quesnay," are spun in the first instalment. First, the American artist who tells the story, and his friend, George Ward, witness the wreck, near Paris, of an automobile in which are a Parisian dancer and Larrabee Harman, an American who is notorious for a career of dissipation. Harman, whose divorced wife is Ward's cousin, is seriously injured. Here this thread of the story is dropped. Two years later, the artist establishes himself at an inn in Normandy, where he learns that the neighboring Château de Quesnay, which has been leased by the sister of George Ward, is for the time in charge of her guest, a certain very charming Madame d'Armand. The third element is furnished by the arrival at the inn of Professor Keredec, a distinguished scientist, accompanied by a younger man, who is invested with an air of great singularity and deep mystery. The artist does not meet his fellow innsmen until one day in the woods when Madame d'Armand has just passed through the glade in which he is painting. A few moments later, the younger of the two strangers bursts from the forest, intent upon following the lady, whom he does not know and has seen but once before. While the painter, who detains him, is marveling at his simplicity and unconventionality, Professor Keredec appears, and, with apologies, takes the young man away. Some days afterward, when the painter is confined to the inn by a sprained ankle, Keredec seeks him out and, having partially explained to him the strange mental state of Oliver Saffren, his young charge, asks the painter's friendship for him. When the artist is again at work, Saffren often joins him in the forest; and there, one day, he comes upon Madame d'Armand and speaks to her; pale and startled, she hurries away. Upon the painter's berating Saffren for rudeness, the young man professes that he could not help speaking to her. The next morning, Miss Ward, who has returned to Quesnay, calls upon the painter to invite him to dinner, and in the course of the conversation she confirms his suspicion that "Madame d'Armand" is only the neighborhood rendering of "Mrs. Harman."

CHAPTER XI

THE dining-room at Quesnay is a pretty work of the second of those three Louises who made so much furniture. It was never a proper setting for a rusty, out-of-doors painter-man, nor has such a fellow ever found himself complacently at ease there since the day its first banquet was spread for a score or so of fine-feathered epigram jinglers, fiddling Versailles gossip out of a rouge-and-lace Quesnay marquise newly sent into half-earnest banishment for too much king-hunting. For my part, however, I should have preferred a chance at making a place for myself among the wigs and brocades to the Crusoe's Isle of my chair at Miss Elizabeth's table.

I learned at an early age to look my vanities in the face; I outfaced them and they quailed, but persisted, surviving for my discomfort to this day. Here is the confession: It was not until my arrival at the château that I realized what temerity it involved to dine there in evening clothes purchased, some four or five or six years previously, in the economical neighborhood of the Boulevard St. Michel. Yet the things fitted me well enough; were clean and not shiny, having been worn no more than a dozen times, I think; though they might have been better pressed.

Looking over the men of the Quesnay party—or perhaps I should signify a reversal of that and say a glance of theirs at me—revealed the importance of a particular length of coat-tail, of a certain rich effect obtained by widely separating the lower

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

points of the waistcoat, of the display of some imagination in the buttons upon the same garment, of a doubled-back arrangement of cuffs, and of a specific design and dimension of tie. Marked uniformity in these matters denoted their necessity; and clothes differing from the essential so vitally as did mine must have seemed immodest, little better than no clothes at all. I doubt if I could have argued in extenuation my lack of advantages for study, such an excuse being itself the damning circumstance. Of course eccentricity is permitted, but (as in the Arts) only to the established. And I recalled a painful change of color which befell the countenance of a shining young man I met at Ward's house in Paris: he had used his handkerchief and was absently putting it in his pocket when he providentially noticed what he was doing and restored it to his sleeve.

Miss Elizabeth had the courage to take me under her wing, placing me upon her left at dinner; but sprightlier calls than mine demanded and occupied her attention. At my other side sat a magnificently upholstered lady, who offered a fine shoulder and the rear wall of a collar of pearls for my observation throughout the evening, as she leaned forward talking eagerly with a male personage across the table. This was a prince, ending in "ski": he permitted himself the slight vagary of wearing a gold bracelet, and perhaps this flavor of romance drew the lady. Had my good fortune ever granted a second meeting, I should not have known her.

Fragments reaching me in my seclusion indicated that the various conversations up and down the long table were animated; and at times some topic proved of such high interest as to engage the comment of the whole company. This was the case when the age of one of the English king's grandchildren came in question, but a subject which called for even longer (if less spirited) discourse concerned the shameful lack of standard on the part of citizens of the United States, or, as it was put, with no little exasperation, "What *is* the trouble with America?" Hereupon brightly gleamed the fat young man whom I had marked for a wit at *Les Trois Pigeons*; he pictured with inimitable mimicry a western senator lately in France. This outcast, it appeared, had worn a slouch hat at a garden party and had otherwise betrayed his country to the ridicule of the intelligent. "But really," said the fat young man, turning plaintive in conclusion, "imagine what such things make the English and the French think of *us!*" And it finally went by consent that the trouble with America was the vulgarity of our tourists.

"A dreadful lot!" Miss Elizabeth cheerfully summed up for them all. "The miseries I undergo with that class of 'prominent Amurricans' who bring letters to my brother! I remember one awful creature who said, when I came into the room, 'Well, ma'am, I guess you're the lady of the house, aren't you?'"

Miss Elizabeth sparkled through the chorus of laughter, but I remembered the "awful creature," a genial and wise old man of affairs, whose daughter's portrait George painted. Miss Elizabeth had missed his point: the canvasser's phrase had been intended with humor, and even had it lacked that, it was not without a pretty quaintness. So I thought, being "left to my own reflections," which may have partaken of my own special kind of snobbery; at least I regretted the Elizabeth of the morning garden and the early walk along the fringe of the woods. For she at my side to-night was another lady.

The banquet was drawing to a close when she leaned toward me and spoke in an undertone. As this was the first sign, in so protracted a period, that I might ever again establish relations with the world of men, it came upon me like a Friday's footprint, and in the moment of shock I did not catch what she said.

"Anne Elliott, yonder, is asking you a question," she repeated, nodding at a very pretty girl down and across the table from me. Miss Anne Elliott's voice had previously enabled me to recognize her as the young woman who had threatened to serenade *Les Trois Pigeons*.

"I beg your pardon," I said, addressing her, and at the sound of my voice my obscurity was illuminated, about half of the company turning to look at me with wide-eyed surprise. (I spoke in an ordinary tone, it may need to be explained, and there is nothing remarkable about my voice.)

"I hear you're at *Les Trois Pigeons*," said Miss Elliott.

"Yes?"

"*Would* you mind telling us something of the *mysterious* Narcissus?"

"If you'll be more definite," I returned, in the tone of a question.

"There couldn't be more than one like *that*," said Miss Elliott, "at least, not in one

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

neighborhood, could there? I mean a *recklessly* charming vision with a *white* tie and *white* hair and *white* flannels."

"Oh," said I, "*he's* not mysterious."

"But he *is*," she returned; "I insist on his being *mysterious!* Rarely, grandly, *strangely* mysterious! You *will* let me think so?" This young lady had a whimsical manner of emphasizing words unexpectedly, with a breathless intensity that approached violence, a habit dangerously contagious among nervous persons, so that I answered slowly, out of a fear that I might echo it.

"It would need a great deal of imagination. He's a young American, very attractive, very simple——"

"But he's *mad!*" she interrupted.

"Oh, no!" I said hastily.

"But he *is!* A person told me so in a garden this *very* afternoon," she went on eagerly; "a person with a rake and *ever* so many moles on his chin. This person told me all about him. His name is Oliver Saffren, and he's in the charge of a *very* large doctor and quite, *quite* mad!"

"Jean Ferret, the gardener," I said deliberately, and with venom, "is fast acquiring notoriety in these parts as an idiot of purest ray, and he had his information from another whose continuance unhanged is every hour more miraculous."

"How *ruthless* of you," cried Miss Elliott, with exaggerated reproach, "when I have had such a thrilling happiness all day in believing that *riotously* beautiful creature mad! You are wholly positive he isn't?"

Our dialogue was now all that delayed a general departure from the table. This, combined with the naive surprise I have mentioned, served to make us temporarily the center of attention, and, among the faces turned toward me, my glance fell unexpectedly upon one I had not seen since entering the dining-room. Mrs. Harman had been placed at some distance from me and on the same side of the table, but now she leaned far back in her chair to look at me, so that I saw her behind the shoulders of the people between. She was watching me with an expression unmistakably of repressed anxiety and excitement, and as our eyes met, hers shone with a certain agitation, as of some odd consciousness shared with me. It was so strangely, suddenly a reminder of the look of secret understanding given me with good night, twenty-four hours earlier, by the man whose sanity was Miss Elliott's topic, that, puzzled and almost disconcerted for the moment, I did not at once reply to the lively young lady's question.

"You're hesitating!" she cried, clasping her hands. "I believe there's a *darling* little chance of it, after all! And if it weren't so, why would he need to be watched over, day *and* night, by an *enormous* doctor?"

"This *is* romance!" I retorted. "The doctor is Professor Keredec, illustriously known in this country, but not as a physician, and they are following some form of scientific research together, I believe. But, assuming to speak as Mr. Saffren's friend," I added, rising with the others upon Miss Ward's example, "I'm sure if he could come to know of your interest, he would much rather play Hamlet for you than let you find him disappointing."

"If he could come to know of my interest!" she echoed, glancing down at herself with mock demureness. "Don't you think he could come to know something more of me than that?"

The windows had been thrown open, allowing passage to a veranda. Miss Elizabeth led the way outdoors with the prince, the rest of us following at hazard, and in the mild confusion of this withdrawal I caught a final glimpse of Mrs. Harman, which revealed that she was still looking at me with the same tensity; but with the movement of intervening groups I lost her. Miss Elliott pointedly waited for me until I came round the table, attached me definitely by taking my arm, accompanying her action with a dazzling smile. "Oh, *do* you think you can manage it?" she whispered rapturously, to which I replied—as vaguely as I could—that the demands of scientific research upon the time of its followers were apt to be exorbitant.

Tables and coffee were waiting on the broad terrace below, with a big moon rising in the sky. I descended the steps in charge of this pretty cavalier, allowed her to seat me at the most remote of the tables, and accepted without unwillingness other gallantries of hers in the matter of coffee and cigarettes. "And now," she said, "now that I've done so much for your *dearest* hopes and comfort, look up at the milky moon, and tell me *all!*"

"If you can bear it?"

She leaned an elbow on the marble railing that protected the terrace, and, shielding her eyes from the moonlight with her hand, affected to gaze at me intently. "Have no

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

distrust," she bade me. "Who and *what* is the glorious stranger?"

Resisting an impulse to chime in with her humor, I gave her so dry and commonplace an account of my young friend at the inn that I presently found myself abandoned to solitude again. "I don't know where to go," she complained as she rose. "These other people are *most* painful to a girl of my intelligence, but I cannot linger by your side; untruth long ago lost its interest for me, and I prefer to believe Mr. Jean Ferret—if that is the gentleman's name. I'd join Miss Ward and Cressie Ingle yonder, but Cressie *would* be indignant! I shall soothe my hurt with *sweetest* airs. Adieu."

With that she made me a solemn courtesy and departed, a pretty little figure, not little in attractiveness, with the strong moonlight, tinged with blue, shimmering over her blond hair and splashing brightly among the ripples of her silks and laces. She swept across the terrace languidly, offering an effect of comedy not unfairylike, and, ascending the steps of the veranda, disappeared into the orange candle-light of a salon. A moment later some chords were sounded firmly upon a piano in that room, and a bitter song swam out to me over the laughter and talk of the people at the other tables. It was to be observed that Miss Anne Elliott sang very well, though I thought she over-emphasized one line of the stanza:

"This world is a world of lies!"

Perhaps she had poisoned another little arrow for me, too. Impelled by the fine night, the groups upon the terrace were tending toward a wider dispersal, drifting over the sloping lawns by threes and couples, and I was able to identify two figures threading the paths of the garden, together, some distance below. Judging by the pace they kept, I should not have concluded that Miss Ward and Mr. Cresson Ingle sought the healthful effects of exercise. However, I could see no good reason for wishing their conversation less obviously absorbing, though Miss Elliott's insinuation that Mr. Ingle might deplore intrusion upon the interview had struck me as too definite to be altogether pleasing. Still, such matters could not discontent me with my solitude. Eastward, over the moonlit roof of the forest, I could see the quiet ocean, its unending lines of foam moving slowly to the long beaches, too far away to be heard. The reproachful voice of the singer came no more from the house, but the piano ran on into "La Vie de Bohème," and out of that into something else, I did not know what, but it seemed to be music; at least it was musical enough to bring before me some memory of the faces of pretty girls I had danced with long ago in my dancing days, so that, what with the music, and the distant sea, and the soft air, so sparklingly full of moonshine, and the little dancing memories, I was floated off into a reverie that was like a prelude for the person who broke it. She came so quietly that I did not hear her until she was almost beside me and spoke to me. It was the second time that had happened.

CHAPTER XII

"Mrs. Harman," I said, as she took the chair vacated by the elfin young lady, "you see I *can* manage it! But perhaps I control myself better when there's no campstool to inspire me. You remember my woodland didoes—I fear?"

She smiled in a pleasant, comprehending way, but neither directly replied nor made any return speech whatever; instead, she let her forearms rest on the broad railing of the marble balustrade, and, leaning forward, gazed out over the shining and mysterious slopes below. Somehow it seemed to me that her not answering, and her quiet action, as well as the thoughtful attitude in which it culminated, would have been thought "very like her" by any one who knew her well. "Cousin Louise has her ways," Miss Elizabeth had told me; this was probably one of them, and I found it singularly attractive. For that matter, from the day of my first sight of her in the woods I had needed no prophet to tell me I should like Mrs. Harman's ways.

"After the quiet you have had here, all this must seem," I said, looking down upon the strollers, "a usurpation."

"Oh, *they!*" She disposed of Quesnay's guests with a slight movement of her left hand. "You're an old friend of my cousins' —of both of them; but even without that, I know you understand. Elizabeth does it all for her brother, of course."

"But she likes it," I said.

"And Mr. Ward likes it, too," she added slowly. "You'll see, when he comes home."

Night's effect upon me being always to make me venturesome, I took a chance, and ventured perhaps too far. "I hope we'll see many happy things when he comes home."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"It's her doing things of this sort," she said, giving no sign of having heard my remark, "that has helped so much to make him the success that he is."

"It's what has been death to his art!" I exclaimed, too quickly—and would have been glad to recall the speech.

She met it with a murmur of low laughter that sounded pitying. "Wasn't it always a dubious relation—between him and art?" And without awaiting an answer, she went on, "So it's all the better that he can have his success!"

To this I had nothing whatever to say. So far as I remembered, I had never before heard a woman put so much comprehension of a large subject into so few words, but in my capacity as George's friend, hopeful for his happiness, it made me a little uneasy. During the ensuing pause this feeling, at first uppermost, gave way to another not at all in sequence, but irresponsible and intuitive, that she had something in particular to say to me, had joined me for that purpose, and was awaiting the opportunity. As I have made open confession, my curiosity never needed the spur; and there is no denying that this impression set it off on the gallop; but evidently the moment had not come for her to speak. She seemed content to gaze out over the valley in silence.

"Mr. Cresson Ingle," I hazarded; "is he an old, new friend of your cousins? I think he was not above the horizon when I went to Capri, two years ago."

"He wants Elizabeth," she returned, adding quietly, "as you've seen." And when I had verified this assumption with a monosyllable, she continued, "He's an 'available,' but I should hate to have it happen. He's hard."

"He doesn't seem very hard toward her," I murmured, looking down into the garden where Mr. Ingle just then happened to be adjusting a scarf about his hostess's shoulders.

"He's led a detestable life," said Mrs. Harman, "among detestable people!"

She spoke with sudden, remarkable vigor, and as if she knew. The full-throated emphasis she put upon "detestable" gave the word the sting of a flagellation; it rang with a rightful indignation that brought vividly to my mind the thought of those three years in Mrs. Harman's life which Elizabeth said "hurt one to think of." For this was the lady who had rejected good George Ward to run away with a man much deeper in all that was detestable than Mr. Cresson Ingle could ever be.

"He seems to me much of a type with these others," I said.

"Oh, they keep their surfaces about the same."

"It made me wish *I* had a little more surface to-night," I laughed. "I'd have fitted better. Miss Ward is different at different times. When we are alone together she always has the air of excusing, or at least explaining, these people to me, but this evening I've had the disquieting thought that perhaps she also explained me to them."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Harman, turning to me quickly. "Didn't you see? She was making up to Mr. Ingle for this morning. It came out that she'd ridden over at daylight to see you; Anne Elliott discovered it in some way and told him."

This presented an aspect of things so overwhelmingly novel that out of a confusion of ideas I was able to fasten on only one with which to continue the conversation, and I said irrelevantly that Miss Elliott was a remarkable young woman. At this my companion, who had renewed her observation of the valley, gave me a full, clear look of earnest scrutiny, which set me on the alert, for I thought that now what she desired to say was coming. But I was disappointed, for she spoke lightly, with a ripple of amusement.

"I suppose she finished her investigations? You told her all you could?"

"Almost."

"I suppose you wouldn't trust *me* with the reservation?" she asked, smiling.

"I would trust you with anything," I answered seriously.

"You didn't gratify that child?" she said, half laughing. Then, to my surprise, her tone changed suddenly, and she began again in a hurried low voice: "You didn't tell her—" and stopped there, breathless and troubled, letting me see that I had been right after all: this was what she wanted to talk about.

"I didn't tell her that young Saffren is mad, no; if that is what you mean."

"I'm glad you didn't," she said slowly, sinking back in her chair so that her face was in the shadow of the awning which sheltered the little table between us.

"In the first place, I wouldn't have told her even if it were true," I returned, "and in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the second, it isn't true—though *you* have some reason to think it is," I added.

"*I?*" she said. "Why?"

"His speaking to you as he did; a thing on the face of it inexcusable——"

"Why did he call me 'Madame d'Armand'?" she interposed.

I explained something of the mental processes of Amédée, and she listened till I had finished; then bade me continue.

"That's all," I said blankly, but, with a second thought, caught her meaning. "Oh, about young Saffren, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I know him pretty well," I said, "without really knowing anything about him; but, what is stranger, I believe he doesn't really know a great deal about himself. Of course I have a theory about him, though it's vague. My idea is that probably through some great illness he lost—not his memory, but his memories, or, at least, most of them. In regard to what he does remember, Professor Keredec has anxiously impressed upon him some very poignant necessity for reticence. What the necessity may be, or the nature of the professor's anxieties, I do not know, but I think Keredec's reasons must be good ones. That's all, except that there's something about the young man that draws one to him: I couldn't tell you how much I like him, nor how sorry I am that he offended you."

"He didn't offend me," she murmured—almost whispered.

"He didn't mean to," I said warmly. "You understood that?"

"Yes, I understood."

"I am glad. I'd been waiting the chance to try to explain—to ask you to pardon him——"

"But there wasn't any need."

"You mean because you understood——"

"No," she interrupted gently, "not only that. I mean because he has done it himself."

"Asked your pardon?" I said, in complete surprise.

"Yes."

"He's written you?" I cried.

"No. I saw him to-day," she answered. "This afternoon when I went for my walk, he was waiting where the paths intersect——"

Some hasty ejaculation, I do not know what, broke from me, but she lifted her hand to check me.

"Wait," she said quietly. "As soon as he saw me he came straight toward me——"

"Oh, but this won't do at all," I broke out. "It's too bad——"

"Wait." She leaned forward slightly, lifting her hand again. "He called me 'Madame d'Armand,' and said he must know if he had offended me."

"You told him——"

"I told him 'No!'" And it seemed to me that her voice, which up to this point had been low but very steady, shook upon the monosyllable. "He walked with me a little way—perhaps it was longer——"

"Trust me that it sha'n't happen again!" I exclaimed. "I'll see that Keredec knows of this at once. He will——"

"No, no," she interrupted quickly, "that is just what I want you not to do. Will you promise me?"

"I'll promise anything you ask me. But didn't he frighten you? Didn't he talk wildly? Didn't he——"

"He didn't frighten me—not as you mean. He was very quiet and—" She broke off unexpectedly, with a little pitying cry, and turned to me, lifting both hands appealingly—"And oh, doesn't he make one *sorry* for him!"

That was just it. She had gone straight to the heart of his mystery: his strangeness was the strange *pathos* that invested him; the "singularity" of "that other monsieur" was solved for me at last.

When she had spoken she rose, advanced a step, and stood looking out over the valley again, her skirts pressing the balustrade. One of the moments in my life when I have wished to be a figure painter came then, as she raised her arms, the sleeves, of some filmy texture, falling back from them with the gesture, and clasped her hands lightly behind her neck, the graceful angle of her chin uplifted to the full rain of moonshine. Little Miss Elliott, in the glamour of these same blue showerings, had borrowed gauzy weavings of the fay and the sprite, but Mrs. Harman—tall, straight, delicate to fragility, yet not to thinness—was transfigured with a deeper meaning, wearing the sadder, richer colors of the tragedy that her cruel young romance had put upon her. She might have posed as she stood against the marble railing—and especially in that gesture of lifting her arms—for a bearer of the gift at some foredestined luckless ceremony of votive offerings. So it seemed, at least, to the eyes of a moon-dazed old painter-man.

She stood in profile to me; there were some

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

jasmine flowers at her breast; I could see them rise and fall with more than deep breathing; and I wondered what the man who had talked of her so wildly, only yesterday, would feel if he could know that already the thought of him had moved her.

"I haven't *had* my life. It's gone!" It was almost as if I heard his voice, close at hand, with all the passion of regret and protest that rang in the words when they broke from him in the forest. And by some miraculous conjuncture, within the moment I seemed not only to hear his voice but actually to see him, a figure dressed in white, far below us and small with the distance, standing out in the moonlight in the middle of the tree-bordered avenue leading to the château gates.

I rose and leaned over the railing. There was no doubt about the reality of the figure in white, though it was too far away to be identified with certainty; and as I rubbed my eyes for clearer sight, it turned and disappeared into the shadows of the orderly grove where I had stood, one day, to watch Louise Harman ascend the slopes of Quesnay.

But I told myself, sensibly, that more than one man on the coast of Normandy might be wearing white flannels that evening, and, turning to my companion, found that she had moved some steps away from me and was gazing eastward to the sea. I concluded that she had not seen the figure.

"I have a request to make of you," she said, as I turned. "Will you do it for me—setting it down just as a whim, if you like, and letting it go at that?"

"Yes, I will," I answered promptly. "I'll do anything you ask."

She stepped closer, looked at me intently for a second, bit her lip in indecision, then said, all in a breath:

"Don't tell Mr. Saffren my name!"

"But I hadn't meant to," I protested.

"Don't speak of me to him at all," she said, with the same hurried eagerness. "Will you let me have my way?"

"Could there be any question of that?" I replied, and to my astonishment found that we had somehow impulsively taken each other's hands, as upon some bargain struck between us.

CHAPTER XIII

THE round moon was white and at its smallest, high overhead, when I stepped out of the phaeton in which Miss Elizabeth sent me back to Madame Brossard's; midnight was twanging from a rusty old clock indoors as I crossed the fragrant courtyard to my pavilion; but a lamp still burned in the salon of the "Grande Suite," a light to my mind more suggestive of the patient watcher than of the scholar at his tome.

When my own lamp was extinguished, I set my door ajar, moved my bed out from the wall to catch whatever breeze might stir, "composed myself for the night," as it used to be written, and lay looking out upon the quiet garden where a thin white haze was rising. If, in taking this coign of vantage, I had any subtler purpose than to seek a draught against the warmth of the night, it did not fail of its reward, for just as I had begun to drowse, the gallery steps creaked loudly as if beneath some immoderate weight, and the mountainous form of Professor Keredec emerged upon my field of vision. From the absence of the sound of footsteps I supposed him to be either barefooted or in his stockings. His visible costume consisted of a sleeping-jacket tucked into a pair of trousers, while his tousled hair and beard and generally tossed and rumpled look were those of a man who had been lying down temporarily.

I heard him sigh—like one sighing for sleep—as he went noiselessly across the garden and out through the archway to the road. At that I sat straight up in bed to stare—and well I might, for here was a miracle! He had lifted his arms above his head to stretch himself comfortably, and he walked upright and at ease, whereas when I had last seen him, the night before, he had been able to do little more than crawl, bent far over and leaning painfully upon his friend. Never man beheld a more astonishing recovery from a bad case of rheumatism!

After a long look down the road, he retraced his steps; and the moonlight, striking across his great forehead as he came, revealed the furrows plowed there by an anxiety of which I guessed the cause. The creaking of the wooden stairs and gallery and the whine of an old door announced that he had returned to his vigil. I had, perhaps, a quarter of an hour to consider this performance, when it was repeated; now, however, he only glanced out into the road, retreating hastily, and I saw that he was smiling, while the speed he maintained in returning to his quarters was remarkable for one so newly convalescent.

The next moment Saffren came through

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the archway, ascended the steps in turn—but slowly and carefully, as if fearful of waking his guardian—and I heard his door closing, very gently. Long before his arrival, however, I had been certain of his identity with the figure I had seen gazing up at the terraces of Quesnay from the borders of the grove. Other questions remained to bother me: Why had Keredec not prevented this night-roving, and why, since he did permit it, should he conceal his knowledge of it from Oliver? And what, oh, what wondrous specific had the mighty man found for his disease?

Morning failed to clarify these mysteries; it brought, however, something rare and rich and strange. I allude to the manner of Amédée's approach. This aged gossip-demoniac had to recognize the fact that he could not keep out of my way forever; there was nothing for it but to put as good a face as possible upon a bad business, and get it over—and the face he selected was a marvel; not less, and in no hasty sense of the word.

It appeared at my door to announce that breakfast waited outside. Primarily it displayed an expression of serenity, masterly in its assumption that not the least, remotest, dreamiest shadow of danger could possibly be conceived, by the most immoderately pessimistic and sinister imagination, as even vaguely threatening. And for the rest, you have seen a happy young mother teaching first steps to the first-born—that was Amédée. Radiantly tender, aggressively solicitous, diffusing ineffable sweetness on the air, wreathed in seraphic smiles, beaming caressingly, and aglow with a sacred joy that I should be looking so well, he greeted me in a voice of honey and bowed me to my repast with an unconcealed fondness at once paternal and reverential.

I did not attempt to speak. I came out silently, uncannily fascinated, my eyes fixed upon him, while he moved gently backward, cooing pleasant words about the coffee, but just perceptibly keeping himself out of arm's reach until I had taken my seat. When I had done that, he leaned over the table and began to set useless things nearer my plate with frankly affectionate care. It chanced that in "making a long arm" to reach something I did want, my hand (of which the fingers happened to be closed) passed rather impatiently beneath his nose. The madonna expression changed instantly to one of horror, he uttered a startled croak, and took a surprisingly long skip backward, landing in the screen of honeysuckle vines, which, he seemed to imagine, were some new form of hostility attacking him treacherously from the rear. They sagged, but did not break from their fastenings, and his behavior, as he lay thus entangled, would have contrasted unfavorably in dignity with the actions of a panicstricken hen in a hammock.

"And so conscience *does* make cowards of us all," I said, with no hope of being understood.

Recovering some measure of mental equilibrium at the same time that he managed to find his feet, he burst into shrill laughter, to which he tried in vain to impart a ring of debonair carelessness. "Eh, I stumble!" he cried with hollow merriment. "I fall about and faint with fatigue! Pah! But it is nothing; truly!"

"Fatigue!" I turned a bitter sneer upon him. "Fatigue! And you just out of bed!"

His fat hands went up palm outward; his heroic laughter was checked as with a sob; an expression of tragic incredulity shone from his eyes. Patently he doubted the evidence of his own ears; could not believe that such black ingratitude existed in the world. "Absalom, O my son Absalom!" was his unuttered cry. His hands fell to his sides; his chin sank wretchedly into its own folds; his shirt-bosom heaved and crinkled; the arrows of unspeakable injustice had entered the defenseless breast.

"Just out of bed!" he repeated, with a pathos that would have brought the judge of any court in France down from the bench to kiss him— "And I had risen long, long before the dawn, in the cold and darkness of the night, to prepare the sandwiches of monsieur!"

It was too much for me, or rather, he was. I stalked off to the woods in a state of helpless indignation; mentally swearing that his day of punishment at my hands was only deferred, not abandoned, yet secretly fearing that this very oath might live for no purpose but to convict me of perjury. His talents were lost in the country; he should have sought his fortune in the metropolis. And his manner, as he summoned me that evening to dinner, and indeed throughout the courses, partook of the subtle condescension and careless assurance of one who has but faintly enjoyed some too easy triumph.

I found this so irksome that I might have been goaded into an outbreak of impotent

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fury, had my attention not been distracted by the curious turn of the Professor's malady, which had renewed its painful assault upon him. He came hobbling to table, leaning upon Saffren's shoulder, and made no reference to his singular improvement of the night before—nor did I. His rheumatism was his own; he might do what he pleased with it! There was no reason why he should confide the cause of its vagaries to me.

Table-talk ran its normal course; a great Pole's philosophy receiving flagellation at the hands of our incorrigible optimist. ("If he could understand," exclaimed Keredec, "that a man *must* be immortal before he is born, ha! then this babbler might have writted some intelligence!") On the surface everything was as usual with our trio, with nothing to show any turbulence of undercurrents, unless it was a certain alertness in Oliver's manner, a restrained excitement, and the questioning restlessness of his eyes as they sought mine from time to time. Whatever he wished to ask me, he was given no opportunity, for the professor carried him off to work when our coffee was finished. As they departed, the young man glanced back at me over his shoulder, with that same earnest look of interrogation, but it went unanswered by any token or gesture: for though I guessed that he wished to know if Mrs. Harman had spoken of him to me, it seemed part of my bargain with her to give him no sign that I understood.

A note lay beside my plate next morning, addressed in a hand strange to me, of a dashing and vigorous character.

"In the pursuit of thrillingly scientific research," it read, "what with the tumult which possessed me, I forgot to mention the bond that links us; I, too, am a painter, though as yet unhonored and unhung. It must be only because I lack a gentle hand to guide me. If I might sit beside you as you paint! The hours pass on leaden wings at Quesnay—I could shriek! Do not refuse me a few words of instruction, either in the wildwood, whither I could support your shrinking steps, or, from time to time, as you work in your studio, which (I glean from the instructive Mr. Ferret) is at *Les Trois Pigeons*. At any hour, at any moment, I will speed to you. I am, sir,

"Yours, if you will but breathe a 'yes,'

"ANNE ELLIOTT."

To this I returned a reply, as much in her own key as I could write it, putting my refusal on the ground that I was not at present painting in the studio. I added that I hoped her suit might prosper, regretting that I could not be of greater assistance to that end, and concluded with the suggestion that Madame Brossard might entertain an offer for lessons in cooking.

The result of my attempt to echo her vivacity was discomfiting, and I was allowed to perceive that epistolary jocularity was not thought to be my line. It was Miss Elizabeth who gave me this instruction three days later, on the way to Quesnay for "second breakfast." Exercising fairly shamefaced diplomacy, I had avoided dining at the château again, but, by arrangement, she had driven over for me this morning in the phaeton.

"Why are you writing silly notes to that child?" she demanded, as soon as we were away from the inn.

"Was it silly?"

"You should know. Do you think that style of humor suitable for a young girl?"

This bewildered me a little. "But there wasn't anything offensive——"

"No?" Miss Elizabeth lifted her eyebrows to a height of bland inquiry. "She mightn't think it rather—well, rough? Your suggesting that she might take cooking lessons?"

"But *she* suggested she might take *painting* lessons," was my feeble protest. "I only meant to show her I understood that she wanted to get to the inn."

"And why should she care to 'get to the inn'?"

"She seemed interested in a young man who is staying there. 'Interested' is the mildest word for it I can think of."

"Pooh!" Such was Miss Ward's enigmatic retort, and though I begged an explanation I got none. Instead, she quickened the horse's gait and changed the subject.

At the château, having a mind to offer some sort of apology, I looked anxiously about for the subject of our rather disquieting conversation, but she was not to be seen until the party assembled at the table, set under an awning on the terrace. Then, to my disappointment, I found no opportunity to speak to her, for her seat was so placed as to make it impossible, and she escaped into the house immediately upon the conclusion of the repast, hurrying away too pointedly for any attempt to detain her—though, as she passed, she sent me one glance of meek reproach

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which she was at pains to make elaborately distinct.

Again taking me for her neighbor at the table, Miss Elizabeth talked to me at intervals, apparently having nothing, just then, to make up to Mr. Cresson Ingle, but not long after we rose she accompanied him upon some excursion of an indefinite nature, which led her from my sight. Thus, the others making off to cards indoors and what not, I was left to the perusal of the eighteenth-century façade of the château, one of the most competent restorations in that part of France, and of the liveliest interest to the student or practitioner of architecture.

Mrs. Harman had not appeared at all, having gone "shopping" to Dives, I was told, and a servant informing me upon inquiry that Miss Elliott had retired to her room, I was thrust upon my own devices indeed, a condition already closely associated in my mind with this picturesque spot. The likeliest of my devices—or, at least, the one I hit upon—was in the nature of an unostentatious retreat.

I went home.

However, as the day was spoiled for work, I chose a roundabout way, in fact the longest, and took the high-road to Dives, but neither the road nor the town itself (when I passed through it) rewarded my vague hope that I might meet Mrs. Harman, and I strode the long miles in considerable disgruntlement, for it was largely in that hope that I had gone to Quesnay. It put me in no merrier mood to find Miss Elizabeth's phaeton standing outside the inn in charge of a groom, for my vanity encouraged the supposition that she had come out of a fear that my unceremonious departure from Quesnay might have indicated that I was "hurt," or considered myself neglected; and I dreaded having to make explanations.

My apprehensions were unfounded; it was not Miss Elizabeth who had come in the phaeton, though a lady from Quesnay did prove to be the occupant—the sole occupant—of the courtyard. At sight of her I halted stock-still under the archway.

There she sat, a sketch-book on a green table beside her and a board in her lap, brazenly painting—and a more blushless piece of assurance than Miss Anne Elliott thus engaged these eyes have never beheld.

She was not so hardened that she did not affect a little timidity at sight of me, looking away even more quickly than she looked up, while I walked slowly over to her and took the garden chair beside her. That gave me a view of her sketch, which was a violent little "lay-in" of shrubbery, trees, and the sky-line of the inn. To my prodigious surprise (and, naturally enough, with a degree of pleasure) I perceived that it was not very bad, not bad at all, indeed. It displayed a sense of values, of placing, and even, in a young and frantic way, of color. Here was a young woman of more than "accomplishments!"

"You see," she said, squeezing one of the tiny tubes almost dry, and continuing to paint with a fine effect of absorption, "I *had* to show you that I was in the most *abysmal* earnest. Will you take me painting with you?"

"I appreciate your seriousness," I rejoined. "Has it been rewarded?"

"How can I say? You haven't told me whether or not you'll let me follow you to the wildwood."

"I mean, have you caught another glimpse of Mr. Saffren?"

At that she showed a prettier color in her cheeks than any in her sketch-box, but gave no other sign of shame, nor even of being flustered, cheerfully replying:

"That is far from the point. Do you grant my burning plea?"

"I understood I had offended you."

"You did," she said. "Viciously!"

"I am sorry," I continued. "I wanted to ask you to forgive me——"

I spoke seriously, and that seemed to strike her as odd or needing explanation, for she leveled her blue eyes at me, and interrupted, with something more like seriousness in her own voice than I had yet heard from her:

"What made you think I was offended?"

"Your look of reproach when you left the table——"

"Nothing else?" she asked quickly.

"Yes; Miss Ward told me you were."

"Yes; she drove over with you. That's it!" she exclaimed with vigor, and nodded her head as if some suspicion of hers had been confirmed. "I thought so!"

"You thought she had told me?"

"No," said Miss Elliott decidedly. "Thought that Elizabeth wanted to have her cake and eat it too."

"I don't understand."

"Then you'll get no help from me," she returned slowly, a frown marking her pretty forehead. "But I was only playing offended, and she knew it. I thought your note was *that* fetching!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She continued to look thoughtful for a moment longer, then with a resumption of her former manner—the pretense of an earnestness much deeper than the real—"Will you take me painting with you?" she said. "If it will convince you that I mean it, I'll give up my hopes of seeing that *sumptuous* Mr. Saffren and go back to Quesnay now, before he comes home. He's been out for a walk—a long one, since it's lasted ever since early this morning, so the waiter told me. May I go with you? You *can't* know how enervating it is up there at the château—all except Mrs. Harman, and even she——"

"What about Mrs. Harman?" I asked, as she paused.

"I think she must be in love."

"What!"

"I do think so," said the girl. "She's *like* it, at least."

"But with whom?"

She laughed gaily. "I'm afraid she's my rival!"

"Not with—" I began.

"Yes, with your beautiful and mad young friend."

"But—oh, it's preposterous!" I cried, profoundly disturbed. "She couldn't be! If you knew a great deal about her——"

"I may know more than you think. My simplicity of appearance is deceptive," she mocked, beginning to set her sketch-box in order. "You don't realize that Mrs. Harman and I are quite *hurled* upon each other at Quesnay, being two ravishingly intelligent women entirely surrounded by large bodies of elementals. She has told me a great deal of herself since that first evening, and I know —well, I know why she did not come back from Dives this afternoon, for instance."

"Why?" I fairly shouted.

She slid her sketch into a groove in the box, which she closed, and rose to her feet before answering. Then she set her hat a little straighter with a touch, looking so fixedly and with such grave interest over my shoulder that I turned to follow her glance and encountered our reflections in a window of the inn. Her own shed a light upon *that* mystery, at all events.

"I might tell you some day," she said indifferently, "if I gained enough confidence in you through association in daily pursuits."

"My dear young lady," I cried with real exasperation, "I am a working man, and this is a working summer for me!"

"Do you think I'd spoil it?" she urged gently.

"But I get up with the first daylight to paint," I protested, "and I paint all day——"

She moved a step nearer me and laid her hand warningly upon my sleeve, checking the outburst.

I turned to see what she meant.

Oliver Saffren had come in from the road and was crossing to the gallery steps. He lifted his hat and gave me a quick word of greeting as he passed, and at the sight of his flushed and happy face my riddle was solved for me. Amazing as the thing was, I had no doubt of the revelation.

"Ah," I said to Miss Elliott when he had gone, "I won't have to take pupils to get the answer to my question, now!"

CHAPTER XIV

"HA, these philosophers," said the professor, expanding in discourse a little later—"these dreamy people who talk of the spirit, they tell you that spirit is abstract." He waved his great hand in a sweeping semicircle which carried it out of our orange candlelight and freckled it with the cold moonshine which sieved through the loosened screen of honeysuckle. "Ha, the folly!"

"What do *you* say it is?" I asked, moving so that the smoke of my cigar should not drift toward Oliver, who sat looking out into the garden.

"I, my frien'? I do not say that it *is!* But all such things, they are only a question of names, and when I use the word 'spirit' I mean identity—universal identity, if you like. It is what we all are, yes—and those flowers, too. But the spirit of the flowers is not what you smell, nor what you see, that look so pretty: it is the flowers themself! Yet all spirit is only one spirit and one spirit is all spirit—and if you tell me this is Pant'eism I will tell you that you do not understand!"

"I don't tell you that," said I, "neither do I understand."

"Nor that big Keredec either!" Whereupon he loosed the rolling thunder of his laughter. "Nor any brain born of the monkey people! But this world is full of proof that everything that exist is all one thing, and it is the instinct of that, when it draws us together, which makes what we call 'love.' Even those wicked devils of egoism in our inside is only love which grows too long the wrong way, like

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the finger nails of the Chinese empress. Yo'ng love is a little sprout of universal unity. When the yo'ng people begin to feel it, *they* are not abstract, ha? And the yo'ng man, when he selects, he chooses one being from all the others to mean—just for him—all that great universe of which he is a part."

This was wandering whimsically far afield, but as I caught the good-humored flicker of the professor's glance at our companion I thought I saw a purpose in his deviations. Saffren turned toward him wonderingly, his unconscious, eager look remarkably emphasized and brightened.

"All such things are most strange—great mysteries," continued the professor. "For when a man has made the selection, *that* being *does* become all the universe, and for him there is nothing else at all—nothing else anywhere!"

Saffren's cheeks and temples were flushed as they had been when I saw him returning that afternoon; and his eyes were wide, fixed upon Keredec in a stare of utter amazement.

"Yes, that is true," he said slowly. "How did you know?"

Keredec returned his look with an attentive scrutiny, and made some exclamation under his breath, which I did not catch, but there was no mistaking his high good humor.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rising and clapping the other upon the shoulder. "You will soon cure my rheumatism if you ask me questions like that! Ho, ho, ho!" He threw back his head and let the mighty salvos forth. "Ho, ho, ho! How do I know? The yo'ng, always they believe they are the only ones who were ever yo'ng! Ho, ho, ho! Come, we shall make those lessons very easy to-night. Come, my frien'. How could that big, old Keredec know of such things? He is too old, too foolish! Ho, ho, ho!"

And he went up the steps, the courtyard reverberating again to his laughter, his arm resting on Saffren's shoulders, but not so heavily as usual. The door of their salon closed upon them, and for a while Keredec's voice could be heard booming cheerfully; it ended in another burst of laughter.

A moment later Saffren opened the door and called to me.

"Here," I answered from my veranda, where I had just lighted my second cigar.

"No more work to-night. All finished," he cried jubilantly, springing down the steps. "I'm coming to have a talk with you."

Amédée had removed the candles, the moon had withdrawn in fear of a turbulent mob of clouds, rioting into our sky from seaward; the air smelled of imminent rain, and it was so dark that I could see my visitor only as a vague, tall shape; but a happy excitement vibrated in his rich voice, and his step on the graveled path was light and exultant.

"I won't sit down," he said. "I'll walk up and down in front of the veranda—if it doesn't make you nervous."

For answer I merely laughed; and he laughed too, in genial response, continuing gaily:

"Oh, it's all so different with me! Everything is. That *blind* feeling I told you of—it's all gone. I must have been very babyish, the other day; I don't think I could feel like that again. It used to seem to me that I lived penned up in a circle of blank stone walls; I couldn't see over the top for myself at all, though now and then Keredec would boost me up and let me get a little glimmer of the country round about—but never long enough to see what it was really like. But it's not so now. Ah!"—he drew a long breath—"I'd like to run. I think I could run all the way to the top of a pretty fair-sized mountain to-night, and then"—he laughed—"jump off and ride on the clouds."

"I know how that is," I responded. "At least I did know—a few years ago."

"Everything is a jumble with me," he went on happily, in a confidential tone, "yet it's a heavenly kind of jumble. I can't put anything into words. I don't *think* very well yet, though Keredec is trying to teach me. My thoughts don't run in order, and this that's happened seems to make them wilder, queerer—" He stopped short.

"What has happened?"

He paused in his sentry-go, facing me, and answered, in a low voice:

"I've seen her again."

"Yes, I know."

"She told me you knew it," he said, "—that she had told you."

"Yes."

"But that's not all," he said, his voice rising a little. "I saw her again the day after she told you——"

"You did!" I murmured.

"Oh, I tell myself that it's a dream," he cried, "that it *can't* be true. For it has been *every* day since then! That's why I haven't joined you in the woods. I have been with her, walking with her, listening to her, looking at her—always feeling that it must be unreal

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and that I must try not to wake up. She has been so kind — so wonderfully, beautifully kind to me!"

"She has met you?" I asked, thinking ruefully of George Ward, now on the high seas in the pleasant company of old hopes renewed.

"She has let me meet her. And to-day we lunched at the inn at Dives and then walked by the sea all afternoon. She gave me the whole day—the whole day! You see"—he began to pace again—"you see I was right, and you were wrong. She wasn't offended—she was glad—that I couldn't help speaking to her; she has said so."

"Do you think," I interrupted, "that she would wish you to tell me this?"

"Ah, she likes you!" he said so heartily, and appearing meanwhile so satisfied with the completeness of his reply, that I was fain to take some satisfaction in it myself. "What I wanted most to say to you," he went on, "is this: you remember you promised to tell me whatever you could learn about her—and about her husband?"

"I remember."

"It's different now. I don't want you to," he said. "I want only to know what she tells me herself. She has told me very little, but I know when the time comes she *will* tell me everything. But I wouldn't hasten it. I wouldn't have anything changed from just *this!*"

"You mean——"

"I mean the way it *is*. If I could hope to see her every day, to be in the woods with her, or down by the shore—oh, I don't want to know anything but that!"

"No doubt you have told her," I ventured, "a good deal about yourself," and was instantly ashamed of myself. I suppose I spoke out of a sense of protest against Mrs. Harman's strange lack of conventionality, against so charming a lady's losing her head as completely as she seemed to have lost hers, and it may have been, too, out of a feeling of jealousy for poor George—possibly even out of a little feeling of the same sort on my own account. But I couldn't have said it except for the darkness, and, as I say, I was instantly ashamed.

It does not whiten my guilt that the shaft did not reach him.

"I've told her all I know," he said readily, and the unconscious pathos of the answer smote me. "And all that Keredec has let me know. You see I haven't——"

"But do you think," I interrupted quickly, anxious, in my remorse, to divert him from that channel, "do you think Professor Keredec would approve, if he knew?"

"I think he would," he responded slowly, pausing in his walk again. "I have a feeling that perhaps he does know, and yet I have been afraid to tell him, afraid he might try to stop me—keep me from going to wait for her. But he has a strange way of knowing things; I think he knows everything in the world! I have felt to-night that he knows this, and—it's very strange, but I—well, what *was* it that made him so glad?"

"The light is still burning in his room," I said quietly.

"You mean that I ought to tell him?" His voice rose a little.

"He's done a good deal for you, hasn't he?" I suggested. "And even if he does know he might like to hear it from you."

"You're right; I'll tell him to-night." This came with sudden decision, but with less than marked what followed. "But he can't stop me, now. No one on earth shall do that, except Madame d'Armand herself. No one!"

"I won't quarrel with that," I said dryly, throwing away my cigar, which had gone out long before.

He hesitated, and then I saw his hand groping toward me in the darkness, and, rising, I gave him mine.

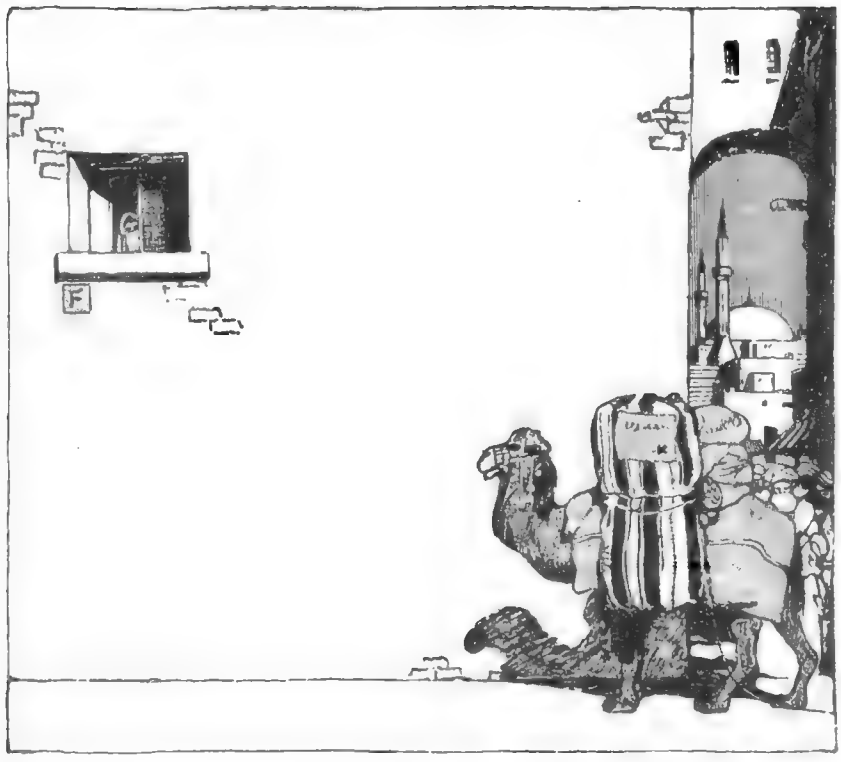
"Good night," he said, and shook my hand as the first sputterings of the coming rain began to patter on the roof of the pavilion. "I'm glad to tell him; I'm glad to have told you. Ah, but isn't this," he cried, "a happy world!"

Turning, he ran to the gallery steps. "At last I'm glad," he called back over his shoulder, "I'm glad that I was born——"

A gust of wind blew furiously into the courtyard at that instant, and I heard his voice indistinctly, but I thought—though I might have been mistaken—that I caught a final word, and that it was "again."

"*The Guest of Quesnay*" will be continued in the March number.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Quest of the Magic Carpet

By FRANKLIN CLARKIN

FOR the Rug Hunter the quarry lies hidden in little hand-looms scattered between the Hellespont and the Ganges—from the Desert of Kara-Kum to the Arabian Sea.

His hunting-ground is the Land Where Things Began.

He caravans through Eden, beats up the slopes of Ararat, searches the scenes of the conquests of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes. His camp ashes mingle with the dust of Nineveh. Halting where Daniel declared the writing against Belshazzar, he meditates long at Soor, hard by the ruins of Babylon—for Babylon was the "place of origin," for all we know, of rug-weaving. It is his privilege to share the pottage of the seed of Esau; his ordeal to barter with the Ten Lost Tribes, or their supposed descendants. Down by Shiraz he crosses the trail taken by the Magi who trudged toward the Bethlehem Star. Everywhere he encounters the picturesque influence of that remarkable Arab—issue of the children of Ishmael, through Hagar, the Egyptian—who won a fifth of the world's population by adding to the Mosaic system a sensual paradise.

What man of commerce has a field to work in which so kindles imagination?

The seat of a civilization forgotten centuries before the Apostles trod its soil, rearing immortal colonnades at Persepolis ages before the Parthenon was commenced, it was also the kingdom of the beauty and mystery of the Arabian Nights and the Magic Carpet—the "realm where fairy tales end" . . .

"Nowadays, in my business," dryly remarked my friend the Rug Hunter, to whom

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I had said something of this, "I find they begin there!"

I had discovered him in one of those splendid ateliers near the Avenue. The spoil of his first hunt hung about the sides of the room, over the rail of the entresol, and half across the glass wall which drew light, studio fashion, from the north sky. It was like a picture by Paul Veronese.

"You remind me," he went on, "of the man who sent his rug to be sold. When he heard the auctioneer's praises of his property, he listened in growing excitement, then rushed up to him. 'I think I'll keep that rug,' he declared; 'I had no idea it was such a wonder!' Of course as I went through the rug country I sensed the things you speak of; but not as Quayle did. He is the man you want to talk with. I'm new. But Quayle—he's the real thing. He's got it all, from woof to symbols, barter to bandits, Bible to Behaism. Yes, you've got to see Quayle."

His vision of Quayle seemed to start him off better than my vision of the rug country.

"When I first met Quayle he was leaving a town in Azerbaijan after a long try for a rug he'd heard of when in Tabriz," the Rug Hunter began, by way of indicating how interesting his colleague was. "I was hunting by myself, not very successfully, for it was my maiden venture. I had just come in from the desert. Dogs, asses, camels, and horses filled the yard of the caravansary and exhaled odors not, in poetry, associated with Persia. Drivers were making loud commotion. Inquisitive villagers crowded about the open gate — brown and bronze whiskered faces —staring in absorption at the tying and buckling of camp-cots, cooking-pans, live chickens, rubber bath-tubs, rifles, and other Christian baggage to a row of frowzy, drowsy camels. These enormous, ill-shapen, stupid beasts were chained not only to one another, but to a mite of a Scriptural white ass, dreamy, apathetic, ready-hitched to lead them across the plains.

"From a *balakhana* (this is the pretty term which gave our language 'balcony') a slender, sunburnt, spectacled, vicarish person, whose face lines betrayed him as an American, looked down upon the preparations. You would have placed him as a medical missionary until he said:

"'Three weeks and one sound nervous system gone to hell!'

"His blue eyes searched furtively the faces of villagers and tradesmen crowding the yard to see his departure. Finally, it rested upon one, for a fleeting instant; and then strayed away from it stonily. There came a set to his jaw. His expression changed to the careless, stoic one of a poker-player who is risking his last stack of blues to call a hand.

"In the gray mud-wall back of him an oiled-paper window suddenly lifted. Quayle turned to confront the man who had kept him and his caravan tarrying there for three exacting weeks, with scarce any food left except native curdled milk, a prey to *mala* insects and to fear of their poisonous infection. Through the window came a simple old Ooriman, carrying on his arm—the precious object for which this trip had been adventured.

"'You are going, sahaab?'

"'I am going, Elez,' said Quayle.

"'You will go without buying my rug?'

"The colors of the fabric glowed in the morning sunshine like jewels.

"'Without buying your rug—I no longer care for it.' Quayle was a bad liar; it was difficult for him to wrest his glance from the rug's wondrous sheen.

"His cavalcade moved out of the gate, and down he strode to his horse. The old Ooriman followed.

"'Your last price—what is your last price?' he questioned with an insolent suavity, clinging to the stirrup.

"'Let go my stirrup, you—you—!' Exasperation did not allow Quayle to finish. Composure is the golden quality in this land. Usually Quayle had it, but only by hard-won habit, which suffered lapses.

"The camels lumbered away like vessels in a high sea, drivers sprawling on their backs with legs dangling and heads rolling to the *mal de mer* motion. Once in the street the Ooriman drew out of his three weeks' indifference, but cautiously, curiously, as a harem girl pulls aside her veil for a better glimpse of a foreigner.

"'Your price, sahaab—you have a last price?' I heard him cajole.

"Wrought up by the dismal miseries he had suffered in his efforts to acquire this treasure, Quayle, now at the fag-end of endurance and fierce with disappointment, couldn't trust himself to answer.

"So he turned to me and said:

"'I leave his proper subjugation to you. So long!'

"My untrained persuasion did not prevail with the old man, either; but I knew from the set of his chin that Quayle would return some

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

time for another bout—for it was a marvelous Mir-Saraband. How it came there nobody's memory was long enough to tell. Plunder from some murdered caravan, I suspect. Usually a Saraband has its palm or pear-shaped pattern in rows in the center, each row facing the opposite way from the next, and all on a field of dark blue, with intricate crimson or rose borders. But this one had a cream ground, with the effect of an opal in it. That in itself is rarely come upon, for the Persians abhor pale colors. In addition, its border was of soft gold, and of magical emerald shot with light.

"I can still see the very *nuances* of that Mir-Saraband. In fact it was my appreciation of it, my ability to talk about it, which gained me further acquaintance with Quayle. When I again caught up with him, it was in Marand.

"As we sat there on the housetop in the clear night, smoking before sleep, he gave my young understanding its greatest illumination about the calling I had taken up. He was wonderful.

"'Almost all the weaving districts are like this,' he told me, waving his hand toward the desert, 'arid countries, great stretches of barren wastes, shut in by wild, rugged mountains. Travel is difficult; the natives move about very little. Timber being scarce, from time immemorial they have built their houses of mud. In the floors they mixed lime with the mud to make a clay. From this there arose a fine whitish powder; and a fabric was needed to keep it down. So they wove it of the wool of their sheep, of the hair of their goats and camels.'"

What followed was a summary of how a rug is made, and what, when made, it signified to Quayle—and to my friend the Rug Hunter, too, I fancy.

It concerned the simple apparatus still in use in outlying districts: home dye-tubs filled with colors extracted from sheep's blood, larkspur, indigo, tumeric, saffron, mulberry, walnut husks; brass combs for carding; distaffs whirled by hand. Between two sticks held horizontally by supports at the ends are strung threads drawn taut, harp fashion. Then worsted yarn is passed over and under the strings twice. Songs are sung—songs transmitted from old to young, so ancient, some of them, that they are in a lost language; and these songs tell the weaver what colors to tie in as she progresses with the pattern. Each district has its own patterns and songs. After each knot, the ends of the yarn are scissored off to form the pile.

In a close-woven piece, like a Kirman, measuring a mere five feet by eight feet, there are four hundred knots to the square inch. As the weaver's speed is about three knots a minute, four years of continuous labor would be required on such a rug. Within that time some fingers would stop weaving forever; others would go on with it. Was it any wonder, the Rug Hunter asked me, that no two old rugs, even from the same village and the same household, were ever just alike? A bereavement would induce a greater unconscious use of white; a bridal would turn the weaver's thoughts to scarlet; victories of war to yellow. Local environment, family happenings, removals from town to desert, desert to mountain, would each have effect. Gossip of harems, the tinkle of silver anklets, the alarms of brigands, the elations of religions, all would go into the rug.

"Then," I interrupted the Hunter, "if they still dye and weave as of old, rugs are being made now that eventually will be beautiful and valuable?"

"If the West were willing to say to the East: 'We will give you five or ten years to make a rug'; if it would say that, then age and gentle wear would do the rest. But the West won't; it has mansions in increasing numbers to fit out at once. So it has introduced anilin dyes and machine carders and spinning-jennies and collective weaving, and is otherwise hustling production."

This, it came out, is due to a rival to the Rug Hunter. He is known as the Rug Buyer. While one carries on an individual pursuit of rarities for the few, the other is concerned in an organized traffic to supply the many. I gathered that the Rug Buyer bears relation to what Balzac called the "high financier." He is a commercial captain, who has his stratagems to combine, his ambuscades to prepare, his partizans to send out, his cities to take—and his soldiers, an army of sharpest Levantines, bring to him, at Smyrna or Constantinople, the enormous booty of fierce haggling expeditions.

"Understand," the Hunter said, "rugs are collected for commerce like eggs or milk or cattle. The Buyer's janizaries, the Levantines, go about and bring them to a local center agent; thence they are forwarded to a general center like Constantinople, where the Buyer himself goes to look them over. We Rug Hunters still wander from town to town

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CENTURY-OLD VATS IN WHICH THE YARNS ARE DYED.

for 'finds.' The Buyer couldn't fill up his firm's enormous stocks by our retail process. He strikes the market for at least $100,000 worth at a time. Any smaller purchase can be made—allowing for expenses—much cheaper, as well as with less exasperation, in New York.

"Out in Asia Minor," the Hunter went on, "you will come across rows of women and girls and rows of men and boys, under rough shelters, weaving. They are weaving for one of three or four New York firms. Five cents a day for girls, twenty cents a day for boys. An inch a day used to be good speed; but they have accelerated that. Male and female still must be kept separated and out of one another's sight at their work; but one Broadway Buyer has introduced an old man as overseer of the biggest shed of girls. He and this Buyer are the only men who have ever been inside, and the overseer has to be chaperoned by his wife!"

Larger Persian factories have been set up in Kirman, Bujnurd, Yezd, Ispahan, at encampments of nomads near Kermanshah, at Karabagh, where the mountain fell the other day; even in the home-town of Haroun-al-Raschid, which is Meshed; in Shiraz, whence the Magi started, and in Mosul, the site of Nineveh. Outside Smyrna, in Turkey, there is a shop which turns out copies of various Persians, in sizes to fit modern apartments; it also produces rugs, designed on Broadway, from several Persian figures. One famous Broadway buyer has just sent a man to establish a mill of his own in India, for factory weavers are hard to obtain in Persia. This is because weavers are mostly female; and in certain districts a girl costs only $2 on her first, and $2 more at each succeeding, marriage, as her skill in weaving progresses. The native secures an overwhelming advantage by marrying his weavers, while for his workers the manufacturer has to pay $1.58 a week.

Persia's Shah issued a ban on the importation or use of anilin dyes. Any one caught with anilins, or stuffs colored with anilins, would have his right hand cut off and his stocks confiscated. Well, it seems that there are not many one-handed sufferers by the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

edict; while go-downs in Tabriz are crowded from roof to cellar with anilin-dyed rugs.

"Sometimes when a few colors in a rug are anilin and the rest vegetable, causing the anilin pile to be short and shrunken (black or brown will eat the woof), it will be explained that 'this is an embossed rug, you know.' I knew an Armenian who could tell the presence of anilin by chewing the wool," said the Hunter. "However, I'd hate to touch some of them with *my* tongue. It is simpler to wet a corner of your handkerchief and rub it on the color. If it comes off, it's anilin. This is true except with blues.

"Lately, coal-tar dyes have been improved and made more lasting; and I'd hesitate to say that, if well made, and given fifty years of Oriental wear—Oriental wear, mind you—rugs dyed with the improved process would not be truly fine. In the Orient they are trod upon without shoes. Such treading and the grinding in of the lime dust of the floors act as a refining process. Finally, the little ends of the wool, toned by the strong sun, become delicate points which catch the light and give forth a sheen deeper than that of silk.

"Under pressure of new mercantile conditions, the rugs dyed in the old lasting fashion, woven with charming individuality, in pure traditional design, get scarcer and scarcer. In five years they will be about exhausted. But as J. P. Morgan finds opportunity to acquire ancient paintings or sculptures from a family which needs money, so will we Hunters for a while obtain a few treasures. Death is a frequent disperser. One dealer in Constantinople reads the death notices each morning and assigns men to make calls at the houses to get a first look at rugs to be sold.

"Astonishingly few superlative antiques are left in the country that wove them. Except the one in the Palace of the Forty Pillars in Ispahan there seems to be none remaining of the essentially Persian types of the sixteenth century. The Crusaders brought away the best of the eleventh century; you may see them in early Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch paintings of palace interiors. At this day New York has more good rugs than Con-

NATIVES BRINGING THE SPUN WOOL TO MARKET.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ONE OF THE MODERN FACTORIES FOR MAKING RUGS.

stantinople or Ispahan! Why, last year Robert Levy, a dealer, and R. S. Pardow, of the Musée Orientale, both of Constantinople, came here for rugs.

"You must have Quayle show you his Teheran—the one that took him three months to buy. They are using its center now as a model for drawing in American public schools. He holds it at $35,000. I don't blame him, when that Stanford White Hispano-Ispahan—made in Spain by Mohammedan conquerors who founded the Caliphate of Cordova — auctioned last year on Fifth Avenue for $4,000. What? Oh, yes, there are great rugs in America. Frederick Ames has gathered a lot; it was he who gave to the Boston Museum its Hunting Rug, the like of which auctioned later for $35,000. While studying Oriental gipsies A. T. Sinclair collected an odd hundred rugs. Sidney Colvin, Myron J. Bird, and Mr. Allis own excellent examples. J. Pierpont Morgan has in his London house $100,000 worth of rugs, which he no doubt will bring here when the tariff permits.

"The Yerkes collection is one of the finest in the world. In it is a Bagdad of a sort limited in number, so far as is known, to four. One is in the Lyons Museum and two are in possession of noble European families. Yerkes also got the two Susanshards found with the Ardebil of the South Kensington Museum. All three once could have been had for $700. The South Kensington Museum paid $12,500 for the Ardebil; I don't know what Yerkes paid Vincent Robinson for the other two. It's a curious fact that one of the Yerkes rugs has the border of the Ardebil, while the Ardebil itself has a Farahan border.

"The Benquiat collection, which you may see on Fifth Avenue, is valued at $1,000,000. Several rarities were dispersed at the Marquand sale. H. O. Havemeyer left some well-known Chinese pieces. Senator Clark has eight of different weaves which cost him $200,000, and the other day Henry Clay Frick paid $150,000 for six antiques.

"Throughout the country are scattered countless numbers, their value unsuspected

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

by their possessors. Ellwanger says there should be wonderful old rugs in California, if they have not been worn to rags by ignorant neglect. Some shamefully misused beautiful Daghestans came to Rochester recently from Canandaigua for repair. And Ellwanger found in an up-state house a patch of dirt and ravel, which he asked permission to have cleaned and repaired. The owner preferred to give it to him rather than spend money on it. Its repair has cost about $200. Now Ellwanger has a Konia which he believes to be of the sixteenth century, and, if so, exceedingly rare.

PARTAKING OF NATIVE HOSPITALITY IS PART OF THE RUG HUNTER'S PROGRAM WHEN BARGAINING FOR A RUG.

"You see there's 'good hunting' here at home for those who are quick of eye. I know a man who bought a dingy bit of carpet at a country rummage sale for $10. He sent it to a cleanser. The cleanser wrote to him that he could dispose of it at $100. Being rich, the new owner paid no attention. Then the price mysteriously rose to $500, then to $1,000. 'If it's as valuable as that,' the owner responded, 'all the more reason why I should not part with it.'

"I tell you these things because Quayle will not. He is not a 'Buyer,' but a Hunter, like J. K. Mumford and Charles Quill Jones and Jamjotshian. He goes farther on solitary journeys than Raymond, or Winters, or Loftus, or Daintry, or Searing. To him the quest of rare weaves is like the quest of rare books, or famous jewels with a pedigree, whose acquisition, a matter of infinite tact, gives rise to as exquisite a thrill as a man may know.

"That wakeful night on the roof of the village house overlooking the desert, we spoke often of the Mir-Saraband which we had left back yonder. I saw it preyed upon his memory; left him discontented. At last I asked him:

"'What is there in this work which holds you to it?'

"He looked at me with aroused attention, ready with the answer:

"'The seeking! The seeking! Isn't that the oldest of human motives?'

"'Yes,' said I, quoting: '"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges——"'

"I begged then to go along with him, and he gave me the privilege.

"Do you know the desert? Rug lands, as Quayle had said, are mostly desert, sandhills, boulders, ruins, tombs, a gorgeous mix-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ture of dazzle and darkness. At night you tether your beasts, and spread a rug to sleep on. Nothing over you, no, nothing but the silver-starred black robe of the sky. You come out of your sleep in a soft, amiable, slow dawn—come out of it in the way the dawn itself rises, with a gradual lazy liberation of cheerful spirits. After a while you mount and march on in the full light toward a shimmering line beyond which lies a village.

"One evening we approached a village; Quayle was telling me about color, and design, and how the natives took them from every-day things. Suddenly he stopped, turned his horse about, and called:

"'Look! You have wondered how these people, copying only what they saw about them, got their tone effects. Here is one source of color suggestion—behold!'

"Hovering over the desert was a shimmering gray haze, palpitating as heat does. Presently I became aware of an infinite variety of shades. As the sun sank lower, the gray turned to rose, from rose to purple.

"I saw what he meant; and I will show you what it was. Look here, at this Burujird."

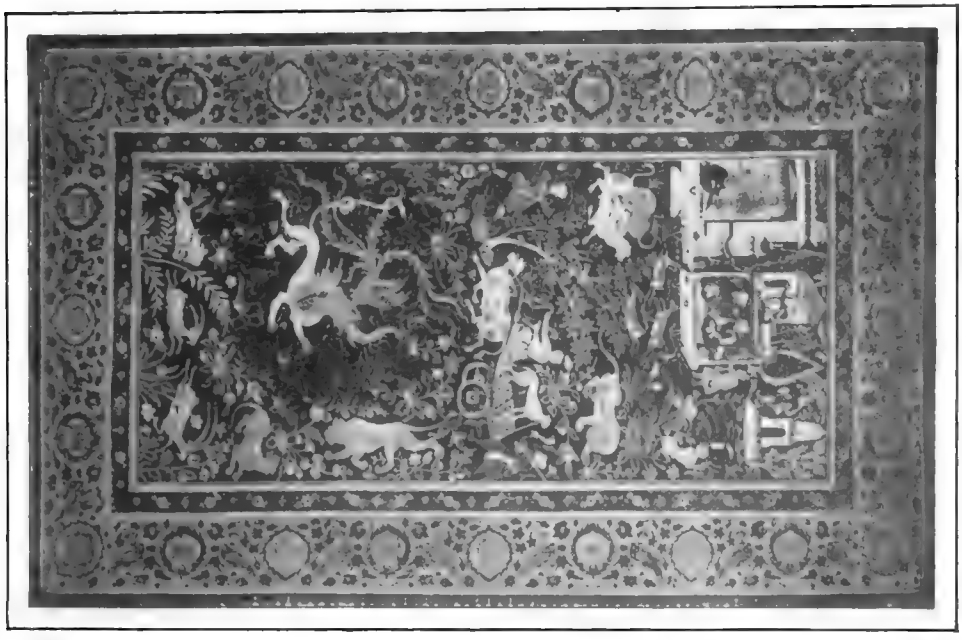
The Hunter opened a camel pannier lying in a corner, and unrolled a long carpet.

"There—" Seeming to be something apart from the texture, seeming to hover a quarter of an inch above it, was indeed a radiation, a mist of gray tinged with many tints. "There," said he, "that is what he meant—that is the desert!"

The Hunter lost himself a moment, gazing. "Where were we?" he went on. "Yes, entering a Kurd town at sunset. It was down toward Sehna. It was there we stayed three months to buy Quayle's Teheran—longer than it took finally to place the Mir-Saraband on his saddle-bow.

"Two of our guards had fallen sick. Only most untiring bodies can endure travel in Persia, the food is so bad. Quayle is hard; his arm muscles are like coiled wire; he was always able to attend the softer natives. A villager whose name, Englished, was Glad Tidings, came to him to be treated for festering *mala* stings. We, too, had erupted skins, but we knew of Lord Lister. Glad Tidings didn't. Gratitude for our ministrations brought Glad Tidings back with a rug, a carpet—the Teheran.

"Gratitude, did I say? All virtues fail at a trade transaction. Glad Tidings showed only the back. For there is a dictum of the Twelve Holy Imams which says, 'It is permissible to sell a piece of cloth without affording a minute inspection.' When Glad Tidings swore that the rug was perfect,



THE PERSIAN HUNTING-RUG IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. ONE SIMILAR TO THIS WAS SOLD FOR $35,000.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"SOMETHING HIDDEN. GO AND FIND IT. GO AND LOOK BEHIND THE RANGES—"

Quayle, after due delay, made an offer. Suddenly, on seeing the other side, he withdrew it, for there was a patch of surface worn or scratched away.

"Quayle denounced him. 'You lied to me; you swore falsely,' declared he. Glad Tidings withdrew in a fury.

"A Mohammedan must not admit that he has sworn falsely, and Glad Tidings, if he sold at a price lower than the first offer, would have been making a tacit admission that he had. Next day he came bringing peas and cucumbers to Quayle—but Quayle would not retract the charge. So other men came at different times with the Teheran. As soon as one swore falsely about its weave, its history, its value, he would transfer it to another, who would serenely take up the negotiations. One hundred different men came with that rug. At the end of sixteen weeks Quayle possessed it.

"Here is an Asia Minor prayer-carpet I picked up in that town. One person—a young girl—usually made all of one of these. Into the center—look close—she wove some of her own hair. At last it became part of her dowry as a bride, and she sent it to her betrothed, who till then was supposed not to have known the color of her hair. She followed it, bathed, perfumed, tinged with henna, led by wise virgins who had their lamps trimmed for the midnight procession to the bridegroom's home. At last, on warm nights, it was spread upon the roof. There the husband prayed on it.

"Well, we were delighted to take to the desert once more, and circled back in a roundabout way toward the village in Azerbaijan which held the Mir-Saraband with the opal tints.

"There was a range of hills to cross on this route. In a narrow bushy pass the guards halted excitedly. I caught sight of weird faces gazing at me from among the leaves. That implied bandits in ambuscade. We stood in the open path. Quayle had himself entirely in hand.

"'If the Orient has taught me anything,' he remarked, seating himself in the shade, 'it is the value of poise.' 'Poise?' said I, quaking.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

'Pistols for me!' 'Put them up,' ordered Quayle; 'we are not afraid. If we keep that state of mind it will influence our friends, the hidden robbers. Don't you know that a dog would never chase a cat if the cat did not run? Let us lunch here composedly.'

"One by one the Kurds, gaunt, hairy, hungry, came down the pass, carrying guns and wrapped round and round with cartridges.

"They couldn't resist our bread and wine and watermelon, fresh from town; and once Kurds of the right tribes break bread with you, you are in sanctuary.

"In return they gave us dried locusts and wild honey. Quayle urged me to eat the locusts, saying: 'This was the diet of John the Baptist in the wilderness—see Matthew iii. 4.' They were rather delicate—tasted like white-bait.

"Our brigands, now quite domesticated, convoyed us through the bush, and led us within sight of the village. There stood its brown walls; above them rising minarets, and domes bluer but toning with the afternoon sky. We could see patches of flowers. Nightingales were singing. I was gay with the thought of having a glimpse again of the famous rose-gardens within. But Quayle was not thinking of nightingales, rose-gardens, nor blue domes. As we hastened on, my habitually equable friend was in an excess of trepidation and suspense about the Mir-Saraband which lay somewhere behind these walls in a mean mud hovel.

"We were sprinkling deodorizers about our quarters in the caravansary when Elez, the old Ooriman, came to greet us. Quayle received him with strained indifference.

"Day after day he put him off—would not even look at the Mir-Saraband. I even got him to tour the rose-gardens with me; but all the while he was pent up and constrained.

"Our dragomans learned that Elez took joy in the mere excitement of bargaining. It was his hobby—as women or horses or decorated weapons might be with others. Being of light colors, his rug had little beauty in Persian eyes; and after Quayle's former demonstration of scorn for it, the old Ooriman had been an object of derision in the bazaars.

"One evening Quayle gave word to pack for departure at dawn. Elez rattled at our paper windows, but we did not let him in. He sighed, and sat long on the *balakhana*, muttering.

"I wondered if Quayle's 'seeking' spirit had gone off duty.

"Sometimes when Quayle is drifting most enigmatically, he is nevertheless doing business. One day, in a mosque, he approached the verger and, pointing to a frayed and tattered bit of carpet, exclaimed sympathetically: 'What a shame that in so beautiful an edifice you should have no better rug!' 'We are poor, effendi,' answered the Turk. For his sins, and the hope of Paradise, Quayle solemnly pledged to supply a clean rug, sound and fit. Presently he sent it to the verger, and received in return—you are not to suppose that the Turk did not know what he was doing—the ancient tatters. Those tatters are now whole and clean and give brilliance to a drawing-room on Lake Shore Drive!

"Elez was worn and weary in the morning. The Mir-Saraband was spread in the sun.

"'Sahaab,' he began, 'you have a price?'

"'You know what it is, Elez. It will never change.'

"Quayle mounted, quite as on that other day—only more pacific, unwarlike, as indifferent as the little white ass. He spoke quietly to the guards and started.

"Thereupon, suddenly, the old man fell into a paroxysm of anger. He raged and shouted and blasphemed—reaching at last the storied climax which you still witness among these frenzied bargainers: a vengeful tearing at his beard! He groveled on the stones and wailed; rose up at last, red gleams in his eyeballs, and teeth gnashing, and ran and threw the lustrous Mir-Saraband across Quayle's saddle-bow!

"Quayle reined in; recalling the tumultuous rapture with which he had marked off the final mile of the desert trail to this village, I marveled at his calmness.

"'I wouldn't do it if it hurt like that,' he remarked, tossing down a handful of coins which he had ready-counted."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Debasement of Music in America

By MARY GARDEN

With a Defense by W. J. HENDERSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Mary Garden, the proponent, is a Chicago girl who, after heroic struggles, conquered the opera-going French people and attained the high rank of prima donna of the famous Opéra Comique in Paris, where she receives a salary as an employee of the republic. She is best known for her interpretation of the leading rôles in "Thaïs," "Louise," and "Pelleas and Melisande," the last words in French opera, which she is now introducing to New York in the Hammerstein Opera House. W. J. Henderson is the author of "What Is Good Music?" "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music," "Modern Musical Drift," etc., and is the musical critic of the New York Sun.

THE most powerful enemy of progress is self-delusion. It is absolutely necessary for those who wish to advance to be, first of all, honest with themselves. For this reason it is best for us to face the truth, cruel and harsh though it may seem, and to realize that there is at present no art in America. Our country is far too young to have attained this, the highest and most beautiful phase of civilization. We produce some artists—great artists—but it is to foreign countries and foreign masters that we owe the development, and the first recognition, of their genius. The great mental energy that distinguishes us as a people has thus far been devoted to the pursuit of more material things. Art has been neglected; and though we may love and applaud music, the most beautiful of all the arts, we have made little effort to foster and encourage its development at home.

I know that this is not the generally accepted idea. Because the city of New York possesses two great opera-houses, and because there are throughout the country a number of pretentious musical organizations whose concerts are largely attended, we are prone to believe that our musical taste is "up-to-date." As a matter of fact, in my humble opinion, this is very far from the truth. Of the great modern school of music the American public knows as yet scarcely anything, and it is to-day quite content and happy with the operas of its grandmothers.

Moreover, America is still satisfied with "tone," as opposed to interpretation. This is shown by the great popularity of Melba and Sembrich, perhaps the last, and certainly the greatest, exponents of the colorature school, which charmed the world until near the close of the nineteenth century. To-day we see the beginning of the great modern school, the music of which deals with and carries to the hearts of its audiences great human truths. This modern music aims not wholly at the senses, but also at the mind. It does not aim merely at providing a vehicle for the production of glorious tones. It goes deeper than tone. It strives for a musical interpretation of the impulses and motives of the human mind and heart and soul. It represents not persons, but passions.

And it is directed at the masses of the people. We cannot hope for the highest and best until the so-called common people have had their art sense awakened; until we have a jury of the whole, which shall decide what is good and what is bad; what we will and what we will not accept. Give me the approval of the masses, and I can survive without the aristocracy, or the critics. Not that the latter are to be despised or ignored, but their minority decision should not be final.

What makes or breaks great works on their first performance in Europe? Not the verdict of the aristocracy, nor of the critics, but the masses, the common people. It is in

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1907, by Mishkin, New York.

MARY GARDEN.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1907, by Aitken, New York.

GIOVANNI ZENATELLO.

Copyright, 1907, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

LINA CAVALLIERI.

the galleries that the battle is waged, with hisses and applause, and it is upon the prevailing opinion of this portion of the audience that the fate of a work depends.

But in America, alas, the masses do nothing. They are silent, without expression or opinion. It is the critic who assumes to tell this nation what is good work and what bad; and I believe, and am daring enough to say, that there is no man or small coterie of men capable of teaching a nation art. It needs wide-spread defense of a work or wide-spread attack upon it. It needs the battle of minds among the people; and again I say, alas! our people, our masses, have not yet been musically educated, have not yet had an opportunity to live in the proper musical atmosphere.

One great drawback for the masses here is that the opera season lasts but a few months, and that the prices of the limited number of representations during that brief period are so very high that the people generally cannot afford to go. It is dreadful to me to realize that it is the very people whose souls long for music, and who sooner or later will, I believe, be the chief factors in building it up here as they have been in Europe, who are now denied the opportunity, not only of satisfying themselves, but of lending their aid to the spread of art feeling and comprehension.

That there is a distinct longing for music among the masses is indicated by the enormous demand for the music furnished by the mechanical piano and the various talking-machines. These clever devices have brought the great compositions and the great artists within the reach, indeed within the homes, of almost every one, and have brought them there without the handicap of critical cant or of absurd pretensions to knowledge. As an-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1907, by Mishkin, New York.

CHARLES DAUMORE S.

GERALDINE FARRAR.

other evidence of the inclinations of the people, I was greatly impressed and pleased with the intense interest shown by a popular audience in the Lyceum Theatre the other day in Mr. Walter Damrosch's lecture on Debussy's great work of "Pelleas and Melisande." Debussy is one of the moderns of whom we must have an understanding, if we are to keep pace with the art of the day.

Another is Massenet, not, perhaps, the greatest of composers, but so beautiful, so human, so complete in his understanding of life, that his work teems with deep and wonderful meanings, which cannot fail to uplift when we study and understand it.

And as Massenet is not the greatest composer, neither is his "Thaïs," which I am presenting, the greatest of operas. Though it is a worthy example of the new school, and will serve admirably to illustrate my theory, it is not by any means opera at its highest development. Even now in France it is considered *passé*. Other and greater operas have been written since "Thaïs," and some of them would, as yet, I fear, be too difficult for the American public properly to interpret or to accept. It would be unfair to present them here now. Of this great modern school I have chosen, to present to America, besides "Thaïs," "Louise," by Charpentier; and "Pelleas and Melisande," by Debussy—"Thaïs" representing the charm; "Louise," the force; "Pelleas and Melisande," the genius of the French school. Surely no one could wish a prouder privilege than to make these mean something to America—to modern, thinking America.

Whether I shall succeed in my ambition to make these masters understood, to have my own small part in awakening a national musical life, it is, of course, impossible to say. And though I am hopeful, I realize that the task is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

one presenting the utmost difficulties. It is hard, for one thing, to make the people realize the complete devotion and single-mindedness necessary for the development of the individual *artiste*. Since my arrival here a gentleman has written, asking me to help him in the work he is doing to secure the establishment of a National Conservatory of Music and Art—where young people may study, at the same time staying in their homes and losing nothing of their family life.

Beautiful as the idea may seem, it would be disastrous indeed for the individual. This would do very well for instruction in music as an essential part of any well-rounded education; to awaken understanding and appreciation; to prepare us intelligently to receive and judge the work of the great composers and interpreters. Indeed, for these purposes we cannot well have too many of these conservatories, provided the instructors are properly equipped for their work. But a person born with genius will hardly find in the home the atmosphere to develop it, for the never-ceasing compliments on one side, or the incomprehension on the other, would be fatal. So in this particular the sentiments of America are hardly correct for the development of artistic talent.

The person endowed with genius who has not the courage to go into the world and struggle alone is never going to get to the top of the ladder of fame. Let him go and fight it out for himself. Let him struggle and, if need be, starve, but never let individuality be crushed out by more ignorant minds. So I say, send the genius away into another country, another atmosphere, to learn other languages, to saturate his mind with the art of older countries, and he will then come back to be the joy of his family and the pride of his countrymen. Perhaps, in the course of time, when a few generations of foreign-trained geniuses have given America a knowlege of the really artistic, the nation will find that the work of training can be done on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other.

In closing, I wish again to emphasize that real opera—modern opera—concerns itself not only with tone, but with the interpretation of vital truths. In France it no longer suffices for a fine large woman to walk more or less stiffly through the scenes of a long opera, until, at a signal from the conductor, she suddenly steps forward, squares herself toward the audience, and emits the few glorious tones of an aria. The top note may thrill and astonish an audience, may even gain the approval of the critics, but this is not art, it is mere vocal acrobatics. No thought is conveyed. No one pure tone, nor even a whole flock of pure tones, can of themselves make an opera. Were it not for the actor's art, modern opera could not endure. This is shown by the decline of the old purely vocal performances, and the rise of this new human French school. In this movement Jean de Rezske has been one of the most powerful factors. In the splendid school for singing that he has established in Paris, he has instituted the most rigid requirements as to instruction in the art of acting. His pupils are taught to pay quite as much attention to this branch as to singing. So I have been taught, and this is why, even though my voice is not really great in itself, I am able to do my part in bringing out the true underlying purpose of the great composers. This is why I dare come home to face the jury of my countrymen.

The Actual Status of Music in America

By W. J. HENDERSON

IN a suggestive essay on "The Philosophy of the Short Story," Brander Matthews said: "If it chance that artists fall to talking about their art, it is the critic's place to listen, that he may pick up a little knowledge." Lately, the artists have been talking, the critics listening, and the little knowledge has been disseminated and received. "*In Amerika giebt es keine Kunst*," sighs one. "There is at present no art in America," says another. And forthwith we are "condemned to everlasting redemption."

To attempt the enterprise of silencing these airy censors of a people would be a desperate

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

undertaking. And, when exactitude is sifted out of their indeterminate utterances, a modicum of indisputable truth is to be found in them. The lamentations over our artistic state have come from opera singers, and to them art means not even so wide a thing as music, but one branch of it, namely, opera, which has made less advance to high levels in America than all other music.

Even in this field their assertions lack directness, for it is plain from the context of their proclamations that they refer not to the making of music, but to the public reception of it. In their faulting of the public there is further disclosure of inability to add two and two, for one admirable interpreter censures her public in one breath for its ignorance and in another for the lack of it.

Photograph by Mishkin, New York.

MME. TETRAZZINI.

It is quite true that the quantity and quality of the music composed in this country up to the present time come near to justifying the accusation that here there is "no art." We have indeed only the *avant-coureurs* of a body of composers. As in Germany, France, and Italy, these musicians imitate their predecessors. The Italian imitated the Netherlander, who reared his system on fragments of Greek and Hebrew musical thought. The German imitated the Italian, and so did the Frenchman. Much time elapsed before independence of style and thought was attained anywhere. Much time will be needed here, and the country will have to recover from the effects of three serious wars, of a period of reconstruction, and of an era of extraordinary material growth, all of them forces hostile to the development of any art, especially to one entirely insensible to utilitarian impulse.

Meanwhile we are repeating history, simply because that is what happens in the progress of nations. We are importing most of our art, and nearly all of our music. We are devouring everything. Later on we shall feast less and subsist better. We shall become epicures and select with daintier appetites. But any view of our present taste in music which sets forth that we are narrow, is entirely incorrect. Our fresh and youthful appetite is omnivorous. We have no national prejudices, no racial affections. We do not care whether music be written by Jew or Gentile, by Frenchman, German, Greek, or Irishman, so long as it seems to us to be agreeable.

As a whole we are an unsophisticated musical public. Yet within the borders of our larger communities, such as Boston, New York, and Chicago, may be found cults. We have connoisseurs of exquisite taste and nicely balanced judgment. Those of New York will be found at the concerts of the Boston and New York Symphony Orchestras, the Philharmonic, the Musical Art Society, the Kneisel Quartet. Similar bodies of music lovers exist in every city of any pretension in this country, and even in many of the smaller towns, where opera does not break in nor colorature singing corrupt. But even our best bodies of connoisseurs have not yet acquired dainty appetites in so far as varieties of music are concerned.

There is a welcome here for the works of every school, and this cannot now be said of any of the sophisticated musical publics of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1907, by Mishkin, N. Y.

MME. RUSS.

Copyright, 1907, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

MME. NORDICA.

Copyright, 1907, by Mishkin, N. Y.

SIGNOR BONCI.

Europe. France enjoys only a few German compositions, and even fewer Italian. Germany recoils from most of the products of France and from still more of those of Italy. England has of late begun to sit up and take notice, but long before she discovered Tschaikowsky, César Franck, Vincent d'Indy, Richard Strauss, and other modern leaders, they were well known here. The catholicity of American programs has again and again astonished musical visitors from Europe. That emotional music is in the ascendent is true, for the simple reason that to an unsophisticated public it is the one sure appeal. The subtleties of intellectual music are not for the inexpert. Yet even music of this type is played in America and is received with serious consideration, both in the opera-house and outside of it.

The great choral compositions of the masters are often given in

Copyright, 1907, by Mishkin, New York.

AMADEO BASSI.

places of which the newspapers make no mention, while chamber-music of grave character is widely performed. Here are a few records selected at random from sources most readily accessible. In New York, in the season of 1892–93, these novelties were produced: Dvořák's triple overture, "Nature, Life, Love"; Paul Gilson's symphony, "La Mer"; Benjamin Godard's second violin concerto; Goldmark's piano quintet; Klughardt's C minor symphony; Koch's symphony, "From the North Sea"; Lassen's violin concerto in D minor; Novacek's E minor quartet; Schönefeld's symphony in G; Templeton Strong's symphony in G minor; Tschaikowsky's suite, "Souvenir de Florence"; Zöllner's "Waldphantasie"; Part II of Benoit's "Die Scheide"; Chadwick's "Phœnix Expirans"; Dvořák's "Te Deum" and "Spectre's Bride"; Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz"; Moszkow-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1907, by Aimé Dupont, N.Y.

SIGNOR CARUSO.

Copyright, 1907, by Mishkin, New York.

SIGNOR SAMMARCO.

Copyright, 1907, by Aimé Dupont, N.Y.

MME. HOMER.

ski's "Boabdil"; Horatio Parker's "Dream King and His Love" and "Hora Novissima"; and Edgar Tinel's "St. Francis of Assisi." That record would be creditable to any European city.

In the same season I find that Allegheny, Pennsylvania, gave Max Bruch's "Frithjof" and Gounod's "Redemption." Ann Arbor, Michigan, heard quartets by Beethoven, Schumann, Haydn, and Grieg. The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra gave six concerts, performing symphonies of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, and producing several novelties, and the Peabody Symphony Orchestra also gave seven concerts in Baltimore. Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, heard Bach's "Saint Matthew Passion" under Wolle. Buffalo had eight symphony concerts under John Lund, and heard works of the best masters in all schools. The Dayton, Ohio, Choral Society performed

Copyright, 1907, by Mishkin, New York.

MARIO ANCONA.

Gounod's "Mors et Vita," Händel's "Jubilate," and the first part of Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul." The Philharmonic Society of Des Moines, Iowa, gave "The Messiah." The Detroit Symphony Orchestra gave four concerts, with works of Beethoven, Massenet, Gounod, Mendelssohn (Italian Symphony), Wagner, and others. Evanston, Illinois, had chamber-music recitals, and listened to such music as the piano and violin sonatas of Beethoven and Händel. The Goshen, Indiana, Vocal Society gave Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," Flotow's "Marta," Bellini's "La Sonnambula," and Händel's "Israel in Egypt." The Lincoln, Nebraska, Oratorio Society gave Händel's "Acis and Galatea" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Tiffin, Ohio, heard "Elijah" and the "Messiah," and Salt Lake City heard Buck's "Light of Asia" and Haydn's "Creation."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In the same year most of the larger cities, knowing not the joys of opera, were feasting on good music and not starving for "Faust" or "Aïda." Records are overwhelming and cannot be liberally quoted, but in passing let us note that in the one season of 1903–4 the Philadelphia Orchestra performed compositions by Tschaikowsky, Robert Schumann, Händel, Wagner, Mozart, Delibes, Dvořák, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Bach, Beethoven (the Ninth Symphony, by the way), Grieg, Reznicek, Goldmark, Brahms, Schillings, George Schumann, Weber, Haydn, Moszkowski, Sibelius, Van Gelder, and Richard Strauss, the last named conducting his own works. What Chicago, Boston, and Pittsburg were doing in the same season may readily be imagined.

People do not greedily absorb such a mass of music year after year if they do not like it. The American certainly has not reached the satiety and the fastidiousness of the gourmet. Neither has he the gluttony of a boor. That which has in it the spark of elemental life, which gives off the flame of inspiration, even if it be the inspiration of the rhapsodic skald and not that of the introspective analyst of world sicknesses, is for him sufficient.

This explains the tremendous appeal that the Wagnerian drama has made to him. It also explains his indifference to what Mr. Gilman has called "the perfumed sentiment of Massenet" and the tone riddles of Vincent d'Indy. This accounts for the quick and emphatic success of the music of Tschaikowsky and the failure of such compositions as Scriabine's symphony, "The Divine Poem." That which has only cunning craftsmanship or intellectual sophistry to commend it finds little favor with the young, buoyant, supremely natural American public.

The charge that we are overfond of mere tone and that we have a lamentable yearning for vocal acrobatics is a specious one, and it has certain fundamental defects. In the first place, it is not the whole truth, and in the second place it is a charge that cannot be brought against us alone. Let us dismiss the second objection first. Patti, Melba, and Sembrich have been admired no more in this country than in Europe. Caruso's golden tones have made no greater stir here than they have in Berlin, in Vienna, in Budapest. Even in Paris they like to hear a little good singing occasionally, and have applauded the tones of Patti and Emma Eames.

Secondly, the people of these United States have honored Patti, Melba, and Sembrich and their kind no more than Lilli Lehmann, Marianne Brandt, Ternina, and others, whose appeal was not made by the sheer emission of beautiful sounds nor by the facile execution of *bravura* passages. Even to-day Mme. Sembrich's most potent enchantments are exercised not in the lacework of "Lucia," but in the psychologic poetry of Brahms, Schubert, and Schumann, which demands above all things interpretative insight based upon keen perceptions and emotional sympathy.

Lilli Lehmann's reputation as an impersonator of the greater heroines of the Wagnerian drama was made in America. Max Alvary, most captivating of all young *Siegfrieds*, was revealed in New York. Emil Fischer, greatest interpreter of *Hans Sachs*, was adored alike by the wise and the innocent in this town. Here, too, the matchless Jean de Reszke first ventured to sing German parts with German text. Here he first sought to superimpose on his Gallic elegance, distinction, and polish of style, the directness and the fidelity of the German manner. Here he learned to develop his *Lohengrin* from a troubadour of Provence into a true Grail knight. Here he first sounded the vibrant chords of eternal youth and universal passion in the young *Siegfried*. Here he first probed the depths of despair and human agony in *Tristan*. Was it mere tone that Jean de Reszke gave us? Rather was it an art so beautiful that we have not yet found its fellow. For it we would gladly sacrifice the clarion peals now so dear to those "Americans" whose approving cries are in the tongue of the San Carlo Theatre.

Whether the small burden of approval of the adventurers into new realms of musical tone, such as Debussy, shall swell into a general chorus of praise cannot yet be told. But the fact that the works of the explorers in composition are already heard and thoughtfully considered here proves that the American public continues to show that openness of mind which is the striking and invaluable characteristic of its attitude toward musical art.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"GUG-GUG-GUG," HE SAID.

The Transfer of Google

By E. J. RATH

Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright

WITH an ease that came from much conscientious practise, the burglar slid over the sill of the dining-room window and dropped gently to the sod below. Very considerately he closed the window, for it was foolish to annoy people with drafts when there was work to be done near by. It was very early; not yet midnight, in fact. But it was also an early-to-bed suburb, and that enabled him to begin his day early and keep seasonable hours, which were just as necessary in his occupation as in any other.

As he stepped away from the house, his outside man sidled from behind a tree and joined him silently. The inside man merely pointed at the house next door, and they strolled quietly across the lawn that intervened, making unerringly for the dining-room window. Here they paused for a minute while the inside man transferred a few trifles to the pockets of the outside man. Then the latter stooped and made a stepping-stone of his back, on which the inside man mounted skilfully. He touched the window-sash familiarly and gave no sign of elation or astonishment as it yielded and slid upward. Suburban folks are generally of that school of philosophy which teaches: "What's the use?"

One leg over the sill, the burglar listened for a minute, with his head poked inside, and then he disappeared into the room. The man outside stepped back a few paces and leaned against a tree, for he was merely a watchman. The chill and dewy air persuaded him to turn up his coat-collar and huddle. It will be much more comfortable to follow the man inside.

Just as the latter supposed, he was in the dining-room. He lighted half a dozen matches in succession, and their brief illumination was sufficient to enable him to find all that was worth taking. Then he tiptoed into the hall, toward the front of the house. There was a dim gaslight here, and another in the parlor, into which he glanced carelessly. At the foot of the stairs he paused and noted that the house was perfectly quiet. Then he began to mount the steps, placing his feet alternately close to the banisters and to the wall, so that there should be no annoying cracking from the spring of the treads. On the sixth step he halted abruptly.

Clear and distinct came the fretful cry of a baby. He permitted himself an expression of disgust and apprehension, for a baby's cry always meant a crisis. Softly he drew his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

breath and awaited developments. The first little cry was followed by another, and a third; and now the baby was getting under way, for there came a closely knit succession of infantile complaints, voiced in a higher key as each second passed. The burglar strained his ears for the answering step of the mother, but he did not hear it. This was puzzling, for the yells were now well measured and insistent. Inasmuch as nobody was yet aroused, it was evident that retreat was easy. He turned as if to retrace his steps, then paused again. It was curious that nobody paid any attention to the baby. The unanswered wail piqued his curiosity. Against all common sense and convention, he decided to investigate.

On tiptoe he reached the second floor hall, listening at each step, but no sound save the yelling of the baby was to be heard in the house. The doors of two rooms at either hand were open, and he glanced into each. They were empty. Cautiously he moved down the hall in the direction of a half-open door at its other end, drawing nearer as he did so to the source of the wails. He stopped at the threshold and surveyed the interior through the crack between the door and its frame. There was a dim light inside. Near the center of the room was an empty bed. In the farther corner was a crib. He shook his head in bewilderment, and turned and ran lightly up to the third floor. Here he examined three rooms and found them all empty of human occupants. As he returned to the second floor he was less cautious about making a noise.

Entering the bed-room he went boldly to the gas jet and turned up the light. Then he stepped over to the crib.

The baby stopped in the middle of a full-lunged cry and stared at him unwinkingly through a pair of blue eyes.

HE TESTED THE TEMPERATURE OF THE MILK CRITICALLY WITH HIS FINGER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"All alone, hey?" inquired the burglar.

The baby continued to stare without reply.

"Keepin' house all by yourself?" said the burglar, laying a hand on the brass rail of the crib. The baby viewed him in silence for half a minute more, and then bestowed upon him a drooling and cheerful smile. Two pink hands began to beat up and down on the coverlet in unison. The burglar responded with a grin.

"Google, google," he said tentatively, leaning over the crib.

"Google," responded the baby.

"Eechey weechey," added the burglar.

"Ah-yah-yah-yah-yah—wee-e-e-e-e," came the reply, with dignified gravity.

The burglar poised a forefinger over the crib and moved it in cabalistic circles, now and again poking it swiftly at various points of the baby's anatomy. At each successive sally of the finger the baby gurgled and smiled. Understanding was perfect. The burglar reached for a chair, drew it to the side of the crib, and sat down.

"You ain't scared of me, are you?" he said, making a new series of feints and jabs with his finger.

"Oggle, uggle, oggle," replied the baby, beating the coverlet in renewed ecstasy.

"I thought so. You're a reg'lar sport," observed the burglar approvingly.

"Woo-o-o-o-o—aah-h-h-h," in confirmation.

The burglar shoved a forefinger gently into a tiny hand and the pink fingers gripped it cordially.

"Pore little feller," he said. "All alone by his lonely. All I got to say, Google, is, I don't think none too much of your pa and ma for goin' out an' leavin' you on the job all alone."

GOOGLE GAVE HIMSELF WHOLLY TO THE PURSUIT OF LIQUID JOY.

The baby considered this for a moment, and replied:

"Ee-e-e-e-e-e-e!"

"You're wise," said the burglar. "It's a mean trick. They'd oughter be ashamed of themselves. If my old woman did a stunt like that, I'd let her know what, quick."

"Ak-ak-ak-ak-ak-ak — gah-h-h-h-h," answered the baby, beating the worsted counterpane emphatically.

"Why, it's a outrage," added the burglar, visibly indignant. "Why—why, you might be stole, fer all they'd know."

After solemnly considering the matter, the baby signified his agreement with this view.

"Gug-gug-gug," he said, which left no possible doubt of his meaning.

"That's right; it's a bum shame," nodded the burglar. "Ain't it, Google? Hey? You bet yer life it is. Why, your pa an' ma don't deserve to have no baby. Shame, is what I says, Google. Shame on 'em! Hey?"

"Goo-o-o-o-o—aah-h-h-h."

"Sure, I'm right," said the burglar, feeling under the coverlet for a fat little foot. "Lord knows what folks have babies fer if they don't mind 'em. Why, when I heard you yellin', Google, I waited fer your ma or pa to get up. Then I come up-stairs to see fer myself. An' say, Google, what was you cryin' fer, anyhow?"

The baby smiled, drooled tremendously, and began to kick.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Cold?" inquired the burglar, arranging the spread deftly.

Valiant kicks and a series of swings with pink fists.

"Maybe you're hungry, hey?"

"Kaa-a-a-a-a," enthusiastically.

"I knew you was, Google," said the burglar, disengaging his hand. "I'll see if I can find a bottle for you."

As he left the side of the crib, the baby flung after him a long-drawn wail. The burglar stepped back and shook his finger severely.

"I'm only goin' fer your bottle," he said.

As he turned away again, a fresh wail halted him.

"Ah, be a sport, Google," he said. "I'm after the grub, see? Here, play with this."

He dropped a ring of skeleton keys on the spread, within reach of a small hand, that grabbed it promptly. The keys jingled pleasantly and the baby looked at them in astonishment. It took time to inspect them properly, and the burglar slipped from the room unnoticed.

As he passed through the dining-room on the floor below, he glanced through the window and saw that his partner Bill was still keeping a restless vigil.

"Bill can wait a while," he muttered, as he went on into the kitchen. Here he struck a light, after drawing down the shades, and began to hunt in the pantry. Presently he found the bottle, rubber mouthpiece and all, and he carried it to the sink and washed it carefully. There was a bottle of milk in the ice-chest, and some of its contents he poured into a saucepan, which he placed on the gas range, lighting a jet underneath. A moment later he tested the temperature of the milk critically with his finger. Then he filled the nursing bottle and affixed the nipple skilfully, in the manner of a man who knows what he is doing. Apparently doubtful, even then, he took a swallow, smacking his lips with a judicial air.

"It'll be just right by the time I git upstairs," he said, turning out the kitchen light. As he ascended the steps he heard the voice of Google, giving premonitory warnings of another song of woe, so he hastened. As he entered the room the small voice ceased, the baby gave a welcoming rattle of the keys, and a beatific and gurgling smile rewarded him.

"Here y' are, Google," said the burglar, slipping into the chair at the crib-side. He shifted the small body in the crib, patted the bedclothes, adjusted the pillow so as to form a proper resting-place for the bottle, and then presented his offering. Google seized it with both hands, and gave himself wholly to the pursuit of liquid joy.

"Just right, ain't it?" observed the burglar, with a touch of vanity. "Your ma couldn't fix it to beat that."

Google had no time for verbal reply, but now and then rolled his unwinking eyes gratefully in the direction of the author of his happiness. The burglar, with increasing enthusiasm, watched the contents of the bottle disappear.

"Pore little feller," he said. "Left alone an' hungry as a dorg. Gawd knows what things is comin' to these days, when folks goes off an' leaves young ones with no one to look after 'em, except them as may drop in casual."

Google let the empty bottle slip from his

THE AIR WAS RESONANT WITH THE VOICE OF GOOGLE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GOOGLE SHOWED ENTIRE SATISFACTION WITH THE SITUATION.

hands with a happy sigh and stared at his benefactor. The burglar found a crumpled handkerchief in his pocket and wiped the baby's mouth carefully.

"There," he said. "How'd you like to have me fer a pa?"

The answering smile was plainly an indorsement of the suggestion.

"Now you go to sleep like a good feller," said the burglar, readjusting the coverlet and gingerly pinching the small chin that showed just above it. Google began a new series of semaphoric signals with his arms, until he had them free of the bedclothes.

"Sh-h-h-h," said the burglar, again drawing up the covers. "Now you go to sleep."

"Aaa-wa-wa-yaa-a-a-ah," said Google, smiling.

"Here, don't get bad now, Google," said the burglar, shaking a reproving finger. "I got to go; friend waitin' fer me. See? You go to sleep like a good little feller, just like the two little babies next door. Ever seen them little babies? I seen 'em just a little while ago, when I walks into the nurs'ry by accident. Two of 'em in a big crib, an' sleepin' as nice as you please. You bet I didn't wake them up, 'cause *their* pa and ma is home. Now I want you to go to sleep just like them, even if your folks is gaddin'. I ain't goin' to steal nothin' that belongs to *you*. They ain't much that's worth while here, anyhow," he said regretfully.

"Well, so long, then, Google," he added, pinching a fat cheek, and then rising and turning down the gas. There was a sharp wail from the crib.

"Ah, ah," said the burglar, turning from

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the dresser, where he was engaged in sorting out some small articles of silver. "Go to sleep now, like a good kid."

He started for the door, and the wail from the crib was pitched in a higher key. He went back and leaned over Google, who became silent immediately.

"Now, now," said the burglar, shaking his finger, "it's time fer you to go to sleep. All little fellers is asleep now. Goin' to be good, Google?"

It certainly seemed as if Google had decided to adopt this plan, for he closed his eyes blissfully. The burglar hung over him for a minute, watching him curiously, and then with a grin he began to sidle noiselessly away from the crib. Half-way across the room he thought he was safe, and turned to the door. Before he reached it the air was again resonant with the voice of Google. The burglar paused irresolute, then sighed and turned back.

"I ain't got the heart to leave him yellin' like that," he murmured. He picked up Google gently and swung him back and forth. The baby relapsed at once into silence.

"I'm a-goin' to put you to sleep, you little son of a gun," declared the burglar.

Google resented this announcement with a sharp yell.

"Want me to sing, hey?" asked the burglar. "All right, I'll sing, though it ain't much in my line. Here she goes."

He crooned a wordless thing in gruff tones, modulating his voice as well as he could to a monotonous key. Google fell silent again and regarded him with some display of astonishment. But the lullaby reached the mark after a while, for Google began to sigh gently and finally closed his eyes. For a moment or two longer the burglar droned his song, swinging his burden rhythmically, and then he tiptoed over to the crib, drew back the coverlet and softly deposited Google. As he arranged the bedclothing he bent his head over the round little face, hesitated, and then drew back.

"It'd only wake him if I did," he thought. "Pore little feller. I only wisht his folks had somethin' worth takin'. It'd be a pleasure, seein' they're so mean in leavin' him without comp'ny."

He backed off cautiously, but ran into a chair before he reached the door. Google stirred, turned his head on the pillow, perceived the impending desertion, disapproved of it, and yelled.

"Off again," sighed the burglar. "I'm an awful clumsy feller. Well, I can't waste no more time with Google."

But he did, for a moment later he was walking to and fro, a warm bundle in his arms, and growling his lullaby hoarsely and earnestly. Google consented to waive his claim to the right to speak, but he would not close his blue eyes. With one hand firmly gripping the end of the burglar's mustache, he showed entire satisfaction with the situation.

"Now, see here, young feller," said his nurse, "you don't expect me to stay here till your pa an' ma comes home, do you? So why don't you be good?"

Google made no reply to this, whereupon he was replaced in the crib. Then he spoke freely enough.

"Now, that ain't a square deal," said the burglar reproachfully. "Ain't I fed you? Ain't I sung to you? Ain't I rocked you? Now you go to sleep like the little babies next door."

But Google would make no concessions. He had conceived an aversion to his crib. Thrice he was put back into it, to be removed as often in the interests of quiet and peace.

"COME OUT OF THERE," SAID BILL, "AND DON'T GO TAKIN' NO CHANCES FER NOTHIN'."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"YOU PASS UP THAT THERE GOOGLE," SAID JIM, "OR I'LL LICK THE STUFFIN' OUT OF YOU."

The last time he was deposited, the burglar had reached the head of the stairs before he turned back. Then he did so with a despairing shake of his head.

"It ain't no use," he said. "I can't leave a little feller yellin' all by hisself. Sounds like one of my own kids. But what'll I do?"

As he again took up his burden, he decided to ask Google himself.

"See here, you, Napoleon George Washington Google, you're makin' lots of trouble fer me. I'm losin' good time. I got work to do. An' Bill is waitin' and he must be gittin' worried. What am I goin' to do with you?"

"Ickle, ickle, ickle," suggested Google.

"Sure thing; but how'm I goin' to do it?"

"Woo-o-o-o-gung," explained Google.

"Well, if the little son of a gun ain't got four teeth," said the burglar in a tone of surprise, and dropped the subject of how to dispose of Google while he examined his discovery with a gentle exploratory finger.

"Yep; they're teeth, all right," said the burglar. "Four of 'em. Now wouldn't that beat you? They're fine teeth, Google; elegant. Now will you be good if I put you back?"

He took a step in the direction of the crib and Google yelled. He backed away again and the yell subsided.

"Now, I wonder why in blazes he can't sleep like other kids?" he mused, in deep perplexity. "He sure has taken a shine to me, all right. I wisht he'd take a shine to his crib."

Subsequent experiments proved beyond peradventure that Google had forsworn his couch indefinitely. He now demanded to be carried. Presently the burglar took a fresh hitch on his burden and squared his shoulders.

"I guess there ain't no other way," he said. "He'll yell his head off if he's left here alone, pore little devil."

He drew the coverlet from the crib, wrapped it carefully around Google, and started downstairs. Google found it pleasant to hold fast to his nurse's ear and jingle the ring of keys, which he did all the way to the dining-room. Carefully the burglar threaded his way through the furniture in the darkened room and approached the window.

"Pssst!" he said, leaning out.

Bill stepped forward from his place under the tree and reached up his arms mechanically.

"Careful now," said the man in the window, handing over the bundle gingerly. "Ouch! Leggo my ear, Google."

"Well, fer Gawd's sake!" exclaimed Bill, almost dropping the bundle.

"Hang on to him tight," said the man in the window sharply, as he prepared to descend. "Don't hold him that way. Keep his head up. Don't you know no better?"

"What the blazes is this game?" demanded Bill, dodging his head from side to side as Google made jabs at his nose.

"Sssh! That's Google," said the burglar as his feet hit the lawn.

"Well, what good is he? Kin you hock him?"

The burglar looked at his partner disdainfully and relieved him of his bundle.

"Kidnappin', hey?" said Bill. "You must be lookin' fer about forty years, Jim. Are you nutty?"

"I ain't nutty and I ain't kidnappin," said Jim shortly. "But here's a pore little feller left all alone in his house an' he won't quit hollerin'.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I PUTS HIM IN THE MIDDLE AN' COVERS HIM UP AN' I EAVES HIM HAPPY."

"Well, what's it to you whether he hollers? I tell you right now I ain't goin' to have no hand in this. There's enough chances in the business 'thout stealin' Googles, if that's what you call him."

"Did I say I was stealin' him?" demanded Jim. "Has anybody ast you to have anythin' to do with it? Not as I recollect. This is my own private affair—mine an' Google's. You ain't required to do nothin'."

Then he started across the lawn in the direction of the house which he had left an hour before, Bill following him mechanically, but dazed. The burglar stopped under the window which he had been so careful to close after him, and handed Google to his partner.

"Hold him a minute," he said, "an' don't let him jingle them keys."

"What you goin' to do now?" growled Bill.

"I'm a-goin' to put Google where he'll have comp'ny," said the champion of that small person, as he began to slide the window sash gently upward. "There's two little kids in a nice big crib up-stairs. I seen 'em when I was in a while ago. I'm a-goin' to put Google right into that same crib, where it'll be sociable an' pleasant an' warm fer him."

"Well, you're a fool!" exclaimed Bill, his jaw dropping. "Ain't you got all you want in that place? Don't you know it's bad luck to go back into it? Don't do nothin' of the kind, Jim."

Jim ignored the warning and wormed his way cautiously across the window-sill.

"Now, pass him up," he said

"I won't do nothin' of the kind," said Bill, stepping back a pace. "You're crazy, Jim. Come out of there and don't go takin' no chances fer nothin'."

"You pass up that there Google," said the man in the window savagely, "or I'll come down there an' lick the stuffin' out of you. Hear me?".

Bill approached the window grudgingly, seeing that Jim was determined not to be saved from his fate, and lifted up his burden.

"It's easy to see you don't know nothin' about young ones," said the man inside disgustedly, as Google reached him feet first. "Hold up his head there till I get a grip of him. Don't mind that feller, Google. He don't know no better."

The transfer of Google was accomplished without mishap, the baby still gripping tightly in his little pink fist the ring of skeleton keys. Then he and his nurse disappeared from the window, while Bill slunk rapidly back to a convenient tree and awaited the issue fearfully.

Five minutes passed, then another five, and Bill moved uneasily. He stepped clear of the tree and surveyed the neighboring houses nervously. As his gaze returned to the open window, he saw the figure of his partner framed in it. Jim was beckoning to him, and he approached.

"Want to come in an' see 'em?" whispered Jim, in a voice that trembled with delight.

"See what?" growled Bill.

"Google and them other young ones. All three in the crib an' sound asleep."

Bill smothered an exclamation and said: "You better git outer there quick."

"Oh, all right, if you don't wanter see

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

'em," said Jim, descending to the ground. "Only you just oughter, that's all. When I took him up-stairs to the nurs'ry, there was the pair of 'em, sound asleep. I says, 'Google, see them little kids, behavin' nice an' quiet?' An' he looks at 'em, an' then he looks at me an' grins. An' then what d'you s'pose he does? By jingo, he shuts his eyes an' goes to sleep! So help me, he does. An' then I puts him right down in the middle of 'em, an' covers him up, an' leaves him happy. I bet them folks in there'll be surprised when they finds triplets in the mornin'."

"How 'bout his folks?" growled Bill.

"What do I care 'bout his folks?" demanded Jim. "They didn't care nothin' about him, did they? It'll do 'em good to worry fer a while."

"Well, this's the last time I'm goin' with you if you don't cut out tricks like them," grumbled Bill, as they passed up the block.

"That's 'cause you don't care nothin' about babies," said his partner.

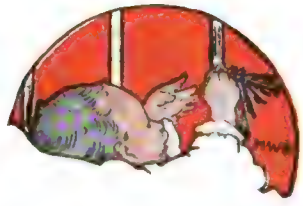
On the next block they paused in front of a house and made a brief inspection. Without a word, the partizan of Google began emptying his pockets into those of his comrade.

"What's this?" demanded Bill, as he sorted out a flimsy little object that shone white under the street lamp.

"That's Google's sock," said his partner, grabbing it hastily and stowing it in an inside pocket. "That b'longs to me."

"Well, you're a hot one," snorted Bill. "Robbin' babies now, hey?"

"Rob nothin'! That ain't goin' into no hock shop. That's one of them things you call a souvenir. Anyhow, ain't Google got my keys?"



The First Rose

(Child's Song)

By V. F. BOYSON

O DEAR day!
Laughing out from clouds that now rise far
As some lost star
And slip away.

Softly I go where no one sees;
The sun is gold in the tops of the trees,
But the leaves underneath still pray.
And all the morning smiles at me, and all the birds call down to me, "Greeting, Isolde."

Still through the dew I pass and pass;
Then gently kneel, lest I hurt the grass,
And again my *Hail Mary* say.
Not one least flower of hers can I lay on her shrine—all were scarcely in bud last night.

Yet, who knows . . .
God has through my garden quietly stepped,
While I still slept,
And see!—a Rose.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IF HER SPEECH WAS GUARDED, SHE SPOKE FREELY IN THE ECSTASY OF THE MUSIC SHE MADE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Honor of Saint Cère

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Author of "Journey's End," "Tommy Carteret," etc.

Illustrations by Will Foster

THAT brave and faithful soul, Général le Comte de Saint Cère is dead, it seems, and resting from his labors. From the beginning to the end of his brief and romantic career the press of Europe has been full of him, for he was such a figure as the press loves. His sudden leap from entire obscurity at the time of the late King's death, his strong and wise efforts to set the young Queen firmly upon her rocking throne, his subsequent position as Minister of War and confidential adviser to the Queen—"the Queen's Right Hand" they used to call him—and finally his peaceful death with the Queen to sit beside him and soothe his going; all these things had a picturesque quality which caught the public eye and made that gentle soldier a sort of idol not only in the country of his adoption but wherever his story was told—and it was told widely.

Yes, the newspapers have made much of him. They have searched out his every act and told it in flowery language—back to a certain point. Of that Saint Cère who rose suddenly from nowhere to succor and safeguard the Queen they have told nothing, because they knew nothing, but I know and, now that the man is dead, there seems to me to be no reason why all the world should not know also, and so the whole of Saint Cère's life be plain and open.

Somehow I think he would have liked it to be so.

Monsieur Saint Cère—"*ce vieux petit* Saint Cère" they called him, those irreverent ones of the quarter where he dwelt, though he was neither very old nor very little—Monsieur Saint Cère was chatting with Madame Vibert, the concierge, under the archway of that court in the *impasse du Maine* which he called his home, when a slender young woman in inconspicuous gray came down the *impasse* from the avenue beyond and halted at the door of the *loge* to take her key from the rack there.

She put a low-voiced question or two to the concierge, and M. Saint Cère uncovered his gray head, and turned a little aside that he might not hear. He however allowed himself—he could not avoid it—to observe that the young woman had a very uncommon face and that she was obviously a lady. It might be, he thought, that the general would not esteem her beautiful, but she was something higher than that. There breathed from her presence a certain distinction such as only a few beings in this world possess, and M. Saint Cère bowed to it.

The young woman went on her way across the court, and old Mme. Vibert jerked a head in that direction.

"The new lodger," she explained. "Mademoiselle Radomir, Mademoiselle Anina Radomir—a Russian, evidently. She has the *petite mansarde au troisième à gauche.*" But M. Saint Cère was frowning across the court toward the stairway into which Mlle. Anina Radomir had disappeared. He was wondering just where and when he had seen her very uncommon face before.

The little granddaughter of the concierge ran out of the *loge*, her fair head swathed in bandages, for she had hurt it in play. Saint Cère drew the child to him, tenderly as a woman, and the grandmother beamed above. He was gentle to all the world, *ce vieux petit* Saint Cère, to the meanest as to the most proud, to the worst as to the best, for he was a very simple gentleman and brave.

It has been said that he was not little, but the world had used him hardly, and he bent his head and bowed his thin shoulders, shrinking as it were before a storm which he could not breast. And he was not old, but his hair was gray and there were lines deep furrowed about his eyes and down the lean cheeks, and

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

they lent him a worn aspect which not even a fiercely erect little mustache and a tiny *mouche* beneath the lower lip could counteract.

He went on his way across the court and up the winding stair and at the first landing let himself into a suite of very luxuriously furnished rooms—studio, sleeping-room, and kitchen—strange rooms to find in this humble quarter of Paris, mysteriously strange.

They did not belong to him, but to a friend—say rather an acquaintance, a superior being of another and a fashionable world, a patron who bestowed no patronage. The Marquis de Gaillac maintained in its ancient and accustomed splendor—a somewhat dingy splendor—the historic *hôtel* in the rue de Lille, but, for reasons into which it is perhaps not necessary to inquire, he found it convenient to maintain also this inconspicuous apartment in a remote quarter of the city. At present he was sojourning at one of the sea-bathing resorts, and, as upon previous occasions, he had got M. Saint Cère to move across the court from his little room under the eaves, in order to safeguard the place.

M. Saint Cère laid aside his cane and his rusty hat—the flat-brimmed, straight-crowned "pot hat" which such as he still wear—and went into the softly shaded light of the big studio at the end of the corridor. He walked to an easel which stood under the broad north window, and sat down upon a stool before it. There were upon the easel two small wooden panels such as painters use. They were copies of the famous Lisa of the Louvre gallery, one finished, the other but half completed. M. Saint Cère looked at them, and a great weariness seemed to fall upon him so that his shoulders bent under it and his gray head drooped.

Life had used him ill. His father, a simple man and a brave soldier, had been in his old age victimized by certain unscrupulous persons so that the last few remnants of a once great estate were swept away to clear the name of debt. The old gentleman died of it, but the son—*ce vieux petit* Saint Cère—held soul and body together by an occupation which turned to account a skill acquired in his youth by way of pastime.

He painted little copies of the Monna Lisa, and sold them for thirty-five francs each to a certain M. Meyer in the rue de Rivoli, who in turn disposed of them for seventy or even a hundred francs—for they were good copies—to the English or American tourists who throng that quarter. At first Saint Cère prosecuted his humble labor—a toil of incredible pains—in that gallery of the Louvre where Monna Lisa hangs, smiling; but the hours there were short and there were many other students, so that at last he made one perfect copy, a little masterpiece, and thereafter worked from this in the *mansarde* in the remote *impasse du Maine*.

At the expense of infinite industry he made one copy a week, and, when it was finished, wrapped it in a newspaper, and bore it across the city to the fat M. Meyer under the arcades of the rue de Rivoli.

So on this day the man sat on his little stool before the two little panels, gazing with weary eyes upon Lisa Gioconda. And Madonna Lisa smiled back at him, sly, catlike, inscrutable, smiled and smiled until the smile seemed to him to become a leering grin, a thing intolerable, and Saint Cère sprang to his feet with an exclamation of disgust and turned away.

In the room beyond he found that the water-jug had not been filled and, remembering that the tap in the kitchen was out of order, he took a tin pail and went down the stairs to the common tap in the courtyard.

The young woman who called herself Anina Radomir was there before him and on the same errand, for there was no water laid to the upper stories of the house. He stood by while she filled her earthen jug, and she bent her head in the slightest possible gesture of courtesy as she passed him. But before she had reached the foot of the stair M. Saint Cère had turned after her. He made a little bow, saying:

"The jug is too heavy for Madame. If Madame permits, I will give myself the pleasure of carrying it to Madame's door." The girl faced him with flushed cheeks, and she looked for a little space very gravely into M. Saint Cère's eyes, as if she sought to read there whether his motive were simple kindness or another thing. But in the end she said:

"You are very good. I thank you." And she let him take the earthen jug, which was in truth too heavy for her, and M. Saint Cère went before her up the three flights of stairs to the door of her high *mansarde*. There she took his burden into her hands, and when he would have left her with his deep old-fashioned bow, she looked again very gravely into the man's worn face and hesitated an instant and said:

"Will you come in, Monsieur? It seems that we are neighbors. I should be glad if

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A GREAT WEARINESS SEEMED TO FALL UPON HIM, AND HIS GRAY HEAD DROOPED.

you would come in." She hesitated once more and gave a little low laugh.

"And yet," she said, "we do not yet even know each other's names."

"I am called Saint Cère, Madame," the man said. "Jean Marie Saint Cère. And Madame's name I have already heard the concierge speak."

The girl looked up at him frowning as if in an effort of memory.

"I think I have heard the name," she said slowly, "but it is long ago—Saint Cère—le Comte de Saint Cère?"

The man once more made his ceremonious bow. "I do not use the title," said he. "It is of my father who is now dead that Madame

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

perhaps has heard. The name was once—better known."

They went into the little room with its sloping ceiling and its two dormer windows where red geraniums in pots leaned against the iron rail. It was a poor little room and scant of furnishing, but it was redeemed from meanness by the fact that it was incredibly clean—as clean as a Dutch kitchen. There were two or three plain chairs and a narrow bed with white coverings, and there was a simple tall screen which masked the dressing-table in one corner.

Mlle. Radomir went to one of the windows and stood looking out over the housetops and the chimney-pots of Paris to where in a veil of opalescent haze the Tour Eiffel stood grim and black, an upthrust inky finger against the golden west.

"And so we are to be neighbors, Monsieur le Comte de Saint Cère," she said, after a little dreaming silence.

"I do not use the title, Madame," he said again.

"Why?" she demanded, turning to face him. It was an odd question, almost a discourtesy, but no resentment showed in Saint Cère's face.

"I—my circumstances, Madame," said he, "do not permit. My father—we were unfortunate in certain investments. I will not shame an ancient title which has been borne very proudly, by dragging it into my poverty. The name I keep. It is a forgotten name, and so that does not matter. But the title—no!"

The girl's eyes softened and she put out one hand quickly and touched his arm.

"Ah, I am sorry!" she said. "I was very rude. I am sorry, Monsieur Saint Cère. For a little moment I forgot that I have no right to ask you questions. And I am sorry also that—circumstances are—as they are."

M. Saint Cère raised his head and smiled a cheery smile.

"They might be infinitely worse, Madame," said he. "I have a roof over my head and I eat and drink and I do not suffer. There are so very many who starve."

Her eye was caught by the faded red cordon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole and she pointed to it.

"You keep that, also," she said.

"It is mine, Madame," said he. "Mine alone. It did not come down to me from those of my house who were great and proud. It was given to me for—after the great siege in '70."

"For gallantry," the girl said, nodding, and he did not answer, but his gray face flushed a very little and it seemed to her that he straightened his shoulders as if memories came to him of brighter things.

The red ribbon is a meaningless distinction now, and every retired draper or grocer with a decent coat to his back and an acquaintance in certain quarters can possess one, but to M. Saint Cère and to a few like him the thing still meant honor—as it was won with honor—a conspicuous and public reward of great merit.

The two went on to speak of other things, and the girl, more gently now, less brusquely, asked further questions, and Saint Cère answered them at length until, without realizing it, he had told her all that there was to tell of his story—the story of a simple gentleman and a brave soldier. He even told of the endless copying of Monna Lisa Gioconda, and of that sardonic grinning smile which haunted his dreams at night, the smile which he might never escape since it meant meat and drink to him. But at last, in the gathering dusk, he rose to go, full of stammering apologies for having remained so long. Mlle. Radomir gave him her hand and he bent over it and made his adieux. At the door she said:

"You will come again, Monsieur? I beg that you will come again. We are both alone in this world and, I think, a little lonely. We should be friends."

Saint Cère kissed her hand and went away.

But he did not go down to Gaillac's luxurious apartment; he went along the upper corridor to his own little box of a room, and then lighted a candle and dragged out upon the floor a certain old trunk filled with papers and books and such. He searched among these and brought forth a little packet of photographs. He chose one of them and took it to the light of the candle, and there gave a sudden cry and for a long time sat staring wide-eyed into the dusk.

The photograph represented a group of people posed in the open air against a tall hedge. In the center sat a gigantic old man with a long beard and huge fierce mustaches. Two lads knelt beside him and at the other side a young girl of possibly fifteen leaned against the big man's knee. Behind them stood a semicircle of gentlemen in uniforms

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and of ladies without hats. The photograph bore a date of ten years back, but there could be no doubt that the girl with the Greek nose and the oddly low, straight brows and the grave eyes was the young woman who had come to dwell in obscurity and in something like poverty in a humble quarter of Paris—the young woman who called herself Anina Radomir.

M. Saint Cère stared into the gathering darkness and his heart beat faster than its moderate wont. His lips said amazedly:

"Why? Why? Why?"

Thereafter, for the space of a summer month, these two saw as much of each other as M. Saint Cère's confining labors would permit. He mounted often, when the long day's work was done, to the little *mansarde au troisième*, and they sat talking there until the colors faded out of the splendid west, away beyond the Tour Eiffel, and the dusk crept in through the windows. In the evenings they would sometimes take a long walk out the avenue du Maine and the streets beyond, to the fortification and the city gate, or along the Boulevard Montparnasse and its continuation to the Jardin des Plantes. They would dine together at one of the humble restaurants where the dinner was thirty sous, and not a bad dinner at that, but Mlle. Radomir insisted always upon paying her proper share. "We cannot afford to accept favors, you and I," she would say; "we are too poor for that."

And so in this fashion a very tender and beautiful friendship grew up between the little gray Frenchman, whom the world had forgotten, and the girl who called herself Anina Radomir, whom the world did not know. It was a strange friendship, for it was all open and childlike confidence on one side, all reserve and silence on the other. Of the sweetness and beauty of companionship, of the treasures of mind and soul, the girl gave freely, with a certain grave tenderness which was all her own; but of the country from which she had come, of her people, her friends, her past life, she gave nothing. It was as if she had emerged from behind a dark curtain and stood now before it, her hands holding it together behind her, her lips dumb about the things which the curtain cloaked. Saint Cère knew a little, a very little, and he did not ask to know more, nor ever hint that a mystery existed.

Upon him this sweet comradeship wrought a very miracle of rejuvenation. The stoop seemed to go from his tired shoulders and the weariness from his eyes. He grew young again, and even the catlike grin of Madonna Lisa Gioconda could not depress him.

There was a piano in Gaillac's studio, and sometimes, in the evening, Saint Cère was able to persuade Mlle. Radomir to come there

SHE WAS HUDDLED IN THE CHAIR, THE DAY'S *FIGARO* CRUMPLED IN ONE HAND.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and play to him, for the owner of the place was still away by the sea. She played, it seemed to him, as the blessed angels must play, sitting together in the twilight when heaven's day's work is done. She played not with ten white trained fingers, but with her beautiful soul. If her speech was guarded and a watch set upon it, she spoke the joy and sorrow and the bitterness and tender love which were in her heart very freely, without care or hindrance, in the ecstasy of the music which she made. And Saint Cère, hidden in the shadows across the great room, laughed and wept with her, was thrilled with poignant joys or abased in depths of gloom as this girl's swift white hands swept him here or there. It was a new world indeed which enwrapt his starved body and soul in these latter days.

And it was upon such an evening as this that at last the curtain which Anina Radomir so defiantly had held in place slipped from her hands and swung apart. She had been playing for an hour, while Saint Cère sat in his shadowed enchantment across the room—Chopin first, and Beethoven, and finally Grieg—the Peer Gynt suite. At the last she sang that most beautiful of all woman's songs, the "Solveig's Lied" out of "Peer Gynt," for she had a trained voice, sweet and tender and high and true, full of that nameless thrill which wrings men's hearts and sets them to aching for very poignancy of emotion.

But when she had done she turned suddenly round to the dim-lighted room.

"Why do you always call me Madame?" she said. "You know that I am not married. Why so much ceremony between us? Why not Mademoiselle?" And Saint Cère from his cloaking shadows told her what he knew.

Afterward she turned once more to the piano and played low slow chords, aimlessly, as one buried in thought. And she did not speak for a long time. But at last she said:

"Yes, my friend, it is true. And you have known all this while and have said nothing, have asked no questions? Oh, Saint Cère, you are a better friend than I! I am a little ashamed. But——

"I have tried to put it all behind me," she said. "I have tried to forget who I was, to be simply Anina Radomir, an unknown, obscure atom buried in Paris. For I knew that they would search for me—try to drag me back. And I cannot go. I will not go."

She told him why she had fled away, of the very hateful marriage they had tried to force her into for political reasons, and of their heartlessness in the face of her pleading.

"My father," she said, "is—hard, Saint Cère. Very, very hard. You should know. Your father served him once, long since."

And Saint Cère said:

"I know, Madame, I know." And she turned once more to the piano as if she could not bear to talk further of the thing.

So these two lived on in their odd and gentle companionship for that month which was allotted them. If they ever looked forward into the future, ever wondered what was to come of it all—and the girl must have looked forward, for she was young—they held their peace; they never spoke of hopes or fears, only of things present—or past. They drifted like two forgotten boats drawn for a little time together in a hurrying stream. But the end came, as was inevitable, and it came swiftly.

Saint Cère had gone that morning upon his regular pilgrimage to the arcades of the rue de Rivoli with the past week's labor—the little copy of Madonna Lisa—had received his five and thirty francs, and, returning, had spent the remainder of the day at work. But when the light failed toward six o'clock, he put down his brushes and climbed the two upper flights of stairs and knocked at the door of Mlle. Radomir. He knocked twice and was turning away when he heard at last from within a faint "*Entrez!*" and so opened the door.

The girl sat in a chair across the room near the narrow white bed, and she was huddled in the chair in an odd crouching posture, her head sunken upon her breast so that the great gray eyes gazed out from deep shadows. A newspaper, the day's *Figaro*, was crumpled in one hand.

Saint Cère gave a sudden cry and ran to her. His heart quaked in him, for even in the first instant he knew that something very terrible had happened and that their peace and sweetness were at an end. He dropped upon his knees before the girl's chair and caught her hands in his. They were very cold.

"What is it, Madame?" he said. "Oh, what is it that has happened?" Her lips stirred, but no sound came. She thrust the *Figaro* toward him and he took it in his hands and turned to the light of a window. He had no need to search. The item sprang at him from the column of *Nouvelles Étrangères*—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a brief item of a half dozen lines at most, a tragedy which had ended the lives of three people of great rank. Saint Cère's heart ceased its beating and began to race again. He gave an exclamation of horror and pity. Then the girl spoke behind him in a sobbing half whisper.

"All—all!" she said. "All at one single blow! Father—Fritz—Otto!" Her voice rose to an agonized cry.

"Little, little Otto! I could bear the rest, but—Otto! They might have spared him. Oh, Saint Cère, he was just a child! A little wide-eyed, stammering child! They might have spared him." Saint Cère dropped again to his knees before her, and took her shaking hands. She gave a single great sob and controlled herself. And after a moment she spoke calmly.

"I must—go back," she said. "I must go back immediately—for my country's sake. I am the only one—left. This has been political—this tragedy. The party that wishes annexation to the Empire has done it, and they will succeed in their plans unless I return at once. I must telegraph first and then go." She wrung her hands before her and she began again to sob.

"But I cannot go, Saint Cère!" she cried. "I cannot go. What shall I do?" She got to her feet and the man followed her. He was very pale.

"Why can you not go, Madame?" he asked.

"I—have no money," she said. "I have less than a hundred francs left and I shall need nearly a thousand. My cousins in Belgrade were to send me money soon—they are the only souls alive, save you, who know where I am—but I cannot wait. Oh, Saint Cère, what shall I do? I must go at once—to-night—to-morrow, but I have no money." She began to weep in a sheer panic of hopelessness and terror, and it was the first time that the man had ever seen her beyond control. It sent a very bitter flash of agony through him, and it may be that in that moment he realized how much he cared, how much she meant to him. It rent him intolerably to see her in tears.

"What shall I do?" she said again. Saint Cère moved once across the room to the window and back again and halted before the weeping woman who stood there.

"I will get the money, Madame," he said gently. "Have no fear. I will get the money."

She cried out:

"*You*, Saint Cère! *You!*" and caught him by the shoulders with her two hands, staring into his face.

"You will get it?" she said again. "But you—you cannot. You are as poor as I, my friend. How will you get a thousand francs?"

"I do not know how, Madame," said he, "but somehow I will get it. You have only to make your preparations to go. It cannot be for to-night, but you shall go on the Orient Express to-morrow. It leaves at seven in the evening. . . .

"And now," said he, "if you will write your telegram with the address to which it must be sent, I will take it out and despatch it at once." He found paper for her and a pencil, and the woman followed his bidding like a little child. She seemed dazed, and when he went out of the room she did not even speak but only stared after him like one in a waking trance.

He went at once to the *bureau de la poste* near the top of the rue de Rennes and sent the telegram. That done, he stood for a moment on the street corner frowning out across the traffic of that busy square.

A thousand francs!

It was easy to say, "Somehow I will get it, Madame." But how—how? He himself had not above a hundred—barely that. His few friends, like himself, were poor gentlemen who lived, as it were, from hand to mouth. It would be impossible to raise from all of these together a thousand francs, without reducing them to suffering, and he would not do that, even for her. His eager mind roved desperately from forlorn hope to more forlorn hope, and there was not one living soul of his acquaintance from whom he could expect to borrow half the needful sum or a quarter of it.

He walked slowly home and let himself into Gaillac's sumptuous studio. The garish splendor of the place was like a knife-thrust to him in his bitter need.

A thousand francs—and that before to-morrow noon!

How? How? How? his soul cried desperately.

It never once occurred to him to abandon the hopeless attempt. It was not hopeless, because it was so terribly necessary. The money must be found. And he must find it. Alone upon him out of all the world this woman's destiny hung and the destiny of a people. He could not fail in the face of that.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And yet there was only darkness before him and he saw no way.

A few hours later he awoke to a literal darkness, stumbled to his feet in the gloom, and made lights. He had had no dinner, but he did not know it. It was not a time for food. He looked round upon the rich colors and the dull gold of the room and a fierce rage burnt in him that these smug and beautiful things should hang there useless while he was in such desperate need. His eyes turned to the mantel and to what stood thereon—what he deemed the chiefest treasure of all the place, a little marble and gold group of the three Graces with intertwined arms, a thing of the Italian sixteenth century, by an unknown artist, exquisitely perfect in every fluent line and every age-softened tint. He had loved it for years with a love which was almost adoration. Old Gaillac had laughed more than once and accused him of praying to it.

A monstrous thought flashed into Saint Cère's mind and, for an instant, his eyes were blinded. He gave a groan of horror and great agony, and dropped back into a chair, covering his face with his hands. He said:

"No! no! no! A thousand times no!" And he began to tremble where he sat. The thought was too madly impossible, and he put it from him, and sat for a long time, still, his head in his arms, his weary brain searching, searching the great city for some good soul who would lend a thousand francs without question as to its use.

It must have been late in the night when he again raised haggard eyes and they fell upon the mantel across the room and upon what stood there. A little fit of shivering came over him and shook his limbs. In his agony he spoke aloud. He said:

"I have lived through all these years cleanly, with honor. Other things have gone from me, one by one—money—friends—position, but I have lived with honor. It is all I have left."

He had not shed tears in a long time, but two very bitter tears stood in his eyes and rolled down the lean white cheeks.

In that cruel hour he seemed to speak face to face with his fate, pleading for what he had so long held dear.

"Must I give up even this last thing?" he said. "I have nothing else to give. Must I give my honor? Is there no other way?" He bowed his gray head into his arms once more, and it seemed as if he prayed. And so he sat through all the remainder of that night and through the gray dawn until the sun rose and until the familiar noises of the day came faintly in upon his solitude.

Then at last he arose and stumbled into the farther room and made his toilet for the day. It was his habit to go to a little café in the avenue du Maine, a workingman's café, for his morning bowl of coffee and bite of bread—it was cheaper so—but on this morning he ate nothing. He took down from the mantel the little Italian carving of the three Graces, and he dusted it carefully and wrapped it in many thicknesses of paper. He was moved by no blind impulse. He knew well what he was doing. He was a thief. And he knew what would be the outcome. Gaillac was, in the main, a half-kindly old ruffian, but he could be very cruel, and in this matter he would be cruel—and he would have justice on his side.

At first Saint Cère had thought of the government pawnshops, the Monts de Piété. The treasure could be redeemed from there, later on, but he quickly gave that idea up. He could not obtain the necessary sum there, for, like all pawnshops, the Monts de Piété place very low valuations upon works of art. He knew where to go. There was a friend of Gaillac's, a villain and a blackguard, but a discriminating blackguard, who had long admired this thing. He would be glad to give a thousand francs, for it was worth much more, and he would ask no questions. No living soul who knew him would have questioned for an instant Saint Cère's absolute honesty. Saint Cère knew that and prepared very deliberately to trade upon it.

In his poignant agony he had cried aloud to Fate:

"Must I give up even this last thing? I have nothing else to give. Must I give my honor? Is there no other way?" And Fate, looking him very grimly in the eyes, had said:

"You love her. Give her what you have."

He took the small parcel under his arm and went out. He walked to the rue de Grenelle. But in less than an hour he climbed his stair again and continued up the two flights above and knocked at Mlle. Radomir's door. She opened to him and they looked into each other's faces, white, with haggard eyes. Saint Cère held out a little bag of gold twenty-franc pieces, saying:

"The thousand francs, Madame. I have brought them." She gave a cry, and she

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

took the money into her shaking hands, and tried to speak; but no words would come to her, and after a little she turned blindly away and dropped upon her knees beside the white bed and hid her face upon it, and a great storm of sobbing shook and rent her.

Saint Cère closed the door very gently and went away, down the stairs.

That evening, shortly before seven, the two drove together in a fiacre to the Gare de l'Est. They were silent almost all the long way or talked of trivial things. It is doubtless safe to say that the woman was looking ahead, that her thoughts were upon her journey's end and upon the great matters which awaited her there. Saint Cère's thoughts no man may tell. He moved and dwelt in an evil waking dream—a dream of horror and the end of all things. And yet he was not all filled with horror and not all filled with unhappiness, for, the first great struggle over, he had come into a sort of peace, and he knew that he had done well. As men view such matters, he had committed a crime, he had stolen, and that from a benefactor, a friend who trusted him; but Saint Cère looked to the bitter and desperate need, to what this theft of his had made possible, and he was content. Once he said to himself that he would do the thing over again if there were need, so he must have been content.

At the station he saw that the baggage was attended to and then went out with his charge to where the train lay waiting, with passengers hurrying up and down its length and officials and porters rushing here and there. He found an empty compartment which was for *dames seules*, and bestowed Mlle. Radomir's wraps and valise there; and then, for the few remaining minutes, the two walked together upon the platform. Even now they were silent, and an odd constraint lay upon them both. But at last the girl turned to face Saint Cère, and she halted him in his walk and stood before him, holding him by the arms with her two hands. She said:

"Saint Cère, I think no man has ever so well or so faithfully served me or served my house in desperate need as you have done. I have asked you many times how you got the money that is taking me home and you have refused to tell, but I am very sure that you got it by some great sacrifice—some sacrifice so great that you will not let me find out what it is. If it were for me alone, my friend, I could not accept the sacrifice, but it is for my house and for my country, and so I must.

"Oh," she said, "it is a very sweet thing to me to have known one man who is altogether without thought of self. You have a beautiful soul, Saint Cère.

"And now," she said, "I must get into the train, for it is ready to start, but there is one thing more to say to you—to ask of you. Must I always be asking and you giving? It is this. When I have reached home and have seen how matters lie there, when I have found out whether my cause, which is my people's independence, is hopeless or can still be fought for and won—then, Saint Cère, if I send for you, will you come and serve me there as you have served me here, but openly, in counsel or in warfare, not secretly as now? Will you come to me, my friend? I can give you rank and authority there such as you need not be ashamed of. Oh, Saint Cère, I shall need your wise head to guide me, your strong arm to hold to! Will you come to me if I call you?" And Saint Cère's gray cheeks flamed suddenly and great lights came into his eyes.

"I will come to you, Madame," said he, "if I must rise from the grave to do it." He bent to kiss her hands, but the woman who had called herself Anina Radomir lifted up her hands and took his head between them and kissed him on both cheeks. And the man gave a single great sob and was still.

Afterward he stood in his place silent and motionless while the long train drew out of the station and until it was lost to sight in the clouds of steam and the mists beyond.

You picture him standing there, a gaunt figure tight buttoned into a rusty frock coat that hangs below his knees, his gray head bared and bent, his shabby hat held before him, his eyes upon the smoke-wreathed distance beyond the long station's confines. The officials and the porters have trooped back to the waiting-rooms, the visitors have gone, the *perron* is deserted, and he stands alone.

He has a fanciful aspect of standing between two worlds. Behind him lies the city of his defeats, the habitation of his solitude, and of his endless mean toil; before him, away to the southeast whither that long train is speeding, lies—what? Love, respect, honor. Perhaps in the end a glorious death, and that is best of all.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MIDDLE-AGED FAILURE

By

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

THERE crashed upon Penstock in that one moment's idle reflection the whole, ugly truth of his condition—middle-aged and *a failure!* The thought, vaguely originated, leaped forward in his mind, took form, and, gathering bulk, ruthlessly swept aside the pretenses with which he had shielded himself from realization. Now he saw himself as he was; and the shock of it was as dizzying as a blow between the eyes. He stood before himself, as naked as a soul before the judgment-seat; and a glow of shame suffused him. Had he been able, Penstock would have put on again the rags of self-delusion that had been torn away.

Seizing his pen, he jabbed it roughly at the ink-pot, his cheek flushed and his hand unsteady. But the pen, instead of returning to its work, wandered absently to the wide, blue blotter on the desk, and there described meaningless diagrams, vaguely and tremulously drawn.

He sat alone. It was after office hours, and the others long since had gone. But it was no new thing for Penstock to stay behind to toil. To work!—there was another sting of pain—he knew little else but work! Success wins leisure; and, with the awakening wonder of discovery, he realized how little of it had ever been granted him. He sat alone, but his brain rang with many voices; together they uttered a united judgment—that only he himself was to blame. Yes!—he had failed; and he felt as if the knowledge laid hold of the last atom of courage within his breast, and strangled it with ruthless hands. Nothing seemed left to him now but the mere barren privilege of existence. He still might live, a failure. His eyes, fixed straight before him, swam mistily; and then, as if in scorn of the instant's self-pity, he grinned in sardonic derision. Penstock sat alone; but his brain was an ugly, peopled world.

He saw—or he thought he saw—as he looked back, the causes of his defeat. He had lived and fed upon the promises of the future. That was it! He had lived on hope, trusting all to hope's easy assurances; and hope's other name is *to-morrow!* He had let *to-day* slip by—an untold number of to-days; and he looked back now, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

saw the past dotted, as if by so many mile-stones, with the chances he had missed. There he grinned again; for if hope were to-morrow, opportunity had been *yesterday!*—or so it seemed to him in that moment's bitterness of reflection. He had been content, day by day, with the little he had gained; for always there had been before him the lying, deluding hope of the future. It had seemed that he need only reach forward to the morrow; then he should grasp the prize. But in all the time that he had lived he had never stopped suddenly in the present and gripped masterfully the opportunity that was floating by on the tide. So time had brought him nothing—nothing but middle-age—and failure! He arose and slowly closed his desk. Then, with his hat drawn down about his eyes, he shuffled out. One might see in his lowered head and listless walk the man who realizes defeat.

In actual years Penstock was not middle-aged. He was still within two months of forty; but in active business affairs forty is well past the midway post. Before then a man must have arrived—or have shown that he may arrive—if he is to escape the stigma of failure. Penstock knew now that he had deluded only himself; and when he thought what others must say of him, his cheek flushed anew. An honest, steady fellow—a good man: that's what they were calling him; and he ground his teeth in a rage. In the street, with a conscious grimness, he turned his head to look up at the office windows; and his eyes paused for an instant upon the familiar lettering of the firm title:

LETHBRIDGE & Co.,
Wholesale Coal.

—& Co.! It was the "& Co." that filled him with wrath. For through nineteen hard, slow-footed years, Penstock had made himself useful to Lethbridge & Co., and what had he to show for it? He had given to the firm loyalty, hard work, all his intelligence—the best there was in him. He had come early and stayed late; and except for his right to resign, he had been little better than a bond slave. In that moment of bitter self-analysis, he contrasted himself with the others—with old Lethbridge, head of the firm; and Coyne and De Mille, the junior partners. By what superior intelligence or industry had they won where he had failed? Penstock knew the story of old Lethbridge, the tale the old man was so fond of telling—of the first thousand dollars saved by harsh deprivation, and of the wise investment that had brought the money rolling in. Penstock, too, had saved his thousand dollars—once—and at the old man's suggestion had invested the hoard, wisely, without doubt. But it had brought him only a beggarly six per cent.—$60 a year—and then sickness and other needs had eaten into it. Penstock, still analyzing, could not repress a sneer; for it must have been more than the first storied investment that had put Lethbridge on his feet—luck, more likely. But then there were Coyne and De Mille. They had come to the employ of the firm some years after Penstock; and now the two were partners—Coyne, the active manager, and De Mille in charge of its finances. But Penstock, faithful and honest, Penstock was still only a salesman, and little better than a hired clerk.

He thought of Coyne, alert, confident, and able. He knew that Coyne, but for De Mille's interference, would have given him a better chance. And he liked Coyne, respecting his quiet friendliness with the men under him; but there were times when he flinched at his authority—a man younger than he, yet put in charge over him. For Penstock had arrived at that period in life when one always makes the age comparison; had Coyne been older than he, the man's established success would never have caused him that pang of envious inferiority. But by what means had Coyne risen? Old man Lethbridge had found him running a one-horse coal-pit in the Hocking district; and, elevating him over the heads of old employees, had put him in charge of the larger operations of Lethbridge & Co. Why? Penstock tried to think, and could not. He saw no wide differences between his own methods and those of Coyne; indeed, they seemed to him identical. Then his mind turned to De Mille.

De Mille! The very thought of him filled Penstock's mind with a tumult of bitter questions. Again he sneered; for De Mille seemed to him narrow-minded, lacking in all keener intelligence, even

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stupid. Furthermore, Penstock knew him to be dishonest; long ago he had made the discovery. Luck might have helped Lethbridge to success, and Coyne might have won because he was likable—but how had De Mille succeeded? There was the poser. He knew how De Mille had made the money that had given him a start; but not for a moment could he connect it then with the man's obvious prosperity. Indeed, in that hour of acute debasement, Penstock had lost all power to think clearly. Still plunged in his despondency, he let himself in at his door; and at the sound of his wife's and children's voices, made a manful effort to hide the gloom in his face.

But that night, in the sitting-room with his family, despondency seized him anew.

"Milly," he said suddenly, but with regret, and not criticism, in his tone, "that gown of yours is pretty shabby."

Milly shook her head and smiled. She was a tall, well-proportioned woman with a strong, cheerful face, and a quiet, determined air—a man's vigorous helpmeet. Penstock, observing her now, felt, with an added self-abasement, that she would have done better with another man. But Penstock's wife had not yet lost her confidence; nor, if she had, was she of the kind to admit it.

"Why, no," she said, smoothing down the front of her dress; "it doesn't seem shabby to me. It might be a little newer, perhaps," she added with a laugh, and, plucking a fold of the cloth between her fingers, regarded it whimsically, with her head perked on one side; "but it'll do a while yet. Why, I've only just turned it for the first time."

Penstock fluttered his paper, cringing as if he had been struck a blow. He glanced sidewise as he turned the sheet; and his eye fell upon his younger boy, curled up in a rocker and mumbling the morrow's lesson. One knee was thrust forward; and the sight of the boy's stocking, overly darned, stabbed him anew with a sense of his failure. He could not provide for his own as other men provided for theirs. There was Coyne, for instance; but Coyne had no children. Still, were Coyne a father, his children would have been better cared for than were Penstock's. There was De Mille, too—he had a wife and children; and the paper's printed characters swam before Penstock's sight, and he hid behind the sheet.

Again De Mille!—this De Mille, who had succeeded. He had seen what De Mille lavished on his family, De Mille, who whined and snarled and almost wept when the men in the office asked for advancement and better pay. There came to him the sudden, sickening contrast between his own family and De Mille's, De Mille's wife and children, arrogant, pampered, supercilious; and Penstock's, grateful for the year's necessities, skimping along narrowly on what De Mille's brood threw away in a single month.

But that was the obvious privilege of success—to trick out one's wife and children luxuriously, as if in advertisement of one's own ability, one's power of making money. For it was by money alone that Penstock rated success; by money made honestly, as he had tried to make it. Now, as if by inspiration, came the swift companion thought: To make money, honestly if you could, but to *make it somehow*. Suddenly, with a swift memory of former events, he saw De Mille revealed; he understood the secret of his success. De Mille had risen because of his dishonesty!

De Mille had improved a single chance. In the third year of his employment, he had been sent down into West Virginia to buy up undeveloped coal lands. In this new and unknown field the price was low—$40—$50 an acre—for the farmers had not yet thoroughly realized the value of their lands. Old Lethbridge had been willing to go $60; and what De Mille had done was to get secretly for himself options on a large acreage, and then, under an assumed name, to turn it over to the firm. Old Lethbridge had paid a flat $60 for the lands; and De Mille, getting it at an average of $45, had pocketed the difference. Penstock, sent on a trifling errand about the titles, had found out the truth. But he had never "peached," regarding De Mille's trick only as a stroke in high finance of a kind that did not tempt him. But now— Well, there was the difference! A savage resentment filled Penstock's breast. Give him the chance again, and he would not let it slip.

There had been three times, at least, when Penstock might have laid the foundation of a fortune as easily as had De Mille. But

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Penstock had been honest—yes!—there was the rub; and with a growing bitterness, he thought how his honesty had served only to keep him back.

For in that moment Penstock's resolution was formed. Conscience, struck a body blow, lay dormant; and Penstock was akin to the bank clerk who, detecting the officials' dishonesty, starts in to tap the till. He would remain a failure no more.

But opportunity lagged. Months passed, and all they brought to Penstock was a deeper sense of his own inability, a clearer, more severe indictment against himself. The chance of dishonest, as of honest, success was only a mocking promise for the future. Penstock must wait even to become dishonest. And, in his bitter waiting, he drew into himself, displaying at the office a gloom and an aloofness so unusual that the others wondered at the change.

Once Penstock thought that his chance had come. It was during a period of inactivity, the season when all the year's output of coal was already sold under contract. Little was required of Penstock, as a salesman, except to visit the trade occasionally, and to look about him for prospective business.

He sat in the office, lending his help to a clerk, when he heard the voice of De Mille raised in earnest argument in an inner room.

The discussion concerned certain coal lands that De Mille wished to buy, and that Coyne was opposed to buying; and at its significance Penstock pricked up his ears.

"I say we ought to have that acreage," cried De Mille loudly. "We'll need it later on, and we ought to buy to-day."

Coyne's voice, calm and resolute, was so modulated that Penstock could hear him only indistinctly. He arose, and, pretending to search for a pen, edged closer to the partition.

"No, De Mille," he heard Coyne declare; "it'll take a lot of money to swing a deal like that. Money's too close, I tell you; and our obligations are already pretty heavy. We'd have trouble in managing it, though later on——"

De Mille's voice cut in sharply. "Later on!" he cried derisively, almost with a sneer; "why, that's only throwing money away. They'll add twenty per cent. a year to the price, if they know their business. They ask a hundred and twenty-five an acre now; but——"

Coyne's voice made some reply indistinguishable to Penstock, and De Mille spoke again:

"Well, I'll be square with you, Coyne. I'm going to Lethbridge; and if he sees straight, he'll send a man there—and without any waiting, either—to get options on every acre."

Penstock went back to his desk, his head ringing. He knew the coal lands they spoke of—6,000 acres lying behind the piece on which De Mille, long before, had turned his trick. He knew, too, whom they would send to get options on it—*himself!*—and besides, he knew the class of men who owned the lands—farmers holding each a small piece that made up the total acreage. A hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre! Penstock grinned furtively. Why, these farmers would jump at $120; and five times 6,000—hunh! *five*, the difference between 120 and 125—five times 6,000 are 30,000. Thirty thousand dollars! Penstock could almost feel it burning in his hand.

But all his plans came to naught. He waited, wild with impatience; and when he heard nothing more of the projected deal, tried clumsily to get at the facts.

"What's happened to that West Virginia business?" he asked Coyne one day. "I heard we were about to buy additional acreage."

"Hey, what?" exclaimed Coyne, looking up sharply from his work.

Penstock strove to hide his embarrassment under an air of flippant coolness. He repeated his query, though his eyes dropped beneath Coyne's steady stare.

"Oh, I just heard some talk in the street," he replied, answering a terse question of Coyne's. "They were just talking, I suppose."

Coyne regarded him in a moment's grave silence. "I hope you haven't said anything, Penstock." He spoke quietly, laying down his pen. "We're not buying yet, but we're going to, later on; and if they find out that Lethbridge and Company is after the lands, they'll make us pay all kinds of prices. De Mille wants to buy now, but we decided to wait a while. He'll attend to it personally."

Then he himself would have no chance!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

With an effort, he raised his eyes, as Coyne still kept on speaking.

"Yes, De Mille's doing it," said Coyne, trusting Penstock absolutely. "I thought we ought to let you handle it, when the time came; but De Mille won't let any one but himself have a hand in it. You must say nothing about it, of course."

No, Penstock would say nothing. He started to his desk, with brain reeling and feet dragging, as if he had heard his death-warrant read. "Oh, Penstock!" Coyne called him back. "Why, Penstock," he added, "I meant to tell you, but it escaped me. Tell the bookkeeper to add twenty-five a month to your check. I forgot it, but I think you won't," he added, laughing.

It was a raise, the added money that Penstock so long had asked for. He knew that Coyne had prevailed against De Mille, and that he had been glad to manage it. But gladness, on Penstock's side, was not evident. A deep flush mantled his face, and he spoke his thanks with difficulty. Twenty-five dollars a month—$300 a year! Penstock had been dealing in thousands; and there came only three hundred a year! But Coyne accepted his nervous and mumbled sentences as due to the embarrassment of gratitude; and, to set Penstock at his ease, began a crisp story of how he had won his first increase of salary. Penstock listened with distaste. He escaped from Coyne as quickly as possible; and denned himself, like a bear, behind his desk. Nor could he find heart to announce the news to his wife, sick as he was at the thought of it. At the end of that week he gave her his check, and winced when she cried out sharply at the amount.

"Yes—it's a raise," he answered gloomily, from behind his paper. "There's going to be a strike," he went on, cutting in upon her expressions of elation. "Have you heard? The hard-coal miners are really going out." He turned over the sheet. "Well, if they do, I sha'n't have to run my legs off to sell what coal we've got. No—soft coal will have to take the place of anthracite, and it'll be easy to get rid of it. About time, too."

Milly looked at him sharply, but said nothing. A moment later she smiled, thinking what the added money would mean to them in comforts; but her husband still sat hedged behind his paper, in utter abjectness. Twenty-five a month! Why, De Mille's wife and children tossed away lightly in a month as much as that on their gloves and hair-ribbons—and De Mille had grudgingly allowed him this pittance after blocking him in a deal that might have meant thousands.

It was as Penstock had predicted—the anthracite strike came on, spurring to unexampled prosperity every operation on the soft-coal side. Coal, either hard or soft, became, in a few short months, a rare commodity, and difficult to get. On the basis of run o' mine, fuel that sold normally at a dollar a ton, f.o.b. mines, was now quoted at an advance of fifty cents a ton, and was climbing higher day by day. Coyne, as usual, had looked ahead. He had reserved unsold a large tonnage; and was waiting now to place it not only at an advantage in price, but with an eye to getting future business. He expressed his views to Penstock; but Penstock, most of his interest lost, cared very little about it.

Yet it was through this means that opportunity knocked at his door again.

"Oh, Penstock," called Coyne; and Penstock, arising, shuffled wearily into Coyne's private office.

"I want you to go north to-night," said Coyne tersely; and then as tersely told why. He had heard only a moment before that the Midshire Steel Company, a large consumer, was in desperate need of fuel. Time and again Coyne had tried for the business; but the tonnage had gone always to Hargreaves & Co., a firm of middlemen, who had been able by some invincible influence to keep their grip on it. Now Hargreaves & Co. had fallen down on the contract, since the mines from which it had formerly bought had been tempted by higher prices, and had sold the coal elsewhere. Thus the great Midshire Company was in a tight place, and was squirming in the fear that it must be closed down for want of fuel.

"You get after them, Penstock. Close at a good price—a dollar sixty as a minimum—but don't squeeze them. They're in a place to feel grateful for favors, and it'll do us good later on. We've got to have a good price, though, or they won't respect us. But if we rob them, they'll hate Lethbridge and Company. You understand?"

Penstock nodded. He understood, but he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

assented with so little energy and interest that Coyne looked at him sharply.

"You get a bounce on, Penstock," he added crisply; "it's a good chance for you. If you can get that business and control it, there'll be a good deal in it for you."

Penstock reached Midshire the morning after, and sent in a card to the purchasing agent. Then, after the agent, as a matter of business principle, had kept him cooling his heels in the hallway for nearly three-quarters of an hour, Penstock was admitted to the presence.

"Morning," said the buyer, afraid to the last to show any interest, lest Penstock might add to his price; "what can I do for you?"

But Penstock knew buyers and their ways; and he smiled listlessly.

"Oh, nothing—not much," he answered, without fervor; "does twenty-five thousand tons interest you—run o' mine, or three-quarter? D'you want it?"

He felt tired and careless. He knew that the Midshire *did* want it; but it was only a sale, even though a sale with a "chance" in it for him—it was just another incident in a long and wearisome procession of such drudgeries.

"I don't believe we need it," answered Gaines, with an assumption of indifference. But, as the words were spoken, Penstock noted in his eyes a quick and leaping light of relief. Twenty-five thousand tons would put the Midshire on its feet again.

"We don't need it; but you might quote us in case we do."

The instinct of the seller quickened in Penstock; and with a sudden command of all his forces, he woke up, and began to play his hand in the game.

"Oh, well," he answered, rising and reaching for his hat; "if you don't need it, there's no use wasting your time. Sorry to have bothered. Warm, isn't it?"

He heard a door open behind him; and then another voice cut in. Penstock knew the owner of that voice; it was Barbour, general manager of the steel plant.

"Hold on there, Penstock," called Barbour, and waved Penstock back to his seat. "You got any coal to sell?" he demanded shortly.

"Yes. Twenty-five thousand—three-quarter, or run o' mine."

"What price?" demanded Barbour crisply, and Gaines, trained to hemming and hawing, gasped at the general manager's rashness in showing the weakness of his cards. "What price?" demanded Barbour openly; for Barbour knew that the loss of closing down the plant would be far greater than any extras that Penstock might tack on to his price.

Then Penstock, the seller, began to hem and haw. "You see," he began, impressing on Barbour the favor he should confer if he sold him the coal, "there are a lot of companies after that tonnage. They know we can make delivery at once; and Coyne has said that we'd perhaps better keep it to help out our old customers."

"Hunh!" grunted Barbour savagely; "if you didn't have it to sell, what did you come here for, then?"

Penstock smiled affably. "Why," he explained, and comfortably crossed one leg over the other, "I thought if you needed it that Coyne might be willing to help you out."

"We do need it," growled the general manager; "now what's your price?"

"Can't say yet. I'll have to talk to Coyne." Penstock arose and again made for the door. "I'll let you know in the morning, Mr. Barbour."

"I want to know to-day."

Penstock shook his head, smiling. "I'll talk to Coyne," he answered, "and let you know by 10 A.M."

Penstock already had the price, but he was in no hurry to give it. It would do Barbour good to stew a little longer; and he looked casually from the general manager to Gaines—Gaines could stew, too, for the purchasing agent had been pretty impudent, making him wait so long. Then, as he walked down the steps, he thought in swift self-derogation that Coyne or De Mille would not have been kept waiting like that.

He had hardly reached the hotel when a card was sent up to him. He read the name—Joel Hargreaves—Hargreaves, of Hargreaves & Co. The firm did no business with Lethbridge & Co., but it cost Penstock little reflection to know what Hargreaves was after.

"Morning, Mr. Hargreaves," said Penstock, and as he motioned his visitor to a chair, he noted the perspiration on his brow.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Look here," said Hargreaves bluntly, as he mopped his face and fixed his eyes anxiously on the salesman; "you're trying to sell the Midshire people coal."

Penstock nodded; and the old man cleared his throat noisily.

"Penstock," he said, leaning forward anxiously, "won't Lethbridge and Company let me have that coal? I'm willing to pay a good stiff price for it."

Penstock shook his head. "No," he answered slowly; "we're going to sell it to the Midshire."

Again old Hargreaves cleared his throat, the perspiration starting out on his face. "Let me have it, Penstock," he almost pleaded. "I know about what price you're going to ask—about a dollar eighty, f.o.b. mines. Give it to me and I'll stand for $2.05—I'll pay a premium of twenty-five cents the ton."

Again Penstock shook his head. "It's not that, Mr. Hargreaves," he answered; "it's not the price we're after, and you know it. The Midshire people have as much as said they're done with middlemen, and I'm after the business."

Old Hargreaves huddled down in his chair, his face miserable. But there was strong stuff in the man, and a moment later his jaw squared sullenly.

"You can't get their business. Hargreaves and Company have had their trade for fifteen years; and you can't get it away from us."

"It remains to be seen," said Penstock; and then he felt a pity for the man who was so evidently in deep anxiety. "Mr. Hargreaves," he added gently, "I hate to refuse you, but you've had your show, and now I'm looking for mine. I want to get the Midshire business, for it'll mean a big thing to me, a contract like that. I'd like to ask Coyne to help you out; but business is business—and in business, it's every man for himself. I'm in it for what I can get for myself."

Hargreaves shot him a sudden, piercing look. There came a silence that ended in the older man's rising, hat in hand. "Give me twenty-five thousand," he said slowly, "and I'll tell you what I'll do, young man. If I can get this coal, I can hold the Midshire's business; and, next year, I'll give you the contract. I'll buy from Lethbridge and Company through you—and the year after—every year so long as we hold it."

As he spoke, his hand had reached to the door-knob, and nervously half opened the door. Now he closed it, and looked quickly in Penstock's face.

"Help me out, and I'll pay *you* the twenty-five cents premium over and above the price Lethbridge and Company asks us for the coal."

Penstock looked at him, his jaw falling.

"Six thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars—*cash on the nail!*" Old Hargreaves fumbled in his breast pocket, and half revealed a check-book. Penstock turned white.

The Midshire Company got its coal. It came from the Lethbridge & Co. mines, and it was delivered through the firm of Hargreaves & Co. Penstock had arranged the matter.

"It's this way," he said, facing Coyne with an energetic directness rather new in him: "the Midshire people are tied up to Hargreaves and Company, and won't leave them. No one can get the business away. I tried to sell them straight, and they only sent Hargreaves to me, notwithstanding that they were almost closed down for want of coal. But I've got Hargreaves where we want him. Give him the twenty-five thousand tons, and he promises—in writing, mind you—to buy from us, yearly, at the same price that our responsible competitors bid for the business."

Coyne pursed up his lips, looking out of the window doubtfully.

"He'll pay a dollar eighty for the twenty-five thousand tons," urged Penstock, with a heart failing suddenly at Coyne's expression. "That's twenty cents above the price you told me to quote the Midshire. Remember, too, the total tonnage for the year will be a hundred and twenty-five thousand tons."

Coyne turned abruptly to him. "Let 'em have it," he said; "it's pretty fair business, anyway!"

Penstock walked out, his head reeling like a drunkard's. In his breast pocket was hidden a bank-check that burned like an ember laid on the living flesh. A day later he cashed it, and asked for a week off to attend to some personal business. To his wife he said that he was going away for the firm.

Penstock hurried straight into West Vir-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ginia. He secured options to himself, under an assumed name, on nearly the entire block of coal land that the company had in view. His $6,250, paid down to the owners, gave him the right, within one year, to buy 4,300 acres at $115 an acre. If he did not take up the option in the specified time, the money would be lost. But in January, Lethbridge & Co., flush with the money made through the advance in the price of their soft coal, bought in the acreage. De Mille wondered that options had been given on so large a block of it just before him; but behind the name of Amos Steers, Chicago, he could not see Penstock, a salesman in his own employ. And he bought in the unknown Penstock's option, haggling with Penstock's lawyer-agent, who knew nothing of his client's real identity; and Penstock was jewed down to $120 an acre. He had demanded $125 at first; but De Mille had his own reasons for holding out against it. What these reasons were, Penstock understood when he peeped into Lethbridge & Co.'s books after the transaction was closed. De Mille had paid him $120 an acre; but on the books it was set down at $125; and Penstock felt a sense of failure even in his wrong-doing. For De Mille had quietly pilfered the extra $5 an acre that Penstock should have pilfered for himself.

Yet Penstock had cleared $21,500 on the deal; and in his elation his mind freed itself of regret—regret for what De Mille's abilities had cost him, and regret for the price that conscience had been forced to pay. The day that the check came—the price paid for his wrecked integrity—he stopped at a high-priced dressmaker's and bought his wife an order for three expensive dresses.

"Here you are!" he cried jubilantly, giving it to her; "you get them, and go call on Mrs. De Mille and let her see them."

Milly's face clouded over. "I can't wear three dresses at once," she said quietly, turning the order over in her hand. "Why have you been so extravagant?"

"Oh, shucks!" he exclaimed; "don't worry about that. I've made a little money on the side. You don't understand such things, or I'd tell you how. You go ahead and get the dresses; the boys need new clothes, too."

Milly looked at him queerly. He was flushed and excited. "Have you been speculating?" she asked; and Penstock nodded. It was an easy explanation. "Well, I wish you wouldn't," she declared, distressed; "it's nothing but sheer gambling; and you know what Mr. Lethbridge thinks of it."

Pooh! Little he cared for what old Lethbridge had to say.

The anthracite strike ran its course; and after that came the reaction. There was a drop in prices; soft coal went down inversely as it had risen. Hard times came knocking at many business doors; and one day there was commotion in the house of Lethbridge & Co. Old Lethbridge himself, routed out of his long ease, appeared on the scene, and was closeted with Coyne. Penstock, with a view to investing his money, had been reading the financial papers. He knew that money had again become perilously tight in the coal trade; for as the weeks went by, the selling price of soft coal had sagged close to the cost of production. In coal, as in the iron and steel trade, it was either a feast or a famine. Famine was on now. That day an order was given to cast up a trial balance; Lethbridge & Co. needed to know exactly where it stood. The firm, long established soundly, for the first time found itself in stormy waters.

"If it hadn't been for those new West Virginia lands," said the head bookkeeper confidentially to Penstock, "we'd have been all right. But I don't know—I don't know."

Then came something else—a discovery. The trial balance was struck off, and Coyne himself came back to look at the books. Whether Coyne suspected, or had been told, no one ever knew. But one day he and old Lethbridge were closeted together, and De Mille was called in to stand before them. Penstock knew what was in the air, and he trembled guiltily, though his own tracks were closely covered. But for De Mille now there was no escape; in the inner office was a noise of high voices; and De Mille came out of the conference looking like a beaten dog. A week later they learned in the outside office that he was no longer with the firm; and, hedged behind his desk, Penstock heard the news with another sharp quiver of guilty apprehension. He knew what would happen to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him, too, were he detected—he of whose integrity they were so confident. De Mille's successful crookedness was now no longer an object for his envy. He heard, on the heels of this, that Lethbridge & Co. had become hard pressed for ready money—that the West Virginia deal had saddled the firm with a burden. It needed money badly; and had Penstock known a way, he would have turned over to Lethbridge & Co. the proceeds of his dishonesty. But how could he do it, and still preserve himself? He thought once of telling Coyne that a distant relative had died and left him a windfall. But reflection told him that wouldn't do. Again he felt the agony of self-abasement. For he knew now that in a new sense he was a failure.

A failure—yes; for there came to him, as if in a blinding flash of light, the realization that mere money does not mean success. To succeed involves contentment in the victory, ease of conscience and peace of mind, the consciousness of honesty as well as of ability. In imagination he became pleader at the bar, prisoner, prosecutor, jury, and judge combined. His sentence was that the money must be returned—but how?

"Milly," said he, cautiously, as if sounding perilous depths, "I wish I could buy a partnership in the firm."

Milly looked up from her sewing. "Yes—only I don't know where you could get the money. But I'd rather see you promoted to a partnership. That would be better than buying your advancement."

He writhed at his wife's unconscious stab. It was a return to the old theme—had he been more active and capable and less willing to trust blindly to the future, he would not have failed of the goal. He would have arrived, as Coyne had, for instance, by sheer force of effort—not like a De Mille, who had made his way dishonestly, only to face ruin at the end.

"I don't see where you can get the money," said Milly, returning quietly to her sewing.

Her answer checked the words on his lips. He had been on the point of saying that he had made enough, intending to explain it by that easy lie of fortunate speculations. But he looked into Milly's clear, honest eyes, and he dared not. He knew, then, that he could get no aid from her, unless he openly confessed and was willing to make restitution.

But out of that night's sleepless thought came the knowledge of what he must do. There was but one thing: he must return the money to Lethbridge & Co., and he must hunt another place. They would not let him remain, of course, once they knew of his dishonesty; but until he had returned what he had stolen, Penstock's conscience would allow him no rest. For this was the type of failure that he had become—less unscrupulous than those that succeed unscrupulously—less able in application than those that achieve by honest ability.

But his heart weakened when he looked for another place. Famine still lay upon the coal trade, and new places were few and far between. There was an overproduction, too; and with too much coal on hand, who would need a salesman? He inquired furtively, fearful lest Lethbridge & Co. might hear of it, and discharge him before he had found another place; but the firm was too much troubled with its own affairs to bother about the concerns of its hired men.

Eventually, he got a chance. A company in the Ohio field made him an offer; but it was $25 a month less than Lethbridge & Co. were paying. Should he take it? The thought came to him that he must explain to Milly why he chose to begin life anew and with less money to provide for his family. But he saw in this the only way.

He arose after a sleepless night, and went to the office, nerved for that climax of shame when he must lay bare his soul to Coyne. He sat at his desk, his face haggard and his eyes burning; and then came a bitter revulsion of feeling. No—he would not! He thought of the men he knew—successful, conscienceless, unscrupulous. How they would laugh at him! No, he would be of their kind instead!

"*Penstock!*"

In his nervousness the name rang in his brain as if they had called—not his name—but: "Prisoner to the bar!"

With his heart in his throat, Penstock walked unsteadily into Coyne's office; for it was Coyne that had called. Now was the time!

Coyne sat wearily at his desk, looking absently from the window His brows were wrinkled in a frown, and he did not look at Penstock. Again Penstock's heart leaped

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

into his throat—discovery had come, forestalling his confession.

But Coyne knew nothing yet of his guilt. "Penstock," he said, turning to look at him, "I hear you're going to quit us. Why do you do that?"

Astonishment and the revulsion from his terror convulsed Penstock so that speech failed him.

"Are you leaving because you've heard we're in trouble, Penstock? I'd hate to think that."

"No!" gasped Penstock.

"I told Lethbridge I didn't believe you were," Coyne said. "We don't wish you to leave, you see; and if you haven't decided yet, perhaps you'll reconsider."

Reconsider? He clutched the table with an unsteady hand, trying to read in Coyne's eyes what lay hidden in his mind.

"De Mille's gone, Penstock—I needn't tell you why. Perhaps you know. He's no longer with the firm, and Lethbridge and I thought we'd put you in his place. I mean as partner—fifteen per cent. share in the profits, and the stock in your own name."

Partner! He heard the word, its sense striking him as had that other word *failure*—as if he had been hit a blow between the eyes.

"Lethbridge and I thought it would be all right. You're a hard worker and careful, and you know the business. We've seen, for years, how you've put Lethbridge and Company's interest before your own; and you're the kind of man we'd like to have in the firm."

He looked at Penstock, his keen eyes searching him narrowly; and Penstock saw integrity and fearlessness and unclouded conscience in the eyes, haggard and weary though they now were with the effort of steering Lethbridge & Co. through perilous waters. Penstock, abased, with a thousand recriminating voices shrieking in his mind, clung to the table and gulped.

"You know, of course, Penstock, that Lethbridge & Co. have had a narrow squeak. But it looks now as if we're safe. It will be hard work for all of us yet; and, Penstock, if you have a better chance, I won't ask you to make a sacrifice. Don't let loyalty stand in your way."

Speech came to Penstock at last. "Give me an hour," he said hoarsely, "and I'll tell you."

Under his breath, as he blundered out, he repeated the words to himself—a man condemned, pleading for the reprieve: "An hour—for God's sake, only an hour!"

He put on his hat and rushed home. "*Milly!*" he cried; and when she came into the room, she found him with his head on his arms, and shaken to the soul. "Oh—oh!" he groaned, his face hidden; "a failure—a failure! God Almighty, how I have failed!"

She knelt beside him, her arm across his shoulder; and there, stripping his soul naked in the relieving agony of the confessional, he laid bare all his guilt. The hour passed—and then another. But he returned to the office, at last, his face white yet confident; and with his eyes on Coyne, he closed the door behind him.

"Sit down, Penstock," urged Coyne, and the man shook his head. In one hand he held a strip of watered blue paper with writing across the face. "Coyne, how much does Lethbridge and Company need to tide it over? I'd like to know."

Coyne, thinking that the state of the firm's finances had to do with Penstock's decision, figured rapidly. "Our assets exceed liabilities by sixty per cent.; but collections, as you know, are far delayed. Eighty thousand spot cash would see us safe; I can get twenty-five thousand by the first of the month, and Lethbridge will come up with thirty. It will be a struggle to get the balance, though—somewhere around $25,000. Does that frighten you?"

Penstock drew a hand across his brow. Then, abruptly, he threw out his other hand, disclosing to the startled Coyne the narrow strip of watered blue paper.

"There's a check for twenty-one thousand, five hundred," he said, and breathed deeply as if he had just set down a heavy burden from his shoulders.

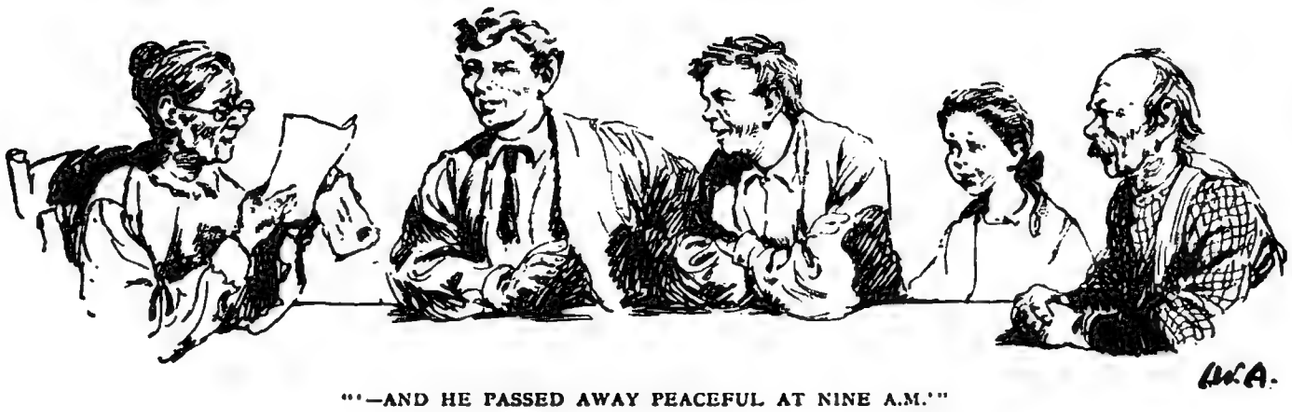
"For God's sake!" cried Coyne, leaping up, a wild look of relief in his eyes; "for God's sake, Penstock!" he repeated.

But Penstock held up his hand to demand silence.

"No—say nothing," he murmured, looking at the other steadily; "the money belongs to Lethbridge and Company: for I stole it from the firm."

The middle-aged failure shuffled to the door, his chin bent to his breast; and there, for an instant, he turned, looking back, a wistful smile on his lips. Then the door closed behind him slowly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"'—AND HE PASSED AWAY PEACEFUL AT NINE A.M.'"

Little Stories of Real Life

Cousin Mosely's Money

By Bessie R. Hoover

IT give me a turn," remarked Ma Flickinger abruptly, as she sat down at the table after dishing up the coarse supper. But "a turn" being one of her frequent afflictions, it was not commented upon.

"Cousin Mosely's dead," volunteered ten-year-old Opal, for the benefit of the men folks, Pa Flickinger and his two sons, Bill and Jed, who had just returned from their day's work.

"What in thunder!" roared Bill, the six-foot son; "then this family's through with him."

"I dunno what you've got ag'in Cousin Mosely," flared Ma. "And this family ain't through with him neither—for he's gone and died and left me a legacy."

"A *what?*" shouted Pa Flickinger, shaken for once out of his chronic meal-time indifference.

"Legacy—property—money; I dunno what all."

"Who said so?" burst out Jed, their half-grown son, incredulously.

"Your Aunt Prilly wrote—he's been stayin' with her. 'Cousin Mosely took sick'"—she began reading the letter, which she had hastily produced from her pocket—"'the twelfth of the month, and grew weaker and weaker——'"

"What'd he leave?" questioned Bill bluntly; "cut the trimmin's and come to the point."

"'—and grew weaker and weaker,'" continued Ma, unmoved, in the precise rhetorical voice that she always affected when reading aloud, "'till a week ago last Thursday——'"

"Did he leave much?" interrupted Pa, trying to keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"When'll we git it?" broke in Jed impatiently.

"Shut up!" cried Ma; "lemme alone—I'm gittin' to it as fast as I can: 'then he suddenly got worse, and could take but little nourishment, a cup of gruel——'"

"Cut the fodder," commanded Bill.

"'—and he passed away peaceful at nine A.M., dying of old age. He didn't say any last words; but a week before he died, he said, "Prilly, write to Lize Ann Flickinger that I've left her something handsome in my will."'"

"Hurray!" shouted Pa.

"That's the stuff, Ma," grinned Bill. "What else did Aunt Prilly say?"

"Not a word; jest what I read—'something handsome'—whatever that is," returned Ma, pouring herself a cup of tea now that the great news was out.

"Mebbe he means his picture," suggested Bill facetiously.

"He was humbly as a ape," declared Ma.

"I dunno about that," observed Pa, unwilling that so generous a relative should be disparaged. "He wa'n't a ill-favored old gentleman. I always kinder liked Becker Mosely."

"He lived with us more'n he did with anybody else," said Opal, "and he used to help me tend the babies."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"He smoked my tobacco constant," contributed Bill; "he ought to remember me for that; not that I begrudge it all to Ma—she certainly does deserve 'something handsome.'"

"Summat!" exclaimed Pa. "Why, your Ma's all but fetched Cousin Becker Mosely up. He's made his general headquarters here for over twenty years without payin' a cent. Nobody's a better right to a chunk out'n his property than your Ma."

"What'd you reckon he's worth, Pa?" inquired Ma Flickinger.

"Well, I dunno for sure; he never said much about his money—but he had it. He was well fixed, you can depend on that—what I'd call rich. He probably hadn't fur from two thousand dollars invested—from what he let slip at different times."

"Land sakes! I never knew he was worth anything like that! And only me and Sister Prilly to divide it among; if I don't git but my rightful share accordin' to law, it'll be a plumb thousand."

"You was his favor*ite*," declared Pa; "I've heard him say a hundred times that he'd ruther live here than anywhere else, and I shouldn't be surprised if he'd left you the heft of the property."

"He give me a jack-knife when I was a kid," put in Jed.

"When you was a kid," sniffed Bill scornfully; "what are you now?"

"And he wa'n't much trouble to have round, neither," testified Ma; "he was the greatest feller to tell yarns—as good as a story book when I was at work."

"I always thought afore," remarked Pa, "that nobody in this town done as much for relations and got as little out of it as we did; but now our hospitality's comin' home to roost, all right."

"What'll we do with the money when we git it, Pa?" asked his wife.

"I guess we'll find places enough for it," returned Pa, glancing about the shabby room.

"We've been run out of everything so long," sighed Ma, "that I dunno as I'd know how to act with a cent to spend that I didn't have to save for rent."

"Say, folks!" yelled Bill, suddenly struck with an idea.

"Well, don't take the top of my head off," scolded his mother. "It does seem to me, Billie, that you're old enough to use your manners—if you've got any."

"Buy a home!" cried Bill, triumphantly communicating his great idea. "The place next to mine and Sophie's is for sale." For Billie Flickinger was engaged to marry Sophie Budzbanowsky, a Polish girl who worked in the St. Joe knitting factory, and he was buying a home with monthly payments.

"Land sakes! Billie, could we?" exclaimed Ma; "what say, Pa?"

"Why, yes, a house and lot; Ma, I guess you've hit it," answered Pa.

"To have rent-day continually hangin' over my head is a nightmare I can't never git used to," complained Ma.

"I always pay my rent," growled Pa.

"Yes, but it's always a pull; and you know it. If we could have a little place of our own next to Billie's, with a new house and a yard and a garden, I guess I'd never want to die and go to heaven."

"Why don't you see the man, Pa, that owns it?" encouraged Bill.

"I could; still I don't like to count Cousin Mosely's gift afore it's hatched."

"But he said 'something handsome,'" reminded Ma.

"I could inquire;—who owns it?"

"Bistle," informed Bill.

"I believe I'll go over to-night," decided Pa sheepishly.

"Pa Flickinger," exclaimed Ma, "are you daft? It's a quarter past eight now; the Bistles 'ud be abed afore you got half-way there."

"Me an' Sophie went over the house afore we picked out ourn, and I know jest how it's built," explained Bill; "give me Aunt Prilly's envelope and I'll mark off the rooms." He soon had a small, irregular plan, formed without the least regard for the commonest rules of drawing.

"I hope the house don't bulge like that," said Ma critically.

"It's good enough to git an idea from," Bill assured her.

"Here's the parlor," indicated Jed, leaving a gloomy cloud from his thumb over that crooked apartment.

"Parlor!" snorted Bill; "it's a livin'-room—parlors ain't stylish now."

"Here's the kitchen," informed Jed, making a fresh smear.

"Keep your paws off'n the thing, Jed," ordered Pa. "You act as if 'twa'n't no value unless you smear it all up. The world won't come to a end if you don't tell us jest how every blamed *de*tail is. Give your Ma a chanst." For Ma Flickinger was vainly

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

trying to get the run of the plan over Jed's shoulder.

"But what's the pantry doin' in front?" she questioned.

"You're upside down; a fool'd know the pantry wa'n't in front," grumbled Bill, who resented that any fault should be found with his plan.

"A fool might know it, Billie," reproved Pa, "but your Ma might not—seein' she had her view backwards."

"And a bay window for flowers!" exclaimed Ma, who by this time had acquired a better view-point, "and a spare room—besides enough bedrooms to go round!"

"Which'll be my room?" questioned Opal, after Bill had drawn the plan of the upper story, with the aid of a case-knife to keep the lines straight.

"You shall have the front room, Opal, with the little alcove; I always did feel mean about your sleepin' on a cot."

"Lookee, here's my room," asserted Jed, delicately pointing out the attic with a fork.

"I don't believe in a boy bein' chucked into the dingiest hole in the house," protested Ma; "no, Jed, you can have the side room that's got a window in front."

"I'd kinder like this'n I've picked out," insisted Jed, "'cause I can see my pigeons from it."

"Where's your pigeons?" scoffed Bill.

"Land sakes!" cried Ma, "there'll be a yard—I plumb forgot that. Opal, we'll have a little flower garden with a row of hollyhawks. Yes, and we'll have laylock bushes in the front yard."

"And vegetables—I always kinder hankered to be a farmer jay myself," struck in Pa. "I'll bet, without braggin', that I could make a stab at gardenin', Ma, that'd make you whistle! Jest give me soil and seeds——"

"But to grow flowers!" gloated Ma. "Of course I've tried here, but we ain't got only a few feet of ground; and what with the young ones and dogs and chickens, it'd be easier to raise Cain than crops."

"OPAL, TROT OUT THAT THERE GOLD-HEADED CANE, AND LET SOPHIE HAVE A SQUINT AT IT."

"Chickens!" ejaculated Pa; "we'll have the coop right here—" pointing to a spot on the paper inside the wabbly line, supposed to be a fence, with which Bill had enclosed the plan of the house.

"That's my pigeon shed," objected Jed.

"Well, you and your Pa don't need to quarrel about that, Jeddie," conciliated Ma; "there's room enough for both."

"We'll have our own turkey for Thanksgivin' Day—hey, old woman?" exulted Pa.

"I dunno, Pa, but you're goin' in too heavy, chickens and turkeys both. It takes a pile of stuff to feed 'em. Though a gobbler on a hollerday ain't to be sneezed at," conceded Ma.

"Yet I dunno as we ought to move," she worried. "I plumb forgot the girls. Here's Mandy livin' on one side of us; she looks to us to help her with Butch since her man's gone to Klondike; and there's Elvie livin' on the other side, with Beulah jest learnin' to walk; and Jule and Milo and their twins, only a few doors off—they fairly live here. No, I don't see how we're goin' to move away. I dunno but what it would be selfish for us to pull up and go, even if it would be the best thing for us."

"Well, of all things," cried Bill jealously, exasperated at his mother's self-denial, "are Jule and Mandy and Elvie more account than me and Sophie—don't we want you to live by us when we git married?"

"Sakes alive, Billie, I plumb forgot you and Sophie. But the girls have got to dependin' on me so; and Opal's took more care of their babies than they have themselves. I don't suppose the girls 'ud ever hear to our movin' away. What say, Pa?"

"I say this, Ma: you've fetched 'em up—now let 'em scratch for themselves. And after Bill's married you'll still have me and Jed and Opal on your hands; it stands to reason you'd ought to do the best you can by this remnant. I say *move*," for Pa Flickinger could not lightly give up the precious thought of owning a home.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Though the family waited eagerly for the legacy, the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks to months, and still no word came from Sister Prilly about the will of Becker Mosely, deceased.

But all this time the Flickingers were in a state of delightful anticipation; for Pa had seen Bistle, who had offered to hold the place a few weeks for him. And Ma and Opal had furnished the house from attic to cellar many times in imagination. They visited the place, which was even nicer and larger than they had thought it would be from Bill's plan; in fact, Bill had got nothing right. Each new discovery added to their happiness.

It was fully three months after the announcement of the death of Cousin Mosely, that Sister Prilly's second letter and Ma's legacy were received.

"I've heard from Sister Prilly," remarked Ma dryly at the supper-table one night.

"Hurray!" shouted Pa; "give us the news."

"How much did Cousin Mosely leave you?" cried Bill.

HIS STEP WAS EAGER, FOR HE OWNED A BIT OF LAND.

"He left me—'with his kindest love,'" said Ma bitterly, "a gold-headed cane!"

"A gold-headed *what!*" roared Pa.

And Bill was so shaken out of his usual royal indifference that he looked completely dazed, with his fork of potatoes suspended in air half-way to his mouth.

"Look at the thing!" cried Ma, jumping up and waving the cane before the astonished men.

"Do you mean to say that's *all?*" gasped Pa. "Ain't you a-foolin', old woman?"

"Does this look like foolin'?" snapped Ma, shaking the unwelcome walking-stick in front of his bulging eyes. "Would *I* buy a gold-headed cane when I hadn't seen nothin' bigger'n rent money for twenty years?"

"It's a thunderin' shame, Ma!" cried Bill, bringing his great red fist down on the table with a bang that made the dishes rattle.

"I'd like to break the danged thing over Becker Mosely's head," stormed Pa. "Take the blamed thing out'n my sight," he ordered violently. "It makes me fightin' mad to think of the hypocritical old thing," referring probably to Cousin Mosely and not to the cane.

"It give me a turn when the expressman brought it," acknowledged Ma. "Opal, stick the old thing in the cellarway. Sister Prilly wrote it was left as a remembrance."

"Who wants a remembrance from him, anyway?" inquired Pa gloomily.

"Becker Mosely used my tobacco reg'lar," grumbled Bill, "but I never made no kick."

"And I had to sleep on a broken-down lounge every time he was here," put in Jed.

"He said I was too big to play with dolls," contributed Opal resentfully.

"And you was," added Bill, who seldom took the trouble to address any remark whatever to his little sister.

"And I spoilt more'n one good batch of doughnuts tryin' to keep the run of his yarns and do my bakin' at the same time," affirmed Ma.

"Well, here we are, same as ever—nothin' doin' about the house now. Who got his money, anyway?" inquired Pa as an afterthought.

"Nobody—he didn't have a cent left."

"To think," sighed Pa, "of that there chicken yard."

"Don't I miss that there spare bedroom and that there bay window more'n a chicken yard, I'd like to know?" exclaimed Ma Flickinger indignantly. "And didn't I want a house where Opal could have a nice room of her own? And think of them laylocks and that there row of hollyhawks. Oh, land, I wish we wa'n't so pizen poor!"

"And them vegetables," lamented Pa; "we might have raised more'n we wanted and sold a few."

"I promised to buy pigeons of Ike Peebles, and now I can't," mourned Jed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I'm only a poor man," sighed Pa, "and I pay rent, and I'm willin' to do it—only—I do say this—and I wish I could say it so loud that Becker Mosely 'ud hear it in whatever locality he's spongin' his livin' in now—that what I do mind is havin' my honest feelin's acted on in this way. To raise up expectations as Becker Mosely has ourn, and then to scrush 'em with a gold-headed walking-stick ain't Christian."

The next evening, in the midst of this deep dejection, came Sophie Budzbanowsky, whom Bill had brought to consult Ma about some important detail of their coming marriage.

Sophie's sympathy took a practical turn. "I don't see," she declared, "why your Pa, Billie, can't buy that place still, yet, on the instalment plan—the same as you are doing. The man gets no payment down, so it takes a little longer to pay—and the payments come bigger—but that makes not so much difference, either, for it's only two dollars more a month than you pay here."

"Sophie!" cried Pa, the great white light that plays about the instalment plan suddenly breaking upon him. "You're more like Ma than all the rest of us put together; she'd 'a' thought of that if you'd 'a' give her time." No greater compliment than this could Pa bestow.

"I did think of it," admitted Ma, "but I didn't say nothin', havin' been such a big fool over Cousin Mosely's money. But how does it strike you, Pa," she inquired anxiously, "buyin' on the instalment plan? You're the one that's got to carry the burden."

"The instalment plan is one that I've allus fought shy of," returned Pa judiciously; "when it comes to buyin' diamonds or gilt-edged minin' stock or sealskin sacks—not for me. But—when it comes to buyin' a *home* that way, that's a plan of a different color. If we git on to a place of our own we'll never let it go back. But what'll we do for furniture?"

"Me and Opal can do wonders with the old truck in a decent house," answered Ma cheerfully.

"And when you have paid for the place you can begin to get some new furniture, yet," counseled Sophie.

"So we can," replied Ma; "I declare I didn't stop to think that we'd ever git the instalments paid, the rent's worn such a deep rut in my mind. Still, there'd be the taxes——"

"But they don't come every month, snow or shine," remarked Pa. "And you know, Ma, you can't expect such protection as Uncle Sam gives us, for nothin'; 'twouldn't be square."

"I dunno," reflected Ma, "as Cousin Mosely did us such a bad turn, after all, if we git a home by it."

"Cousin Mosely lived accordin' to his lights," moralized Pa magnanimously. "And I see now that it wa'n't right to look to him for our money. What he et—he et, and there's a end to it. But it's better to earn your own money every time than to wait for dead men's shoes, which frequently don't walk your way. Opal, trot out that there gold-headed cane, and let Sophie have a squint at it."

It was but a few weeks till they were comfortably settled in their new home, for the instalment man had hurried them in. And Pa Flickinger no longer dragged stolidly home at night; his step was eager, for he owned a bit of land, and he was doing wonders with it.

"Ma," he would inquire triumphantly, "whose garden truck is a-humpin' itself like ourn?"

Ketury's Diamond Wedding

By Winifred Arnold

Mrs. Hepsey Bassett speaks:

That's right, Mis' Brown, jest take your bonnet right off an' settle yerself for a good dish o' talk. I'm glad it don't run in all elders' famblies to be so oneasy when they're out a-seein' folks. Mirandy Ann Rogers now, Elder Simpkins's niece that was here a-visitin', she'd read in one o' these here fashion sheets that you mustn't stay more than fifteen minutes to a call—so, from the minute she struck the place, she was all in a tiffick for fear she'd stay half a second too long. She set on the edge of her cheer, with her eyes on the clock, till I got jest as fidgety as an old hen a-watchin' of her.

"Mirandy," says I finally, "ef ye come here to look at my clock," says I, "why ye're perfectly welcome, but next time don't bother me to come in an' see ye do it. I'd orter be out in the kitchen this minute a-finishin' my biscuits for tea." Mirandy was real mad, but land, I didn't care a mite nor a grain. I notice that if you let folks alone they come

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

outer their tantrums arter a while by themselves—even such folks as Cap'n Vally Slocum an' his wife, Ketury. Was you a-livin' here when they had their double di'mond weddin'? Nor ye ain't never hearn tell of it? I wanter know! Wal, I'd admire to tell ye all about it, for 'twas full the most int'rustin' occasion I ever 'tended in Sonet.

The cap'n's full name was Vally D. Shomber—reel heathenish an' outlandish, I call it—but ye see his father was a sea cap'n an' he picked up a terrible hifalutin, novel-readin' young piece in some seaport town or other an' married her, an' she seen that name in one o' her books, some count or dook or other, I s'pose, an' tacked it on to her boy. An' his sister's name was Aurorer Bory Alice.

Well, Vally lived up to his name, I tell you. He didn't think no small shakes o' himself, Vally didn't—thought he run the whole town and the State o' Massachusetts to boot. So I s'picioned there'd be trouble jest as soon as I hearn tell that he'd married Ketury Hopkins, down to Little Compton. For Ketury she was the sassiest little piece that ever breathed the breath o' life. So o' course they fit—fit week in an' week out, except when they didn't speak at all.

THEY FIT MOST OVER THEIR YOUNG ONES' NAMES.

They fit most over their young ones' names. Vally was awful sot up over his'n, an' he was bound that his childern should hev the same hifalutin kind, but Ketury was jest as sot t'other way. He wanted one named arter him an' another arter Aurorer Bory Alice, an' he come home from one cruise jest set on Patagonia an' Sierra Nevada. But o' course he couldn't git the best o' Ketury thar. She was alwuz home to name the babies, an' he, more'n likely, was off on a cruise; so Ketury she got her way every time an' carried out her idee, which was to go down through the Old Testament as far as was necessary. It worked all right for the boys—there was Joshua Samuel, Ezra Nehemiah, Job Solomon, Isaiah Jeremiah, an' Ezekiel Dan'l—but the books o' the Bible is ruther scant for girls. Ruth an' Esther 's all right o' course, but when the third girl come, Ketury was quite put to it. She sent for me to come down an' help her, for she was bound to git the baby named before the cap'n got home, an' he was expected any day. So we thrashed over the hull list of 'em from start to finish, an' I was jest a-sayin' that she might compromise on Hanner, seein' she was the *ma* of a book ennyhow, when all of a sudden the same idee struck us both—Genesis! we says—both together, Jennie—Sis—jest as plain as day, an Genesis it was. I went right up to the town clerk's office an' had it writ down in the book.

Wal, that was really the last straw. The next day Cap'n Vally got home, bound an' detarmined to have his way this time; an' thar she was all tagged Genesis firm an' fast. They do say he swore somethin' dretful, an' that very day he begun turnin' sod for another house across the road. He worked on it every time he was home arter that; but they never separated till it come around their thirtieth anniversary. They was the greatest on keepin' anniversaries that you ever did see. They'd kep' 'em every five years reg'lar since they was married, an' sometimes between whiles when they could git up any new kind of a weddin' to have. Sometimes 'twould set 'em to speakin' for the fust time in a year or so.

Well, so it come around to the thirtieth, which was the time they'd lotted on partin', for the two oldest girls was married off an' most o' the boys doin' for themselves—thar wa'n't only two left to hum, Zek'l Dan'l an' Genesis. But the anniversary passed off so well that Vally most decided to stay on with Ketury so't they could have another. Bein's 'twas to be their last, they decided to have the golden one then an' thar, and it did go off well. The children clubbed together an' give Ketury a gold breastpin an' Vally a gold

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

watch chain (real A No. 1 plate they was, both on 'em), an' Ketury she made gold cake an' yaller custard, an' 'twas a dretful harnsome affair. Vally was as proud as a peacock, an' he went a-sailin' round smilin' like a Jack-o'-lantern, bossin' this an' bossin' that, an' givin' Zek'l Dan'l the name o' Sierra Nevada, an' callin' Genesis Patagonia, kinder free an' easy like, an' tellin' Ketury 'fore all the folks how fat she was gettin'. Finally Ketury's dander riz right up high. "Land, cap'n," says she, "I was just a-thinkin' how you was a-baldin' off an' a-poorin' away. I only hope Zek'l Dan'l an' Genesis'll take arter the Hopkinses an' keep a few spears o' hair an' not wizen all up!" says she.

HE'D BE BLOWED IF HE KNEW WHERE SHE EXPECTED DI'MONDS TO COME FROM.

Well, Cap'n Vally he was all struck in a heap, as ye might say, for the cap'n was jest as vain as the next man, an' he'd thought he was a-stayin' a gay young spark while his wife was a-growin' old an' humbly—so that ref'rence to his looks settled him. They divided the stuff that very night, an' the next day he moved over to t'other house, takin' Zek'l Dan'l with him an' gittin' his sister, Aurorer Bory Alice, to housekeep for him. Genesis stayed with her ma an' they kep' hens, an' the cap'n kep' a cow an' pigs, an' they sent things back an' forth; an' all lived there jest as neighborly as ye please year in an' year out, 'cept for he an' she never speakin' to each other nor goin' to each other's house.

Still, I could see that each time the five years came round it was dretful hard on both on 'em not to celebrate. When the fiftieth hove in sight, 'twas too much for Ketury. "Mis' Bassett!" says she one day, "I'm a-goin' to have a di'mond weddin'. We've had our golden one, an' di'mond's the next, ye can't deny. I've thought it all over," says she, "an' I've been married fifty year, hain't I?—an' Vally is still a-livin' ef he hain't a-livin' with me, an' I hain't had an anniversary in twenty year, an' I'm goin' to have it," says she.

"I s'pose you're goin' to ask Vally?" says I.

"No, indeed, Hepsey Bassett," says she; "what's Vally got to do with it, I'd like to know?"

"Ketury Slocum!" says I. "It's as much Vally's anniversary as 'tis yourn," says I. "It ain't decent for you not to invite him to his own di'mond weddin'."

It was hard work, but when it comes to talkin' common sense I don't knock under to nobody, an' finally Ketury give in an' promised to send Vally an invite. But she wouldn't tell me none o' the rest of her plans. I couldn't for the life of me make out how she was a-goin' to give a di'mond weddin' here in Sonet, where we never so much as thought o' wearin' di'monds, let alone givin' on 'em away; but she jest smiled mysterious like, an' says she, "Wait an' see, Mis' Bassett," says she, an' with that she started home to write her invites.

Well, when Vally D. Shomber got his'n he was as crestfallen as anything, to think Ketury'd got ahead of him an' thought o' that anniversary fust. But he an' Aurorer put their heads together, an' next thing we knew out come another set o' invites—from Cap'n Vally, for the very same day, only his was for the forenoon an' stay to dinner, an' hers for the arternoon and supper. He thought he'd take the wind outer her sails that way, but Ketury Slocum ain't so easy scairt.

"That'll set mine off better," says she, an' we never even seen her peekin' out from behind the front shades when folks begun goin' over to Vally's at the hour app'inted.

Between the two front windows in the fore room Vally had spread a big square table all empty, an' a sign over it read: "Put all the Di'monds Here!" O' course everybody sniggered at that, but that was all that happened till dinner-time; an', as most on us women folks hadn't brought our work—two weddin's in one day made it seem so much like Sunday—we did git sorter tired settin' around an' visitin' three mortal hours, specially as lots had to stand up, there not bein' cheers enough to go round. But Aurorer did give us a good dinner, fust-rate, an' the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

men folks all come for the noon spell an' we got real chirked up, so that by the time they'd gone home ag'in, an' we'd got the dishes washed up, we was ready to go over to Ketury's jest as she run up the front shades.

The Slocum gals an' boys had been goin' back an' forth between the two houses all the mornin', an' like as not some on 'em had give their ma an idee, for fust an' foremost she had plenty o' cheers for us to set on—borried 'em outen the meetin'-house vestry. I see Joshua Samuel a-fetchin' 'em over in his light waggin 'bout one o'clock.

Wal, ye never see anythin' like that house in all your born days—everythin' on earth was set di'mondin', an' what couldn't be di'mondin' was catty-cornered. Ketury has a great store o' mats, braided an' drawn an' all, an' they was every one on 'em put down di'monded; so was the tidies on every cheer an' even the picters on the walls. Land, how they did look, the Infant Samuel a-settin' down catty-cornered an' all the mottoes goin' either up hill or down dale—an' o' course the tables was sot crooked, an' even the cheers was in fours backed up together.

There wa'n't no mistakin' what kind of a weddin' that was, I tell ye, an' specially when ye looked at Ketury herself. She had on her best black apacky an' she'd sewed two rows o' big purple cotton di'monds all round the skirt an' small ones up and down the front of her basque waist. Ye mightn't think so unless ye seen it, but 'twas reel fixy trimmin'.

Well, arter we'd laid off our things an' got seated, Ketury she went round an' give us all out little di'mond-shaped pieces o' cloth, white cotton cloth that she'd colored with Di'mond dyes, blue an' yaller an' green an' red, an' we all sot round, sociable like, an' pieced patchwork all the arternoon—we most finished it afore supper-time, an' it'll make a reel harnsome quilt for Ketury to remember her anniversary by. I dunno as her supper was a mite better'n Aurorer Bory Alice's, but some way it looked so fixy like that it did seem to taste better. Everythin' was cut out di'mondin', the biscuits an' the cookies an' the doughnuts, an' ef you'll b'leeve it, the pie too, an' even the men folks seemed to relish it better—they et enough, goodness knows. Men folks has to be pretty pindlin' afore they need to take any bitters for their appetites!

Jest as we was a-settin' down to the table, the door opened, an' who should walk in but Cap'n Vally himself, tryin' not to look so sheepish as he must 'a' felt, but more as if he'd been a-comin' in to supper jest so every night for the last twenty year. I suspicion that he'd heard a lot of the doin's from the boys, for they'd been a-goin' back an' forth durin' the arternoon. Ennyway, he took the hull thing in like a flash.

"Wal, wal, Ketury," says he, "you certainly air the beateree when it comes to anniversaries an' celebrations. I guess I'll have to come across an' stay till the next one so as to be on hand an' not miss nothin'."

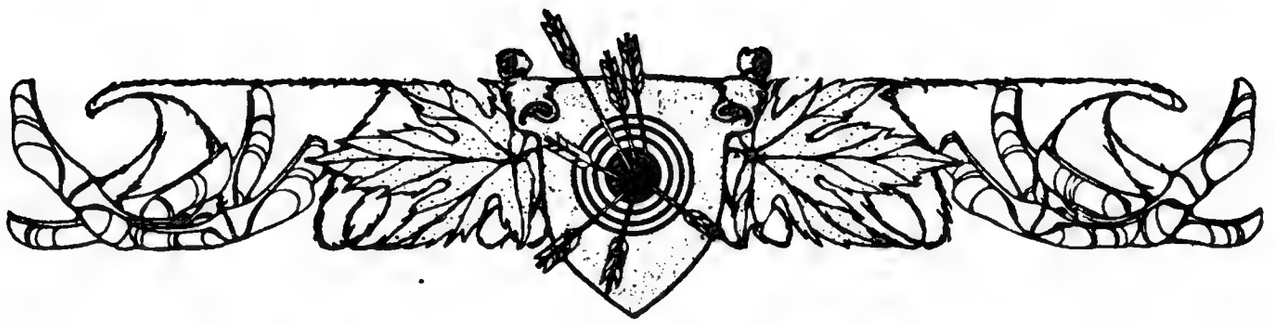
"All right, cap'n," says Ketury, "set right down an' help yerself!" Vally didn't have to be asked no second time, I tell you. His fork was in every cake-dish an' pie-plate afore you could say Jack Robinson.

KETURY WENT ROUND AN' GIVE US ALL LITTLE DI'MOND-SHAPED PIECES O' CLOTH.

"Wal, ma," he chuckled, "you've sartainly struck a di'mond-mine this time. We'd better name Joshua Samuel's new baby Golconda!"

An' ef you'll b'leeve it, they did.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

WHY?

As an interested reader of your most excellent magazine, I am curious to know what induced you to publish Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's "A Nation of Villagers" in your December number when it did not comply with your request for a contribution, in any particular, nor possess the merit of a single rational idea. You, no doubt, decline with thanks many manuscripts of merit that are not suitable to your requirements. Why was the rule suspended in this instance? You did not think to add anything to your symposium, "What Is a Good Man?" by exhibiting Mr. Shaw's treatment of the subject, or rather his ignoring of the subject altogether. Yet you published it for what it was worth without further comment than appears at the head of the article. I am not of the opinion that the excuse therein offered is sufficient for its publication and write this for further enlightenment. J. T. S.

Selma, Ala.

MISS MILLIONS AND HER CLOTHES

I READ the captions under the pictures and the closing paragraph of Miss Somebody's article on the expensive gowns of certain society women, in the November EVERYBODY'S.

Don't you think it would be a clever idea to exploit the pet dogs of swelldom and lay their pictures and their daily bills of fare before the public, and side by side print photos of wan-faced children, with their bills of fare—a crust and a cuff?

Then follow this up with the money wasted on jewelry, on servants, on houses, on travel, and the like. Demonstrate that it is wrong for a woman of wealth to hire a maid to comb her hair while other people are bald and need hair restoratives; that Miss Millions has no ethical right to silken lingerie while Mrs. Wetalley lacks a warm coat.

What is the purpose of all of this Russellized stuff? What is its logical effect on unripe minds? Does the woman who dresses *up* to her means work one tithe of the harm that the woman works who dresses *above* her means?

Does the expensive apparel of Fifth Avenue awaken in the breast of the East Side woman any desire of rivalry? The woman on the block who buys at a Fourteenth Street store a trashy suit to flaunt in the face of her neighbors does more harm to the neighborhood than Miss Millions.

No one, apparently, is to dress, or eat, or live comfortably so long as Hester Street holds one cold or hungry tot.

I am not attempting an analytical criticism of Miss Lynch's article, for I have not read it. But you have gotten into a Russellized rut of thought from out of which you should be switched.

Two things make socialism possible, *i. e.*, envy and a sort of slobbering sympathy that weeps without thought.

The "dress" article is calculated to awaken both of these—otherwise it is without point.

The same sympathy might be awakened for the cattle that are killed for market. And the flies that are caught on the sheet of sticky paper, or

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the flea that is murdered for daring to support its own life by sucking our surplus blood.

You are a Socialist and don't know it.

P. S.—DON'T let anybody tell you that the Russo-Japanese war, the San Francisco earthquake and fire, etc., *diminished the circulating medium.* Don't let them tell you that *times* are bad because of these great losses. These two happenings drew money out of securities, out of hiding, out of vaults, and put millions in circulation, in the hands of the people, out of the the hands of the banker. There is more money in the world to-day than there was three years ago or two years ago, when all was prosperity. The country is remarkably prosperous. Then why depression, why banks in jeopardy? The New York speculator has gobbled the money of New York on bad securities—watered stock—and New York has by offering high rates of interest gobbled the money of even the little country banks.

New York goes panicky, resorts to clearing-house certificates, fails to respond to its interior creditor banks, and throws the whole country on a clearing-house certificate basis.

This is the first turn of the screw that is pressing the water out of securities. The banks are stuck with the securities. The next deal will land the securities in the laps of the public.

San Francisco, Cal. J. P. B.

A "DASTARD" ARTICLE

WHILE I am not a subscriber to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, I do buy it every month and read it. Having bought it this evening, I read the article by G. Bernard Shaw, entitled "A Nation of Villagers," which so incensed me as an American that I cannot refrain from writing you and censuring you for publishing such a dastard article. I sincerely hope that each and every subscriber you have upon your lists will do as I certainly will do, *i. e.*, refrain from ever purchasing EVERYBODY'S in the future. J. H. E.

THE COMMITTEE FROM LONDON

YOUR December number has appealed to me so strongly that I am tempted to send you a line of appreciation and thanks. "The Happy Day" is as deliciously sweet and simple as a bit of Ik Marvel's "Dream Life."

In fact it is all good, except the abuse of America and Americans in "A Nation of Villagers," by Bernard Shaw. Why *did* you let him laugh in his sleeve at your willingness to lend your columns for him to abuse the American people in, when instead of giving his views on "What is a good man?" he wrote "A Nation of Villagers," and imposed on you and your readers?

While our American cities are in many cases notoriously badly governed, I do not recall any occasion where we have thrown respectable gentlewomen into jail for publicly demanding the right of suffrage. The proposed "Committee from London" might introduce this custom among other reforms, and Mrs. Richard Cobden-Sanderson, who is now telling us in this country of her experience as a common felon in an English jail, would then be no safer here than there.

Phœnixville, Pa. H. H. G.

HE LIKES SHAW

How did you get the courage to print Shaw's article? I think it one of the bravest and most remarkable that has ever appeared in print, and I expect it to cause wide discussion.

Philadelphia. J. N. N.

USELESS TO FINE CORPORATIONS

I READ in EVERYBODY'S for November, in the article "Making Steel and Killing Men," this sentence: "Just suppose that instead of being relieved from all money liability . . . that the company had to pay a flat fine of $20,000 every time a ladleman was killed," etc. The suggestion of remedying evils of the character dealt with in this article by the imposition of fines of any mentionable amount upon the corporation is in the way of idle prating. It is nothing short of amazing that writers of the apparent astuteness of Mr. William Hard do not discern the absolute fact that for every evil of the nature of those pointed out, and for very nearly every other evil incident to "great enterprises," there is an individual responsibility. Every large department of a corporate enterprise is under the complete control of some one man. Why is it that writers like Mr. Hard spend their time groping in the cave—under the smoke—of this fiction of corporate management as being wholly impersonal? Why do they not proclaim the simple truth that some one man, who can with no great effort be perfectly identified, is accountable for every instance of inhumanity and horror detailed or undiscovered. Then with all vigor urge the fixing of this individual responsibility as the responsibility for other misdeeds is fixed, and the infliction of like penalty as for other similar misdeeds on the one guilty man? The one man in position and authority in the great steel company dealt with in Mr. Hard's article who knew of the absence of the lugs from the slag pots, and who knew that the absence of the lugs entailed peril to human life, should have been haled into court on the proper criminal charge, and, if convicted, should have been subjected to the same penalty that any other individual, not the agent of a great corporation,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

would have suffered for a like act or criminal omission.

We have heard something about reaching the men higher up, but none has yet been reached as the men lower down are reached all the time, and until this is done we are but beating the air with feathers. When we get some real men, big men, behind bars in prison garb, on prison fare, the medicine will have an effect. A. S. H.

Topeka, Kan.

THE MENACE OF DIRTY CARS

You have rendered many a service to many a person and many a cause. But it would seem that you have never done a more universally serviceable deed than that of giving to the world Dr. Thomson's article in the November Everybody's, "Plain Labels on Germ Enemies." It presents simply and interestingly facts which are usually baffling to the average reader by reason of the technical terms and references employed in their presentation.

This article suggests a cause which needs espousing—to wit, the conditions existing upon our railway trains. Incalculably more people are killed yearly by the spread of disease upon our trains than by railway accidents.

Can nothing be done to persuade the railroads to take the few necessary steps which would safeguard public health? Vacuum cleansing, which is now in use by only one railroad, filtered water, the privilege of buying individual drinking-cups, a disinfecting soap for use in the dressing-rooms, a proper system of ventilation instead of the uncertain transom which does not insure pure air—these changes would save lives.

Melrose, Mass. (Mrs.) B. G.

RAMMING THE POKER INTO THE FIRE

With his scintillating superficiality, and the pyrotechnic brilliancy of his kaleidoscopic mind, George Bernard Shaw seeks to mesmerize the reader into an acceptance of Shawism at its author's valuation.

The arrogant and supercilious tone of his vitriolic utterances is characteristic of the man, his whole attitude being that of one who believes he is casting pearls of wisdom before swine. With him sublime egotism has become an obsession.

He should be recognized as the champion word-juggler of the world. He is never so happy as when he is splashing ostentatiously through a sea of sesquipedalian words, with ideas bobbing around on the surface like corks—for none of them is weighty enough to sink below the surface.

In his altruistic efforts to show how the United States should conduct its affairs he is, for once, truly humorous.

In spite of his years, he has not arrived at the intellectual age of discretion and mental balance; for he still loves to ram the poker into the open fire, just to see the sparks fly. Indeed, this seems to be his sole occupation in life. And why not, inasmuch as he enjoys it, other people seem to like it, and it is profitable, pecuniarily, to himself?

Witty he undoubtedly is; but wit alone does not constitute true greatness. Stripped of their ornate embellishments, the artistic garniture of clever verbiage, his thoughts are neither remarkably original nor exceptionally forceful; they are merely presented in such bizarre and sensational fashion as to focus attention upon himself—when he complacently retires, chuckling with enjoyment at the havoc he has wrought among conservative readers and thinkers. F. R. H.

New York.

"JULE"

Jule, a member of the Flickinger family, is one of the most consistent characters that Everybody's has given its readers. Her commonplaceness communicates itself to a reader as frankly as the smell of boiled cabbage. Maternity rests incongruously on her. Her deficiencies of mind and character are ludicrous, yet there is something about poor Jule that we like. When she grumbles, "I never do get to go nowhere," we feel an infinite pathos in her complaint, of which Jule herself is unconscious, for she senses the limitations of her life more in bewilderment than in sorrow. Jule craves excitement. She grasps at emotions greedily, yielding to them in the utmost abandonment, when there happens to be any relief from the monotony of her life.

Jule is dominated always by selfishness, but it is a child's selfishness, which provokes laughter rather than disgust. And some way, too, we want the desires of Jule satisfied. We could even see her nephew, Butch, deprived of something, so that Jule could have it.

In her grumblings, in her self-satisfaction, as, clothed in her green striped dimity, she goes to the picnic, Jule makes a strong appeal to us. May she live long, provided she remains "just Jule." M. W. G.

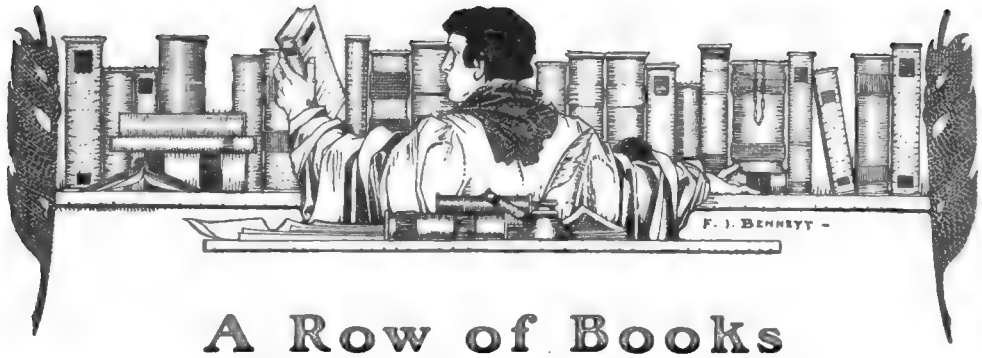
St. Louis, Mo.

A CLASH

I certainly do appreciate the "Romance of the Reaper," in your December number. It is really patriotic, so much so that one can hardly read "A Nation of Villagers," by G. Bernard Shaw, in the same issue, and swallow all of the latter story. M. N. W.

Greenwood, Ark.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

WILL you, who are about to look over this little talk on current books, take a moment to join me in an experiment? The first book I want to speak of is a little volume by a student of sociology and is called "Sin and Society" (Houghton, Mifflin). Will you, before going farther, define to yourself what this title suggests to you? Does it make you think of bridge whist, indiscriminate divorce, loose morals? Very probably. It did me. And if you and me, then others? And if enough others, why, that is public opinion? Exactly. Now, Edward A. Ross, who wrote "Sin and Society," thinks that public opinion, which is the watch-dog of the social order, is barking up the wrong tree. He thinks that these concrete and personal vices are less menacing, because more realized, than the impersonal, long-distance, wireless sinning by syndicate and against unseen victims by respected and self-respecting seekers after success. Most of the muck-rakers have thought the same thing. But they have gone about rousing the watch-dog in a different way. They have been busy for the last year or so pointing out individual sinners and calling "Ho! Tige!" "Here, Tige!" "Sick 'em, Tige!" until the poor bewildered watch-dog, who knows a disreputable character when he sees one, but has never overcome his early training in regard to outward respectability, has gone back to his treed tramp. Mr. Ross's book is an explanation, not an "exposure." He calls it "an analysis of latter-day iniquity." It is an argument, not an "exposure." It is straight from the shoulder and straight to the point. It interested me and therefore I believe it would interest you. If it interests enough others, it will help public opinion to change trees. Which is what it was written for.

There is a little matter connected with literary zoology that we wish the Smithsonian Institution or some other competent body would look into and report upon. The recognized authorities (who differ upon almost everything else) have long agreed in assuming that the three-volume novel, numerous fossil remains of which are found in the Pleistocene deposits of the eighteenth century, is an extinct species. It disappeared, they explain, because it was too cumbrous to maintain itself in the modern struggle for existence. They add that the 300-page novel is its lineal descendant, and even hint that the short story is lengthening so rapidly that it will bear watching. The matter has been looked upon as settled and the three-volume novel has been classed with the dodo. It followed that when "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" appeared some time ago, every one exclaimed at its size; but every one read it and no one saw anything significant in the occurrence. "The Divine Fire" came out. "Joseph Vance" appeared. Still no one said anything. "The Fruit of the Tree" (Scribner) runs to 600 pages, and seems to maintain itself fairly well in the current struggle for existence. There appears to have been a miscalculation somewhere. Evolution is not running according to schedule. Edith Wharton's novel stands in the same relation to the fall fiction of 1907 that "The House of Mirth" did to that of 1905. That is to say, it dominates it. But whether it stands out disturbingly, or satisfyingly, depends upon whether the reader belongs to the one or to the other of the classes we defined last month as preferring the glamour of life as it isn't, or as being interested in the logic of life as it is. The glamour of life as it isn't is non-existent for Mrs. Wharton. She is not even, in her work, concerned with the joy of life as it is; but with the blind turns and unmarked crossroads at which many of us miss the way thither. Yet this concern is not that of the preacher, but of the artist; an artist, however, inexorably imbued with the spirit and the estheticism of the scientist, to whom the blind sequence of cause and effect is at once the prime objective and the chiefest beauty. This was true, gropingly, of "The House of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mirth." It is true, achievedly, in "The Fruit of the Tree," which far excels its predecessor in construction, in clearness of conception, and in the completeness of its self-fulfilment.

Admirably, however, as the new three-volume novel is adapted to its environment, this return of the mammoths is being attended with distressful results. The frogs in the literary puddle haveseen them and are beginning to inflate themselves in disastrous rivalry. All around the pool one comes across nice, active little 300-page subjects swelling themselves into pneumatic, ready-to-burst, 500-page volumes. Take, for instance, Robert W. Chambers' "The Younger Set" (Appleton). It is a story of New York society that, at best, would have depended for its interest upon Mr. Chambers' personal magnetism as a raconteur, the crisp give and take of his dialogue, and his ability to make lovers lovable. But Mr. Chambers has seen the mammoths. He has said to himself, "There, by the grace of God, goes Robert W. Chambers!" and he has swollen accordingly. The result would be funny if it were not tedious. "I had no idea," says one of his characters, "that I could be so eloquent." "Am I getting garrulous?" asks another. And the reader answers, "You are, you are indeed."

Some time ago a sort of educational treaty of reciprocity was entered into between the United States and France, under the terms of which the interchange of educators was placed upon the free list, and the two countries have been trading college professors, as the small boys trade jack-knives, "sight unseen." Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, was our first trade, and he spent the year 1904 lecturing upon America at the Sorbonne, in Paris, and at various universities in France. And now, having returned, he gives us in a volume called "The France of To-day" (Scribner) some of the most interesting glimpses of his hosts that recent literature has furnished. Truly a two-bladed jack-knife, this. The title of the book, while appropriate enough, unhappily suggests one of our made-to-order, lathe-turned compilations of desiccated information for stay-at-home travelers. It is the book's complete dissociation, both in manner and in message, from this familiar type to which one desires to call attention. It contains the impressions of an interested observer formed under circumstances rich in opportunity. It discusses the French temperament, the structure of society, the status of the family, the relations of literature to life. It deals frankly with individual experiences. It is written in a first person singular as free from self-consciousness as it is innocent of dogmatism. Altogether it is an exceptional book and a welcome one.

Richard Pryce's novel, "The Successor" (Duffield), is, like Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," the story of a great lady who went—shall we say?—on a still hunt for an heir. This, however, is the net extent of the resemblance between these coincident treatments of a somewhat risky theme. The rest is all contrast. The accent of Mr. Pryce's narrative is placed upon the characters that it includes and upon the high comedy that they enact. Based upon an irregularity in morals, the underlying facts are told entirely by suggestion and in a manner entirely free from suggestiveness. It is an exceptionally ingenious story, not merely told with complete propriety, but built with mature skill upon the irony of misdirected strengths and undetected weaknesses, and upon the humor of human foibles. If it ends in a somewhat conventional dénouement, it is the part of wisdom to be thankful for what went before and say nothing.

One remembers that in the intemperate vocabulary of Temperance, "rum" is a generic term that brackets the "moonshine" of the Kentucky mountains with the liqueur of the Benedictine friars. "Romance," in the literary vernacular, is a term almost as indiscriminatively inclusive. Indeed, there are moments when the fat, self-satisfied complacency of the unabridged English dictionary is unbearable. There it sits, so plethoric and overfed with outlandish words that it is fairly bursting its binding, and yet one can, without periphrasis, come no nearer to differentiating Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.'s, "The Lone Star" (Doubleday, Page) and Maurice Hewlett's "The Stooping Lady" than to call them both romances. Yet if Mr. Hewlett's work is liqueur-like in its fruity warmth, Mr. Lyle's is "moonshine" in its racy and native strength. "The Lone Star" is the story of the winning of Texas. It is told by a young fledgling of fortune whom the author has allowed himself to add to the immortal garrison of the Alamo, and who tells the tale with the romantic *élan* of youth and with the reckless expansiveness of the prairies. It is a stirring tale. Sam Houston, Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie, Stephen Austin, loom conceivable but colossal in its pages. Santa Anna is the villain. Patriotism and love are the compass stars. Here, in short, is the spirit of romance fresh from the still, and by no means purged of a literary fusel-oil that will commend it to those honest throats that like to feel their liquor as it passes.

Maurice Hewlett, who dives into the past for pearls, has come up with a gem in "The Stooping Lady" (Dodd, Mead). It would, of course, never do to say anything about Mr. Hewlett with-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

out first calling him "a stylist." The remark seems to be as invariable a preliminary as oysters. And so, since it is a necessity, let us make a virtue of it. Mr. Hewlett, then, *is* a stylist. But he is one who has most successfully and finishedly turned a natural instinct to an artistic end. In "The Forest Lovers," in "The Queen's Quair," in "Richard Yea and Nay," he has severally echoed the spirit of a period in the cadence of his words. And in the present romance, in which a delightfully revolutionary little aristocrat plunges disturbingly into the foppish and uneasy London of 1809, he is superficially unfamiliar, but fundamentally consistent; a marvelously effective adapter of manner to meaning, whose "style" is an integral factor in his delineation. As for the story itself, it is at once dainty and robust, exuberant and restrained. It not only introduces us to one of the most charming heroines of recent fiction, but carries us, exhilarated and consenting, through a tale of remarkable balance, fire, and finish. In it the spirit of romance has been refined to a cordial.

James Ford Rhodes, the author of the most notable of recent contributions to the history of the United States, covered in his work (which was finished last year and which is fascinating reading, if the expression may be permitted in connection with anything so unpopular as history) the period from 1850 to 1877—from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise to the resumption of specie payment. One of the latest publications of the present season recalls this work by taking us, very minutely and intimately, over the same period as sharers in the plans, councils, and achievements of a single individual, Jay Cooke. Mr. Cooke was a banker, a financier, and a patriot. In each capacity he was first idolized, then execrated, then forgotten by his countrymen. It would be a most misleading statement to say that Ellis P. Oberholtzer's two volumes upon "Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War" (Jacobs) make fascinating reading. And yet to any one interested in men, and in events, and gifted at all with the knack of eclectic reading, this somewhat inchoate hybrid of biography and history will be found to be full, as the author in his preface ventures to hope that it may, of "cheer, faith, and philosophy"—not to mention a vast amount of inside information.

OTHER BOOKS

"Inquiries and Opinions"—(Scribner). A collection of pertinent and polished essays upon criticism and various literary questions, by Brander Matthews.

"His Own People"—(Doubleday, Page). A good light story of an American lamb among continental wolves, by Booth Tarkington.

"Magda, Queen of Sheba"—(Funk & Wagnalls). A curious version of the celebrated visit, translated from an ancient Abyssinian chronicle.

"Wards of Liberty"—(McClure). More "Little Citizens," by Myra Kelly. A second volume of character studies among the Jewish school children of New York's East Side.

"Camp and Trail"—(Outing). A book of advice by Stewart Edward White upon outfitting for wilderness travel. It is frank, practical, and elastic in its applicability.

"A Horse's Tale"—(Harper). A story of funny pathos and pathetic fun, mixed as Mark Twain has the trick of doing it—without "slopping over."

"Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne"—(Scribner). The entertaining reminiscences of a clever woman. Criticism, comment, and gossip of France, Italy, and England in the second decade of the last century.

"A Ball of Yarn"—(Paul Elder). The minutes of a special meeting of a California Liars' Club, dedicated to Baron Munchausen and recorded by Robert Rudd Whiting. Approved as read.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

Maximilian Foster, whose short stories are familiar to readers of Everybody's, happened to notice the little sign above our desk that reads:

DO IT NOW!

"Do you find that that works well?" he asked us.

"It's very effective," we told him.

"That isn't what I asked you," said Mr. Foster. "I heard of a case just the other day that will show you the difference.

"The head of a large business house bought a number of those 'Do it now' signs and hung them up around his offices. They were effective beyond expectations, and yet it can hardly be said that they worked very well. When, after the first few days of those signs, the business man counted up the results, he found that the cashier had skipped out with $20,000, the head bookkeeper had eloped with the stenographer, three clerks had asked for a raise in salary, and the office boy had lit out for the West to become a highwayman."

A man with a waistcoat and diamond shirt-stud that fairly screamed "Prosperity!" at all within seeing distance, blew into the public stenographer's office in a New York hotel.

"Say," he demanded, "can you write a letter to my goil?"

The stenographer assured him that she could.

"Well," directed the sport, after giving the name and address, "tell her I've connected with a barrel of money on the ponies and that I'm goin' to Narragansett Pier for two weeks. See?"

For a few seconds the typist's fingers flew. Suddenly she stopped.

"I can't for the life of me remember," she explained in a puzzled voice, "how to spell 'Narragansett.'"

The man behind the waistcoat tossed his cigar stump in the waste-basket and scratched his head.

"N-a-r-nar-r-e-r-rer-r—oh, h——, cut it out! I'll go to Newport!"

Levinsky, despairing of his life, made an appointment with a famous specialist. He was surprised to find fifteen or twenty people in the waiting-room.

After a few minutes he leaned over to a gentleman near him and whispered, "Say, mine frient, this must be a pretty goot doctor, ain't he?"

"One of the best," the gentleman told him.

Levinsky seemed to be worrying over something.

"Vell, say," he whispered again, "he must be pretty exbensive, then, ain't he? Vat does he charge?"

The stranger was annoyed by Levinsky's questions and answered rather shortly: "Fifty dollars for the first consultation and twenty-five dollars for each visit thereafter."

"Mine Gott!" gasped Levinsky. "Fifty tollars

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the first time und twenty-five tollars each time afterwards!"

For several minutes he seemed undecided whether to go or to wait. "Und twenty-five tollars each time afterwards," he kept muttering. Finally, just as he was called into the office, he was seized with a brilliant inspiration. He rushed toward the doctor with outstretched hands.

"Hello, doctor," he said effusively. "Vell, here I am *again*."

A street-car "masher" tried in every way to attract the attention of the pretty young girl opposite him. Just as he had about given up, the girl, entirely unconscious of what had been going on, happened to glance in his direction. The "masher" immediately took fresh courage.

"It's cold out to-day, isn't it?" he ventured.

The girl smiled and nodded assent, but had nothing to say.

"My name is Specknoodle," he volunteered.

"Oh, I am *so* sorry," she said sympathetically, as she left the car.

A young man entered a hat store and asked to see the latest styles in derbies. He was evidently hard to please, for soon the counter was covered with hats that he had tried on and found wanting. At last the salesman picked up a brown derby, brushed it off on his sleeve, and extended it admiringly.

"These are being very much worn this season, sir," he said. "Won't you try it on?"

The customer put the hat on and surveyed himself critically in the mirror. "You're sure it's in style?"

"The most fashionable thing we have in the shop, sir. And it suits you to perfection—if the fit's right."

"Yes, it fits very well. So you think I had better have it?"

"I don't think you could do better."

"No, I don't think I could. So I guess I won't buy a new one after all."

The salesman had been boosting the customer's old hat, which had become mixed among the many new ones.

A man entered a drug store in a hurry and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Shall I put 'em in a box, sir?" the clerk asked as he counted them out.

"Oh, no," replied the customer, "I want to roll them home."

Mark Twain knows that "it pays to advertise." At a recent dinner he said:

"When I was editing *The Virginia City Enterprise*, writing copy one day and mining the next, I tried in many ways to drive home the fact that advertising pays. One day I received a letter from a subscriber saying that he had found a spider pressed between the pages of his paper. He wanted to know whether this signified good or bad luck. I replied to him through our 'Answers to Correspondents' column as follows:

"'Old Subscriber.—The finding of a spider in your copy of the *Enterprise* was neither good luck nor bad. The spider was merely looking over our pages to find out what merchant was not advertising in them, so that he could spin his web across his door and lead a free and undisturbed existence forever after.'"

Among the men who served among Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba was a little Dutch Jew, who, according to the men in his own troop, was "the very incarnation of cool, impudent bravado in a fight." He was a consistent fatalist.

One day he observed a comrade dodging a spent bullet that had whistled uncomfortably close to him.

"Vat's de use to todge dem pullets?" sang out the little Jew. "Dey'll hit you shust as vell vere you are as vere you ain't!"

A member of an eminent St. Louis law firm went to Chicago to consult a client. When he arrived he found that he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?"

The answer read, "Brown, Walter E. Yours is Allen, William B."

Mose, the darky cook of a party of surveyors in eastern Texas, was greatly annoyed by the razor-back hogs that roamed around the camp. One evening, while he was at the spring, a particularly ravenous band of these "piny woods rooters" raided the cook tent and ate up everything that was edible and some things that weren't.

For several moments after his return from the spring, Mose could find no words to express his feelings. "Wal," he finally exclaimed, "de good Lawd suhtainly knowed his business when he named hawgs 'hawgs'! Dey sho' *is* hawgs!"

Joe Lincoln, whose Cape Cod folks are well known characters, recently attended a lecture. When asked how he liked it, he related this little story:

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

After a while he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

"But why did you leave your last place?" the lady asked of the would-be cook.

"To tell the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master an' the missus used to quarrel, mum."

"Dear me! Do you mean to say that they actually used to quarrel?"

"Yis, mum, all the time. When it wasn't me an' him, it was me an' her."

Robert Smith, brother of Sydney Smith, and an ex-Advocate-General, on one occasion engaged in an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted Smith; "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

As an illustration of woman's wit Mr. Depew, who is still Senator from New York, cites the following:

A man once found that his wife had bought a few puffs of false hair. This displeased him. So one day he hid in the hall outside of her room, and, just as the lady was adjusting the false puffs, he darted in upon her.

"Mary," he said reproachfully, "why do you put the hair of another woman upon your head?"

"John," retorted Mary, with a glance at her husband's shoes, "why do you put the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

Chief Kohler of the Cleveland police has a detective who, if reports are true, works by investigation rather than by deduction.

It is said that this sleuth, examining a jeweler's window that had been broken, muttered sagely:

"Umph! This is more serious than I thought. It's broke on both sides."

A young Harvard man, through family influence, obtained a position as confidential clerk in the office of a well-known railroad president. The first morning he got down to the office at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work.

On the second morning he presented himself at 8.30. Again he found his chief there ahead of him, working diligently. The third day he managed to make the office at eight. There was the president, already buried in business.

That night on his way home the young man took counsel with himself and determined to be ahead of his boss at any cost. Accordingly he set his alarm-clock for 6.30 and by great exercise of will-power managed to show up at the office before 7.30. But there was his chief working away as if he had not left his desk at all.

As the clerk entered, the president looked up at him with a quizzical air. "Young man," said he, "what use do you make of your afternoon?"

"Good morning, [illegible]n," began the temperance worker. "I'm collecting for the Inebriates' Home and——"

"Why, me husband's out," replied Mrs. McGuire, "but if ye can find him anywhere's ye're welcome to him."

A tall man, impatiently pacing the platform of a wayside station, accosted a red-haired boy of about twelve.

"S-s-say," he said, "d-d-do y-you know ha-ha-how late this train is?"

The boy grinned but made no reply. The man stuttered out something about red-headed kids in general and passed into the station.

A stranger, overhearing the one-sided conversation, asked the boy why he hadn't answered the big man.

"D-d-d'ye wanter see me g-g-get me fa-fa-face punched?" stammered the boy. "D-d-dat big g-g-guy'd tink I was mo-mo-mocking him."

"Boohoo! Boohoo!" wailed little Johnny.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" his mother asked comfortingly.

"Boohoo—er—p-picture fell on papa's toes."

"Well, dear, that's too bad, but you mustn't cry about it, you know."

"I d-d-didn't. I l-laughed. Boohoo! Boohoo!"

The mountainous waves threatened to engulf the struggling ship at any moment. The captain ordered a box of sky-rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited them, in the hope that they would make known his distress to some passing ship.

Amid the rockets' red glare a tall, thin, austere individual made his way to the rail and reproved the captain as follows:

"Captain, I must protest against this unseemly bravado. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Why I Gave Up the Fight

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

ON December 7, 1907, the following announcement from Thomas W. Lawson appeared in the daily newspapers throughout the country:

"BOSTON, December 6th.—I have perfected certain arrangements whereby it is proper for me to say that I shall probably take the next election of Amalgamated, electing a new Board of Directors, with myself as President. But, on asking the Presidency, I shall place in the hands of a committee my resignation in favor of a certain internationally known Boston man of corporation affairs, to take effect three months after my election, and after a thorough investigation of the company's affairs since the inception of the enterprise up to the annual election.

"Also:

"Barring accidents, the property of the Trinity, Nevada-Utah, Balaklala, and Arizona Smelters will be merged, and these merged into another property.

"Also:

"I have devoted three and a half years of my time and some millions of my fortune to reform work in the interests of the public. Beginning January 1st, I shall allow the public to do their own reforming, and I shall devote my time and capital exclusively to my own business of stock "gambling" in Wall and State streets—particularly Wall Street—for the purpose of recouping the millions I have donated to my public work.

"P.S.—One of the oldest of human laws and as immutable is 'the devil take the hindmost.'

"THOMAS W. LAWSON."

This declaration came to us as a surprise and a shock. Secure in our own determination to carry on the fight against corporate corruption, to whatever fate it might lead, we had never anticipated the defection of the standard-bearer. It is true that Mr. Lawson in a moment of impatience had suggested some such proceeding to Mr. Cosgrave, but Mr. Cosgrave had argued so strongly against the idea that he imagined he had persuaded Mr. Lawson to abandon it. Mr. Ridgway wrote to Mr. Lawson, voicing his dismay and regret, and Mr. Lawson made reply, stating the motives that had actuated him. Believing that the explanation offered by the author of "Frenzied Finance" was as much due to our readers and to the country as to ourselves, Mr. Ridgway wired for permission to publish the letter in the magazine. Mr. Lawson replied, "Yes, provided you print your letter to me preceding it." The correspondence follows:

December 11, 1907.

DEAR MR. LAWSON:

Your latest announcement, to the effect that you are giving up the fight for the people, was a great shock and grief to me. I never admired you so much as when I believed that you had made so great a sacrifice as I believe you made when you were down here in the midst of the panic.

I am hearing from your announcement in no uncertain fashion. It seems as if every friend I have is reminding me of what I told them of you and asking me what I think now. This is what I tell them and this is what I think: No one could make me believe that from the first day I met you up to the time of sending out that announcement, you have not been actuated in everything that you have done by an unselfish and beautiful hope to bring about a better condition for your fellow men.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Just what the announcement means, I cannot say, because I have not discussed it with you. Possibly I would not know if I had discussed it with you, because if you are going back to the old game, as I understand the methods of the old game, you would be justified to yourself in misleading me, if you wished to do it.

I cannot keep the hope out of my heart that this latest announcement is only another effort in the direction of helping your fellows, that despairing of the success of the lines that you have been working on, you have worked out a new line with this announcement as a starter. I am the more persuaded to this hope because I have never had any doubt of your sincerity, of the genuineness and naturalness of your love for humanity. Because that love is natural, the mere matter of sending out an announcement cannot much alter the very fundamentals of the man sending it out.

There is another half-way hope where I will stop if my whole hope should prove to be wrong. If this is not the beginning of another way which you have evolved for helping humanity, it is at least another proof of your sincerity. Where another man would have made a killing before the public got on to the fact that he had gone back to his old game, you make your announcement so that you will not take advantage of your trusting fellows. I will get comfort out of that half-way hope, if I am obliged to conclude that you have really given up the crusade.

While I cannot but regret the damage your announcement must inevitably do the prestige of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, you gave it its prestige, and if anyone has a right to take it away, you have. This is a sorry old world for idealists and hero-worshipers. I always knew that the world knocked the rough edges off the rough man to get your polished gentleman. I wonder if it is the purpose of the world to make a gentleman smooth and leave him just as hard as he was before? I am quite willing to confess that the last two years' experience has developed some hardnesses in me that I would not have believed possible, as if the rough edges, instead of being knocked off, had merely been ground to a sharp edge.

If I had your brain, your heart, your body, I don't know what I should do. I shall never cease to believe that if you had kept out of Wall Street after you began the series with us, you would be the biggest man in the country to-day. Of course you are just as big as you were before you sent that announcement out. Men don't change over night. But there are thousands of men and women in this country who have been devoted to you, who will think a heap less of you than they did before you began your series with us, thousands who thought nothing at all of you then, because they did not know you.

I can't help feeling, Mr. Lawson, that this is an awful thing you have done. I can't help doubting that it will be impossible for you to turn it to good again, if that is your plan. When Cosgrave told me you had something of this sort in mind, I attributed it to a momentary weariness and disappointment. If I had had the slightest idea that you seriously contemplated such a thing, to use one of your own inimitables, "I would have walked barefoot to Boston and sat for days on your doorstep in the cold to prove to you how serious I felt the crisis to be."

Sincerely yours,
E. J. RIDGWAY.

Mr. THOMAS W. LAWSON,
Young's Hotel,
Boston, Mass.

MY DEAR RIDGWAY:

I shall not tell you what sadness your letter brought to me. The telling would but start again the flood.

Thank God, my long familiarity with the tawdry staging of this three-act farce we solemnly call life has not yet made me cynical of that dearest of all childhood faiths, "Friends there are whose friendship grows with the dimming of our star." Fighting with you shoulder to shoulder through the long dreary months and years of System battling, when your only question was "What do you want us to do next?" has made me realize your loyalty.

Your letter is a question that by all the tenets of the white man's code is entitled to an answer—from the heart. In antidoting your doubts and perplexities, for I plainly read them all, I bare my heart to you. Otherwise I would do you, as well as myself, mean wrong. When you read my thoughts, if any seem to chide you or any of your coworkers, forgive me, and in the forgiving remember "I must not judge lest I, too, be judged."

You talk of what I owe the people. What do I owe to the gelatine-spined shrimps? What have the saffron-blooded apes done for me or mine that I should halt any decisions to match their lightning-change ten-above-ten-below-zero chameleon-hued loyalty?

The people! The very name has so sealed itself into my being, that, heeling its every appearance, of late, are myriads of fantastically appareled marionettes whose solemn graphophoning of "Our rights, our privileges," whose bold fronting of mirror shields and savage circling of candy swords, make me almost die a-laughing. Forgive me, my dear Ridgway, but the people, particularly the American people, are a joke—a System joke.

When in all history, ancient, modern, or budding, have the people done aught but rail or stand shivering by, like the fearsome Gobbos they are, while their enemies crucified those who battled for their benefit? Where in all history, I ask, does it appear that the people aided those who battled disinterestedly for them? My dear Ridgway, don't, I pray of you, add to my already too

"Why I Gave Up the Fight" is continued on page 480 of the *Advertising Section.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Why I Gave Up the Fight

Continued from page 288

long reckoning the additional debit of having sent you on a wild-goose chase for an answer to that question. I have wasted months of each year of my later life ferreting through history for a favorable answer. It is not there.

The people of Christ's day petitioned his enemies: "Please do not use rusty bolts when you spike him."

Cæsar suffered ten years while conquering all the world for his people's benefit, and when he returned to receive their gratitude, they stood by like jaundiced maids, wringing their hands and sending heavenward their stuck-pig lamentations as the people's enemies drove their daggers into his heart. Now, two thousand years after Brutus and his pals let daylight through his imperial ribs, Cæsar must, whether in heaven or in hell, suffer chronic apoplexy from laughing at the scramble to render him homage.

In my day I have seen the great Grant kicked and cuffed about Wall Street as though he were a Rockefeller cuspidor swabber, and when in his hour of trouble he appealed for the loan of sufficient dirty dollars to keep him from the poor debtor's court, the great American people coldly demanded, "What collateral, what rate?" When Dewey homeward came, double-bent with victories, so eager were the people to rain upon him their huzzas that they paid great prices for balcony windows along the triumphal route. They presented him with a mansion as a mark of their unrestrainable gratitude, only to yell "ingrate" a few weeks later when they learned that he had given the latchkey to his wife without their by-your-leaves.

To-day the people are preparing to hustle to the town pump the man who has done more for them, and more to their enemies, than any other since Lincoln paid for his efforts for the people with his life, and all because the System's slime-brained press has told the yellow-flushed spaniels that the temporary absence of pie and sherbet from the people's dinner-pail is due to Roosevelt's pursuit of the scabbiest pack of he-wolves that ever harried a civilized people. The people! the people! "Their rights and privileges!" Again forgive me, my dear Ridgway, while I laugh. After-death glory may be fascinating stuff for those who like it. For my part I have no use for graveyard banquets. I would not suffer one night of the hundreds of sleepless ones incubated in my declaration of war on the System for all the after-death minuets of history. Yet I would eagerly sign my death-warrant if by the successful launching of my Remedy I could witness with my own eyes the System writhing in its own-made hell. Even more—for the privilege of lifting the System's scalp with my own fingers I would give over my hope of paradise.

Run back with me over my work and tell me what I owe the people. Though you have known my every act—yes, almost my every thought—during the four years that have passed since we, hand, head, and heart, pledged our all to a battle for the people, some marshaling of my intentions, my hopes, my acts, and my sacrifices must aid you to vision the future, or at least to penetrate that present which has birthed my purpose to abandon my work.

When I decided to give battle to the people-eating beasts of the System, the most powerful and, when crossed, the most dangerous of human wolves, I was in the prime of life, mentally, physically, morally—I had an ideal home, an ideal family, all happy, all proud of one with whom the world was on good terms. I had as much of the world's goods as any man should be allowed to possess, which I had won all myself out in the big world's open battle-ground without asking favor of, or doing wrong to, any man, woman, or child. I knew the game of dollar-getting from the roots to where the top branches pierced the blue—which means I could always get the dollars I reached for.

My tastes were simple—my family, my books, my dogs and my horses, my pictures and my flowers. I repeat: I had no wrangle with the world, the world none with me, and—then I said: "I will sacrifice all I have, if necessary, for the benefit of the people who are being hurried hellward by an up-to-now irresistible power."

We began our battle. You know that at its beginning and all through its terrible and tortuous course I thought out loud before the people. I told them what I would try to do for them and to their enemies, and why. I told them I wanted no reward, I would accept none.

Now, my dear Ridgway, do not misunderstand me—do not think that I find fault with the people for their treatment of me or of my work. Why should I? They did not ask me to do battle for them. I had not asked their consent. They had agreed to do nothing. Therefore they were not bound to assist me. I had agreed to do nothing, and, as I paid my own expenses and asked nothing from the people, win or lose, at no time did I bind myself to continue the battle a day longer than I cared to. I find no fault. I merely recite that the people took no action along the lines which I showed them so plainly, and which, if they had the brains of hens, they must have seen were for their benefit and their benefit alone.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

At the very beginning of my battle the people stood on the curb, looking on at the most terrific onslaught ever made on man and—grinned. It would be using an arc light for a candlestick for me to recall to you the details of the onslaught. Thousands of press tirades, describing me as all that was dangerous and detestable, the people read without resentment and—grinned. Scores of thousands of cartoons, holding me up to ridicule, the people bought and encouraged as they—grinned. Not a day went by without my family being deluged with anonymous vileness meant to terrorize and pain. Not a month went by but I received mysterious little clockworks, powder and poison packages, threats, assaults, and worse. The public platform from one end of the country to the other rang with the curses of the System's character thugs until my life, had I chosen to permit it, would have been a hell on earth. And the people listened and—grinned.

What did I do? Complain? Shirk my self-imposed task? Exchange my hellish position for one of ease and dollars?—for at no time since the battle began but I could have gained millions by deserting my task. You, of all men, know that, instead, I never missed an opportunity to smile or to increase my efforts and to assure the people that I did not want their sympathy, did not need their assistance, did not mind their attitude. What did the people do? They shouted, "Lay on, Lawson; don't quit, but for Heaven's sake and ours, do hurry up!"—and grinned. Then came the almost impossible victories: the insurance exposures, the terrific financial revelations, the thousands of appeals from policy-holders to wrest the insurance companies from "the System"; my fight, single-handed, but at an expense to me of over $1,000,000, to do so. What did the people do then? They spent their time guessing which of the System's stories of my profits of millions through my insurance exposure was true, and as they guessed, they—grinned.

Then came the overturn of all my insurance work by the best lieutenant the System * has ever had, Honest Hughes, and the turning back for all time into the System's maw of the great insurance companies. What did the people do then? They hurrahed for—Hughes, and—grinned. Then came the work of Roosevelt until, from end to end of the world, all could see the coming doom of the System. What did the people do then? They shouted, "Lay on, Roosevelt, but do hurry it up so that we may take possession of all the coming benefits and not suffer a pain or an ache or a dollar's loss in the getting of them," and—grinned. Then came the climax, the panic, when victory—full, complete, was in our grasp. And what happened? You know, but I will recall it.

The System, despairing of balking our President in his mighty work of destroying the System, decided upon a final, dangerous, and desperate coup, a coup which, if unsuccessful, would interrupt the country's great prosperity, bring great suffering to the people, and annihilation to the System; a coup which, if successful, would put Roosevelt forever out of the System's path, turn the Government machinery back into the hands of its pliant tools, restore to the System its fast-departing prestige, and give to it a renewed lease of its unrestricted dollar-making privileges.

Since the beginning of my battle with the System I have been in close touch with the inside of its constituent parts. I know their every important move as soon as it is decided on. I knew of this desperate coup. I had been preparing for it, and upon the first day of the panic I sent notice to the System that I would use it for their destruction. They made a mighty effort to compromise with me. I demanded a full surrender, and then——

In all my calculations I had banked upon three things: That President Roosevelt would not retreat nor allow himself to be surrounded; that the people, in this one instance, because of President Roosevelt's unprecedented good work, public position, and overwhelming popularity, would back him to a finish; that under any and all conditions I should be able to stand my ground. On the second day of the panic, when the mobs of depositors were in front of the banks and trust companies, when the financial structure resembled a circus tent in a cyclone's path, and the entire country was rapidly becoming panic-stricken, I notified you and your associates that on the following day I would attempt to talk to the people from the steps of the National City Bank, the Standard Oil dollar citadel. I told you that I should either be knocked in the head, which act in itself would terminate the crisis, lift the people to the saddle, and send the System flying hellward, or I should finish speaking, and what I should say would bring about a culmination of the crisis with the System making for the cyclone cellar.

Right here I met the first real setback since the beginning of our fight. You showed me that my move was too dangerous to receive your approval, that it not only meant ruin to your magazine, but that it also meant, in your opinion, ruin to the country, and a great calamity to the American people. I argued with you, showing that if I could not strike at the one time when the destruction of the System might be accomplished, then my work had been for naught. (I must, in fairness to you, admit that I agreed with you that from your standpoint it would be wrong to aid me in doing what I proposed.) In the midst of our argument, conditions culminated in the complete surrender, the blackjacking, in the house of his friends, of President Roosevelt; the System was in the saddle, and the opportunity I had waited and worked and suffered for had gone. And the people? What did the people do? They turned

* *We would substitute the word "Public" for "System." See March* EVERYBODY'S.—*The Publishers.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

upon Roosevelt quicker than a cur dog at the first sign of danger turns upon his master, until he, surrounded and realizing the desertion of the people, was obliged to do that which has assured to the System a Republican and a Democratic Presidential nominee who will be satisfactory to them. And the people? They gleefully hurled their bonnets in the air and rent the blue with their praise of the people's saviors—Morgan, Ryan, and Rockefeller—and grinned. Then it was I decided that my duty to my family, and my duty to myself, called me to halt all my efforts, good, bad, or indifferent.

My dear Ridgway, let me talk plainly to you that you may not, when I am through, be in any doubt. To talk plainly I must let you see those things which no man cares to have any other living man scan, things which you must have half suspected, but which no one but myself could really know.

During all the bitter days and nights of our battle, while I pretended not to suffer, I suffered the tortures of the damned. While in public I smiled at the mean, cruel lies the System spread to the world, in my closet I shuddered at the suffering the System caused to those nearest to me. I saw the dearest of all my possessions go to the grave before her time, for I am not such a coward as to deny to my conscience that but for my deciding to battle with the System, and its entailed hells, I could have prolonged a life every minute of which was a desire to live and every second of which was dearer to me than anything in this or the next world.

I cut off my friends and the friends of those dearest to me.

I directed upon myself, and upon those dearest to me, the cursed machinations of the most vicious of human wolves.

I spent an enormous fortune, so that to-day the remnant makes the cavity appear an abyss.

I replaced a big, broad love for, and faith in, the people with a contempt so great as to make me wonder how both could be bred in the same human soul.

I increased a hatred for the System part of my fellow men from mere ordinary loathing to body-, heart-, and soul-consuming fire.

And even this awful price I would willingly have paid if I could have gained the end I started for. Yes, even now I would continue paying the same price on and on to the end if—and there's the rub—if it had done good. But it has done no good.

So much for generalities. Now to the specific.

First. You say my notice to the public, "I leave my reform work, I go back to stock gambling," is a shock to our large following.

Second. You say if I had kept out of Wall Street during my fight with the System, I should have succeeded.

Third. You send me countless letters from your correspondents to show how I have damaged our cause. I select as a fair illustration the one that says:

"I have read all he has written; I have followed his advice in the stock-market and have lost heavily, yet I have had complete confidence in him and his work. But when I read that he is going back to his wallow, I wonder if the stories of the System are not, after all, correct. *Success Magazine* is already making out a very strong case that in all his market predictions he has shown less intelligence than an office-boy. Surely if he leaves his grand work in its present stage and goes back to gambling in stocks, without further explanation to the millions who have so loyally supported him, he will have proved the case of the System against him."

When I said to the public, "I close up my reform work, I go back to stock gambling," I could have packed my message in dowdier words, but my manhood would have despised my pen and the coward hand that guided it if I had slobbered excuses to the people.

Any who have followed "Frenzied Finance" with faith enough in its author to regard him as incapable of lying must have known that what compelled my determination was this situation:

I found that I was making no headway toward that which was essential to the success of my work, the cooperation of the public, first, for the destruction of the System, second, for the establishment of my Remedy. I found that I had already spent the larger part of my fortune and that I must spend more in the future than I had spent in the past. I knew that I did not have it to spend. I knew that it was impossible for me to get it while engaged in working for the people along the lines which I had laid down at the start and to which I have adhered throughout. I knew that every part of my social or business life must continue to be subject to the requirements of this task; that so long as this task was on my shoulders, every market operation must have in view not my personal gain, but my work for the people. On the other hand, I knew that every dollar I made in Wall Street would be taken from the System, thus weakening it, and that in reentering the "game" I could operate on the same basis as when I left it—working always in the open, playing the game fairly, and giving the public an opportunity to play with me.

Here, then, are the alternatives I saw confronting me: Convinced that my work is unavailing, shall I continue it only to pauperize myself, and be compelled to join the large and useless class of good-intentioned has-beens, or shall I drop this public work and go back to my easy job of fiddling the System from their ill-gotten wealth? I decided on the one thing possible. It was that or voluntarily taking a back seat. And about back seats in this life I have a rock-anchored belief that the man who, finding he cannot get where he starts for, sits down by the roadside to whine at the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

people's ingratitude is a subject entitled only to what roadside whiners get.

As to my language, "I am going back to stock 'gambling,'" I have no apologies to make even to you. At great length in "Frenzied Finance" I explained and illustrated that any man who makes money in stocks, except the few, the very few, makes it by gambling. I am well aware that the big hypocritical world, particularly the Frenzied Finance hypocrites, differ with me in the use of the word gambling, but I have proved that such money-making is gambling, pure and simple; I have also showed, however, that if this is done according to the rules of the game, the money gained is as "honest" as that made in other business.

In regard to my "grave mistake" in engaging in the "game" as I did during my campaign against the System, I repeat again, as I have said so many times to you and to all my other real friends: you are wrong, I am right. It was no mistake. I told you at the beginning that the System was all-powerful. *All-powerful!* It fears neither the people, their law-makers, nor their law-administrators. There was but one place where they could be brought to their knees, and that was in their heaven, the market-place. The System would have cared as much for my efforts as they do for the pulpit, the platform, or the press sermons if I had not joined to these efforts my market attacks.

The groove-eyed public may think it was only my exposures that inflicted the damage on the System, but you should see my work in a different spectrum. One of my "Withdraw Savings, Buy Stock," "The Crash is Coming," "Sell Stocks, Sell Them Now," "Buy Thus and So, Buy It Now, and Upset the System's Coming Coup," did more real harm after exposure had blazed the way than did any of my pen pictures by themselves. Many, many times have the System's masters said to me: "We know how to offset the effect of your articles, but your advertisements and market operations play the deuce with our plans," and they did. Let me talk frankly with you on this point, for it is on this point I have been more severely criticized than on all others. Take, for instance, the very criticism your correspondent refers to, that in *Success Magazine*. This magazine has run the longest story ever devoted to one man while alive, six continuous issues.

The writer starts out with this thesis: Lawson's power is the greatest for good or evil of any stock-market operator's, for his following in the stock-market is the most extensive. He goes on to show that I got this following during my "Frenzied Finance" work and because of it. He says what we all know, that the man never lived who could fool all the people, or any large section of the people, continuously for any length of time. Then he sums up, and frankly admits his astonishment at the result—that I have invariably been wrong, that in each case when I said "Buy," stocks went down; when I said "Sell," they went up; that when I prophesied an event, the event never materialized—in fact, that the record of my predictions and proclaimed operations shows worse results than the veriest child could have accomplished. What other conclusion can there be from such a showing than that when I said "Buy," I secretly sold; when I said "Sell," I secretly bought; when I predicted a System plot, I knew the plot would not eventuate—and all this for the purpose of making money for myself by leading the people to destruction? *Success* does not say this, it is true, but it does premise a complete knowledge on my part of the stock game. And this premise and this record sum up as follows:

It must be admitted that I preferred to make my money by deceiving the people, particularly that section which had faith in me, into making losses rather than by leading them into making profits, for it follows that if I knew how the market was going, I could have made as much money by telling the truth and allowing my following to profit when I profited, thereby earning their everlasting gratitude and praise.

My dear Ridgway, does it seem possible in this age of high-tariffed and overproduced intelligence for such things to be thought? And *Success's* series of "The Real Lawson" must be obtaining wide circulation, which means that the people are eagerly absorbing such stuff. How much simpler and fairer it would have been for *Success* to sum up its exhibition of my failures as a stock prophet thus soundly and truly: "Lawson knows the stock game. His life record in it shows he has always been able to extract vast profits from it. Then comes a day when Lawson concludes he will do all in his power to destroy the system of stock gambling that is sapping the life from the American people and rapidly driving them to slavery and the country to destruction. He sees that to succeed he must not only cause temporary loss to himself and to those who have faith in him, but he must imperil his own hard-earned reputation as a square dealer at the game, hazard his reputation as an honest man; must, in fact, place himself temporarily before the world in the light of an idiotic trickster. For Lawson knew that every time he said 'Buy stocks and balk the System, who are about to advance prices to further their own ends,' the System would abandon their plan long enough to discredit Lawson by smashing the price. Lawson knew that when he said 'Sell stocks on to the System and withhold the proceeds of your sale from the System's banks, and thereby bring the System to its knees,' they would temporarily abandon their plans and discredit him, by showing those who sold stocks upon his advice that if they had held they would have secured higher prices. When Lawson predicted an important System-made event, the System would withhold the event at any cost until he had been discredited as a prophet.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The record of Lawson's market work from the beginning of 'Frenzied Finance' exhibits the one purpose of opposing the System, and he has most competently carried it out, for, while he has been temporarily discredited in each public move, he has been right in the long run, and more. The people have seen this so plainly that his following has grown and grown, notwithstanding the self-evident fact that the following of each of his moves would have caused temporary losses to those who took his advice."

How simple it would have been for *Success* to say this, and, in saying it, to state exactly what took place.

I could have told *Success* before my work began that the record at this stage would have been just what it finds. It is obvious that if, the first time I publicly said "Sell stocks and crush the System," the System had been so foolish as to let me have my way, the second time I said "Sell" the System would have been the first to take my advice; and when the people, with their less favorable facilities for action, got to work, they would have had no market except at the bottom, where the System would have bought what they sold, and on the rebound it would have thumbed its nose at the people with "Well, how do you like this Lawson-System fighting, anyhow?"

Had my work gone this way, there would have been no panic crisis, and at the present time the System would not be pick-and-shoveling in its desperate endeavor to extract itself from the quicksand in which it finds itself.

The fact is, Ridgway, that if there is one section of my work that has been successful, it is this market end, where the paltry price (paltry, considering the great things I have aimed at) of the loss of some millions of my own money, the temporary sacrifice of my reputation, and the temporary losses to my followers, has enabled me to hurt the System more than any man or body of men could have damaged it along any other lines.

I admit without any apology, even to you, that I have been obliged to keep moving in the stock-market since the day the battle began, and that if I were to continue the fight, I would continue along the selfsame lines. But I say to you, who, unlike the public, take all I say at 100 per cent. of truth, that I have never, since I began "Frenzied Finance," made a single stock-market move with any other motive than to further my work of destroying the people's enemy, the System. Further, that had I sought personal gain instead of my public work, I should be possessed to-day of millions and millions that I have not and my reputation as a prophet would be in danger of smothering from halo pressure—but, on the other hand, the System would not be where it is now.

Now, before passing on my right to abandon the work I took up voluntarily at enormous sacrifice of those things prized by every two-eyed man with a heart, mull over the following:

First. Black crimes and cruel injustice to millions of people were fully exposed in the life-insurance scandals, yet the brave hold-me-back-let-me-at-'em American Donnybrookers, whose noses were for months rubbed into their wrongs until they resembled new-boiled lobster-claws, dared not demand the punishment of a single responsible System master. Instead, they stood by, goggle-eyed and leer-lipped, while such men as McCall, Alexander, *et al* (whose main crime was loyalty to the System masters), were made the Jerry Jops of the powerful scoundrels who planned the crime and bagged the swag; stood by, flattering like county-fair Falstaffs, and allowed these men to pay the penalty of their loyalty with their fortunes, their lives, and their reasons; stood by and allowed the consummation of heartless scheming by keep-your-eye-on-me-stool-pigeon hypocrites, which turned back into the System's maw for all time the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life. Make no mistake. The Equitable is more completely in the control of Ryan, the Mutual more absolutely in the control of Rogers and Rockefeller, and the New York Life more securely in the grasp of Morgan than before the exposures began.

Second. Blowzy crimes and Pecksniffian thuggeries untold, even in my exposures of Standard Oil and the railroads, were laid bare to the entire world, and yet the American people, like megaphone-footed centipedes, have chased themselves around in a circle, glutenizing the atmosphere with their what-we'll-do-to-'ems, but again never doing anything to punish a single one of the master thieves of the System, who brazenly strut about with their shoulders laden with chips tagged "To hell with the people and their wrath."

Third. After I had described to the smallest details how the people had been robbed by Rogers, Rockefeller, *et al*, of over $100,000,000 in Amalgamated in 1901, the bellows-mouthed people stood by in 1907 like absinthed peasants in front of a three-peas-and-shell board, and without matured protest allowed the same men to repeat the operation by identically the same methods and with exactly the same machinery, to the tune of $500,000,000 plunder, and the shadowgraphing of more new defaulters, bankrupts, convicts, and suicides than I showed in the picture I drew that drove the American people to that terrible stage fury which for months deceived the world into the belief that the American people were really about to do something more with their teeth than bite their fingers.

Fourth. The stock-market slaughter of the people by Morgan, Ryan, Rockefeller, *et al*, which I showed as having taken place in 1901, was repeated on a many times larger and more destructive scale in 1907 and by identically the same men and methods; and instead of its driving the people to acts of fury, the latter publicly, as in former slaughters, bowed their much bump-watted foreheads to the pavements in their abject gratitude

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to these skiver-men, their saviors, because they refrained from skinning the people after they had blackjacked them to a we'll-follow-thee-O-masters submission.

Fifth. The reeking pictures I have presented of the bank and trust company lootings of the past have just been repeated on an enormous scale, wrecking over fifty banking institutions, making scores of defaulters and over sixty suicides, and yet the only protest from the grinning people is a more supple bending of the neck for their new yoke.

Sixth. The hellish plots against labor, a few years back, which drove the American workmen to what looked at the time like blind fury, but what was in reality only yeast-generated hysterics, are now being repeated upon an increased and perfected soak-the-insolent-beggars scale.

Seventh. The machinery is already set up and is being trial-tested for a repetition, at the coming presidential election, on an enlarged and improved scale, of those crimes by which the Presidency was stolen from William Jennings Bryan in 1896, and which I diagrammed in the minutest details. And yet those we-and-the-horde American people, who so lap-doggedly lie back and criticize my work for their benefit, are not moving head or hand to prevent, but, on the contrary, those sturdy yeomen who prate of Washington, their forefathers, and rave of Ireland's wrongs, are busying themselves with scissoring new bunting and confetti to celebrate the coming victory of the System's tool.

Mull these things over, and then these things through the chink-lights:

In "Frenzied Finance" I painted a picture of Heinze. The world read it, I know, for the world screamed back at me that my picture was the creation of a jealous madman. In this primer of sneaking crime I categorically set forth that he was at the time of my writing preparing to loot banks and trust companies throughout the country, by the pinch-your-confiding-hosts'-knives-forks-and-napkins plan. I gave in detail how he proceeded: how he had manufactured scores of millions of bogus mining stocks. How he intended to get control of banks and trust companies, and then make off with the people's savings contained therein, leaving in their place the made-while-you-wait System securities. I told how, in connection with Rogers and the Amalgamated tricksters, he was raising the wages of the 20,000 miners of Montana to jolly them into that we're-the-whole-thing frame of mind which is so conducive to the easy collecting of its subjects' coin, that they might raise no objection to his taking possession of the banks that contained their savings; how he would, when the looting was complete, desert Butte and all would be chaos.

What were my thanks from the people, particularly those most interested? You will pardon me, my dear Ridgway, if I laugh as I write, for, after all, the principal wages I have collected from my "Frenzied Finance" work have been my laughs when, from time to time, I detect myself pingponging that hi-diddle-diddle phrase, "The people's thanks."

What were my thanks from the people? A sample: The Butte Miners Union in convention advised me to mind my own business, resoluted Heinze a prince, Rogers a king, and invested $50,000 of the Union's trust funds in Amalgamated stock at more than double its present selling price, with, of course, a secret guaranty from Rogers against losses on this particular investment. Then Heinze did just what I said he would do. He secured control of a chain of banks and trust companies. You know what happened the other day. Heinze is now awaiting the action of the State and Federal Grand Juries for getting so careless of the people's funds that he did not, at the latter part of his career, even take the trouble to go through the form of depositing his bogus securities as collateral, but simply drew checks when he had no funds to meet them and as president of the banks paid to himself the amount that the worthless checks called for.

One bank in Butte is a fair illustration of all. It had a million or two of the workingmen's deposits. It no longer has these deposits in money, and the workingmen who grinned at my warning are now scratching their poor pates in an endeavor to make each $6 share of worthless stock give forth the $50 to $75 in cash that it was made the instrument of withdrawing. One day Heinze was withdrawing deposits and putting in their place his United Copper stock, which he had tricked up to $78 per share. The next day this stock was a Wall Street football at $6 per share, and the Butte bank, with others over the country, was wondering where it was at and how it got there. At the same time almost all of Butte's mines and smelters closed down and threw thousands of workmen out of employment, and to-day these miners are wandering with their destitute families into new fields in vain search of the wherewithal to keep the wolf from the door.

Thirty million dollars is a fair estimate of the amount of Amalgamated stock that Rogers and Rockefeller worked off upon the public at twice to three times its present selling price because of the $50,000 Butte Union sucker bait alone. The total looting by all the different branches of this section of the swindle amounted to between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000. You will remember how, from time to time after my Heinze chapter, I advertised coming events under the heading "The Swindle of the Age." In these advertisements I set forth what Heinze was doing and repeated my warning, but the American people were in their grinning mood, and the press daily asked me not to be an ass, but to shut up and stop nagging at the new Napoleon of finance.

My dear Ridgway, what fools, indeed, what fools we mortals be! Shortly before Heinze's Jerry-built structure went down like a punk

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

palace, the conservative bankers of Boston gave him a banquet at which, to the tune of mighty applause, he preached upon modern finance and ancient virtue. These bankers are now figuring how to make one dinner and one hour of superheated atmosphere equal the millions Heinze extracted from their institutions.

You will recall I said that my chapter on Henry M. Whitney, the capitalizer of Massachusetts' Legislatures, was the best and probably the most effective in "Frenzied Finance." When the world saw this picture they flung their hands aloft in wide-mouthed horror. To show you how much headway I have made with these dear American people, who criticize me for no longer playing around their rain-barrels, I submit: Massachusetts—virtue-breeding, honesty-honoring Massachusetts—nominated this same Whitney for its first place of honor, the governorship, in the nineteen hundred and seventh year of our Lord, or only two short years after I had submitted my study of the boss briber of the East. As you know, I got after him with my paint-pots and made his candidacy the most ludicrous of any in the long-spun-out ludicrous governorship affairs of Massachusetts, but that does not alter the fact that Massachusetts did nominate Henry M. Whitney, its most notorious corruptor of lawmakers, law-administrators, and the ballot-box, for the first place of honor in the gift of the state.

I repeat: Mull these things over and then, if you still think I should continue my work a day longer in any other way than I now intend to—by going into Wall Street, free from any entanglement or restraining promises to the people, there to skin, pickle, and crucify the System—I will admit, and publicly, that I am all I have been pictured to be by those Simon-Smudge guides of the people, the dollar-lapping ink-squirters of the System's press.

Now for a final word, one of those words that one man who has smilingly sat tight through an eternity of pain, humiliation, and misrepresentation feels he may say to another man who can appreciate his words; feels he must say, ere, shouldering his knapsacked hopes and ambitions, he, hand in hand with his tattered, sad-eyed, quivering-lipped dreams, turns his back upon the battlefield over which still hangs the smoke that has been his only food, on which still nestle the tents of those brave comrades with whom he has so long swapped canteens and mixed tears, and sets his steps toward other fields where the fighting is more rapid, where failure is more sudden, and victory more brilliantly decisive.

When you have calmly sieved all my work, with the help of this word-stirrer, tell me again and frankly, have I, in your opinion, made the greatest mistake of all the mistakes that mortal must make? Tell me truly, should I have fought on to the accompaniment of back-handed encouragement from the idiots I now despise, to the gibes and the taunts of enemies (rather than associate personally with whom I have always stood ready to accept hell here and hell hereafter), or should I not have kissed my hand to their smug mugs before I began my work?

You know me as I am. You know how I have shuddered every time I saw myself held up to the world as having gone back to my former friends, as having "squealed," to use the pet expression of the doughnut-brained press that acts as powder monkeys in the System's fights. You know that never in the long fight have I used any information in my possession that it was not, by the high standards of white men, right for me to use. You know that at any time I could have annihilated, and could now completely annihilate, the System's masters if I would but really "squeal"; if I would print two or three scores of documents in my possession, if I would but summon into court one or two of their many trusted associates who tell me confidentially all they know. But you also know that to do this I should have to plead guilty to my conscience of fighting unfairly and hitting below the belt, and that rather than do that, I would suffer being drawn and quartered.

You know their press-yelpers have taunted me with seeking self-advertising. You know they have made a large part of the public believe that I would do anything possible to get into the limelight, and yet you know that I could at any time during the past two years completely have turned the tables on these character thugs by the simple statement of a few facts that it was in my power to state without even violating confidence. You know that if I had set forth in the public prints just once a quarter of my underground connections, associations, and confidence, the rats of the System's press would not have been able to find a sewer large enough to hold them.

Read some of the articles that are being published by certain American newspapers, and then try to imagine how I look at your question: "Is it right for you to desert your work for the people?"—the people who allow such human skunks to pollute the air that decent people must breathe.

Then close your eyes and call up the vision of yourself sitting in the highest place in the land, listening to the highest authority in the land say to me: "Lawson, I have followed all your work. I say to you, you have done more good for the American people than any man since Lincoln's day, and you may go out and proclaim it to the world and I will back it up." Then recall that after that interview, when I was railed at like a pickpocket for allowing even the rumor to stand that I was in touch with him, I not only allowed it to go unanswered, but rather than risk handicapping his great work by bringing down on his head the spleen of my enemies, I remained mum as an oyster.

And recall that this was two years ago, and that I have since remained silent: and recall all that has happened since and that through no word or act

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of mine have I connected my name with his; recall, as you read the mouthings of these fuzzy-brained pressmen, that I have in my possession over 3,000 letters from 3,000 of the great brains of the professional world teeming with praises for my work and myself, that I have personal letters from over 750 bishops, priests, and ministers, twenty-two governors, 100 congressmen, and scores of senators, all chock-full of unstinted praise of my work and myself. And recall again the thousands upon thousands of the System-inspired slushings, such as those that I have sent you, and then answer my question: Do you wonder I cry aloud to the American people: "I have had enough. I respectfully submit to you my decision that you must secure another goat."

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

MY DEAR RIDGWAY:

I received your request that I consent to your running my letter as your justification to your readers for this my final act. I will not argue with you; go ahead, first printing your own letter to me—that is, make the story a complete one. It is a risky bit of business, this laying out to the world our inner hearts, but your judgment has always been good and I am too much of a gambler to halt at any proposition a friend of mine says is right; so shoot ahead, simply giving to your readers this, my prayer.

May God in His infinite generosity forgive me for any pain and sorrow I have brought to the McCalls, the Alexanders, the Hydes, and other System boatswains and middies, the sacrificing of whom I now see further entrenches the real masters, the devil minds of the System, in their brutal power.

May He in His infinite mercy forgive me for causing pain or sorrow to those millions of noble women, the mothers, wives, and daughters of America, who have been at all times during my battle my principal support and encouragement—if they had only been men, I should now be buckling afresh my armor instead of deserting my work, because for the sake of such rare spirits, I would willingly, happily go to any form of torture or death.

May He in His infinite power make those scores of thousands of white men who have so nobly encouraged and supported me in my work know my soul-tearing regrets at being compelled to forsake that which was my dearest hope.

May He in this life and in the one to come mete out to me my just deserts for what I have done and am doing, and to Him I say: Whatever my punishment, I will take it in the future as in the past with a fervent, unflinching "Thy will be done."

Believe me, my dear Ridgway, of all the things "Frenzied Finance" brought me, I cherish most the right to sign myself,

Your friend and comrade,

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

MY DEAR COSGRAVE:

In winding up my work I have this last request to make of you. I know you will grant it. Give me one whole page for this letter. I have secured many pages from you in the past, which you at the time may have thought could be used to better advantage. This is the last I will ask of you; set this one page in your taking style with an eye to its being cut from the magazine by your readers for a nailing-up-for-future-reference purpose.

It was you who in April, 1904, on behalf of the magazine, implored me to begin my work for the people. I said to you then that I was not ready. I intended my work as a preliminary to the inauguration of my Remedy. And I believed that, at the launching of my Remedy, I ought to control $50,000,000, in order to be assured of the success of the first institution that is to illustrate the working of my Remedy. I still believe that I should wait to inaugurate my Remedy until I can personally supply all of this money, so that by no possibility can I fail—so that the System cannot successfully accuse me of selfish motives, as they will do if I should go to the public for any portion of this vast sum.

It was you more than all others who influenced me in beginning when I did. At that time I said to Ridgway and his associates: "At all times during my work I will keep the door to my mind wide open to Cosgrave. He is known to be a stalwart, too intelligent to be fooled, too honest to be swerved, too courageous to be forced. He has won his spurs in the battle-fields of literature and his word is golden. When any of you have doubts—for during my fight you will have them; when any of you have fears—for many times during my fight you will be fearsome; when any of you during my fight are tempted to focus me cross-eyed, it will be well for you, best for my work, that you feel you can instantly retrolley your slipping faith by going to Cosgrave instead of to one who at that time must from necessity be smoke-enveloped."

From the making of that promise until notifying you that I was through, you will bear me out that I never did aught in the stock-market nor in my public work that was not done in the direct rays of your observation and understanding. You have not at all times agreed as to the color of my ink, the pointing of my pen, or my stock-market scarecrowings. But you will bear me out when I say that I have given, in all my work, to the public and all others, even to the System, a fair deal. You will bear me out that I have never had in mind, in any move I have made, anything but the accomplishment of my purpose. You will bear me out in the pledging of that word which is more sacred to me than all else, even the success of my work, and which I herewith unqualifiedly pledge, that I have never sold stocks when I advised the public to buy, I have never bought stocks when I advised the public to sell, un-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

less it was to support the public's market or to smash the System's market, in order to further the success of my public work; that I have never deceived the people in any material statement or act, and if on any immaterial point only because it was, in my best judgment, better for their interests; and that in my stock-market operations since the beginning of my work I have lost millions of my personal fortune other than those I have spent in advertising and investigation; and that in each operation I have lost when the public lost, and upon an infinitely more extensive scale.

From your personal knowledge you can bear me out when I say that at no time since the beginning of my work until the writing of this letter have I ever weakened in my belief that when my Remedy is given to the people, all the present financial evils—tariff, currency, stock-market, etc.—will disappear, and that never was my faith greater than to-day.

To you, my dear Cosgrave, and through you to your readers, I herewith pledge my word:

That the public has been educated, aroused to the System's hellishness to such an extent that it can never be permanently put to sleep again.

That from my new field the public will hear from me, and in ways that will cause it to mistake its eardrums for army practise targets.

That in all my coming stock-market operations, I will always differentiate between the people's hearthstones and the plunder caves of the System.

That until I die I will be found, twenty-four hours a day, every day in the year, plugging at the System with all the power and cunning I possess.

I pledge you, my dear Cosgrave, that those who believe my new move means I am in the System's camp for dollars will, probably ere this is in their hands, have actual knowledge of the truth of "Once an Indian, always an Indian." Whatever else my enemies may have accused me of, none has said I do not know the System's game. I do know it. I know its strength, its weakness, its contemptible, mean trickeries. Time and again during my fight, as you know, I could have blown the System into the center sulphur heaps of hell, but only at great risk of injury to the people and only by employing System methods, and I refrained. All that is past now, and herewith I serve formal notice to the System and to the people that I call in all directly made or implied promises that may interfere with my future fighting. I serve warning that my stock-market battle with the System will be according to the code the System has adopted; scratch, purr, or bite, pitch, sugar, or slush will be as good for my purpose as theirs; and God help them—for He alone can—when because of fire, flood, or pestilence, when because of earthquakes (political, social, or labor) I, seeing the people can be stampeded, find an opening to their banks, trust companies, and corporations, for I will strike as mercilessly as the tiger does at the wolves and jackals that he finds have, without his consent, moved into his flat. During the three days of the recent panic I could, as you know, have laid waste the whole System structure and made them hunt the caves. They admitted it to me as they pleaded and pointed to the structures of innocent people that must go down with theirs, to the structures such as EVERYBODY'S and those of my other friends, and I, as you know, gave way, because I knew there was another day.

I want you to know, I care little whether the people know, that the millions that I am about to take from the System will be devoted to putting into every home of the land all the "Frenzied Finance" stories that are being written and enacted, and that every dollar I now have, and can lay hands on in the future, will be devoted to educating the people and further and more bitterly arousing them to hatred for those who have been and are now using them for door-mats.

Imagine, my dear Cosgrave, the present stock-market slowly creeping up again with no one to warn the people or to scare the System until they, emboldened by success, and the vision of their past easy robberies, abandon caution. Imagine me running with the pack, and then, from a clear sky, in half-page, scare-head advertisements published throughout the world, picturing the recent panic and proving it is about to be repeated. Imagine this condition, and you will see a panic in comparison with which the one that has just been chloroformed into temporary quietude will appear the tompiping of a drunken sailor compared to the boulevard minuets of the French Revolutionists.

Then imagine the editorials of my old friends, the System press character thugs, who are now joyfully singing, "Now that he has quit his work his future movements will be of no particular interest to the public or to the System." NO—I DO NOT THINK MY FUTURE MOVEMENTS WILL BE OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OR TO THE SYSTEM. INDEED, NO.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

Well, the story is finished.

After fighting four years in a self-enlisted battle, Mr. Lawson retires. In this farewell address he says some hard things about the enemy, the stay-at-homes, who will not care, but also things that will sound especially cruel to the soldiers who made real sacrifices in the cause that he was urging. The praise he gives to us, his lieutenants, is out of all proportion.

We have no criticism to make of Mr. Lawson. We can only regret, for his sake and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

for the cause's sake, what appears to us a terrible mistake. May we call your especial attention to the last few paragraphs of his letter to Mr. Cosgrave—who was with Mr. Lawson constantly during the entire period when "Frenzied Finance" was written—wherein he practically assures us that he is going to keep on fighting against the System and for the people. It is our belief that his hatred for the System is sincere and, in spite of what he says, that his love for the people is sincere. To prove both, we shall hope to have many a good story from him in the future.

Meantime, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE stands where it stood at the start. Our work is cut out for us, and we shall go on hewing to the line. The terrible cancerous growth of commercial dishonor cannot, we believe, be eradicated from our body politic in much less time than it took to develop. Morality and virtue cannot be imposed upon our rich malefactors until we find a way to make them legally accountable for their crimes. The evil commercial habits of a generation cannot be corrected in three twelvemonths. We are not disappointed; we are greatly encouraged.

No, we shall continue the good work of enlightenment and denunciation whenever or wherever we encounter wrongs that need resistance or exposure.

Wherever we can fight without assured annihilation, and with reasonable hope of making some progress, there you may expect to find us; and we shall miss our guess if Mr. Lawson is not engaged in the same general battle, if not with the same army corps.

When "Frenzied Finance" began its course in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, Wall Street was a mystery, High Finance a lofty and inaccessible realm in which moved eminent bankers and capitalists whose genius and achievements were far beyond the understanding of common men. Our people knew nothing of the operations of great syndicates, nor of the correlation of banks and other institutions that made "The System." The operations of the Stock Exchange, by which the millions of the people were juggled as corn in a sieve, represented a sort of occult mathematics that only experts could fathom. The Rockefellers, and the other chiefs of Standard Oil, the great captains of industry, the trust promoters, the heads of the big insurance companies, were our most distinguished citizens, men whose integrity and capacity were the unassailable bulwarks of American commercial supremacy.

To-day, where in the estimation of the nation do many of these men stand? The glamour of their greatness has passed away from them. With few exceptions, they appear as adroit tricksters or bold plunderers. Their leadership is recognized as the triumph of unscrupulousness rather than the reward of foresight or brain power.

Who has brought about the change of attitude on the part of the American people toward their erstwhile leaders, if not Mr. Lawson? To-day the ways and the wiles of Wall Street are open secrets. Who enlightened the country as to the nefarious tricks of High Finance, if not Mr. Lawson? The knowledge and understanding of the greater and the lesser financial methods of our captains of industry that the American people now possess is due primarily and principally to Mr. Lawson. Viewed as education, his work has far greater value than if taken as exposure. What Mr. Lawson did was to start a conflagration that lighted up the dark places of finance. Since that memorable first chapter of "Frenzied Finance" in July, 1904, we've been viewing events by the illumination he has furnished. If it had not been for the suspicions his accusations aroused, who imagines that the differences of opinion between two insurance magnates would have resulted in the terrific exposures that toppled great men from lofty pedestals and shocked the country? Take it as you please, the work of "Frenzied Finance," in the tremendous consequences that have followed in its wake, is comparable only to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And we dare predict that it will be the book to which the historians of the future will go for the facts and the atmosphere of the extraordinary period of financial exploitation and colossal plundering that culminated in the late panic.

We know that Mr. Lawson has done a great work. Probably he has accomplished more for the people of America than any other man of his generation. With his methods we have often been at absolute variance, but it was HIS work, and, in considering the man, may it not be fair to believe, as he himself has so often said to us, that the form of character and temperament that made possible his achievements had in it the seeds of his disappointments? Your dashing leader of cavalry, whose splendid attacks scatter the enemy, may not also possess the power to rule his own soul. Lawson fought in his own way, the only way he knew, and after the last critic has had his say the fact will remain that it was a great fight—so good, so mighty that years must pass before the measure of his victories can truly be told.—THE EDITORS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN